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THE

DRAMATICK WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

VOL. II.

THE

DRAMATICK WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER;

Collated with all the Former Editions,

AND CORRECTED;

With Notes, Critical and Explanatory,

BY VARIOUS COMMENTATORS;

And Adorned with Fifty-four Original Engravings.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

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VOLUME THE SECOND;

CONTAINING,

CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY;
ELDER BROTHER;
SPANISH CURATE;
WIT WITHOUT MONEY;
BEGGARS' BUSH.

LONDON,

Printed by T. Sherlock, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;
For T. EVANS, and P. ELMSLEY, in the Strand;
J. RIDLEY, St. James's Street; J. WILLIAMS, No. 39,
Fleet-Street; and W. Fox. Holborn.

MDCCLXXVIII.

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Repent, and Speedily,
Repent thy Thousand Thefts from helpless Virgins;
Their innocence betray'd to thy embraces. Act I.

THE

CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

The Commendatory Verſes by Gardiner and Loveleſs ſpeak ſingly of Fletcher, as Author of this Play; other writers ſpeak of Beaumont as ſharer in it. It was firſt printed in 1647, *when ten of the then-principal performers collected into a folio volume thirty-five dramatic pieces of our Poets, which had never before been publiſhed. Colley Cibber has founded his comedy of Love Makes a Man, or the Fop's Fortune, on this play and the Elder Brother of our Authors.*

THE PROLOGUE.

SO free this work is, gentlemen, from offence,
That, we are confident, it needs no defence
From us, or from the Poets. We dare look
On any man, that brings his table-book
To write down what again he may repeat
At ſome great table, to deſerve his meat.
Let ſuch come ſwell'd with malice, to apply
What is mirth here, there for an injury.
Nor lord, nor lady, we have tax'd; nor ſtate,
Nor any private perſon; their poor hate
Will be ſtarv'd here; for envy ſhall not find
One touch that may be wreſted to her mind.
And yet deſpair not, gentlemen; the play
Is quick and witty; ſo the Poets ſay,
And we believe them; the plot neat and new;
Faſhion'd like thoſe that are approv'd by you:
Only 'twill crave attention in the moſt;
Becauſe, one point unmark'd, the whole is loſt.
Hear firſt then, and judge after, and be free;
And, as our cauſe is, let our cenſure be.

ANOTHER PROLOGUE.

WE wiſh, if it were poſſible, you knew
What we would give for this night's luck, if new.
It being our ambition to delight ——
Our kind ſpectators with what's good and right.
Yet ſo far know, and credit me, 'twas made
By ſuch as were held workmen in their trade;
At a time too, when they, as I divine,
Were truly merry, and drank luſty wine,
The nectar of the muſes. Some are here,
I dare preſume, to whom it did appear
A well-drawn piece, which gave a lawful birth
To paſſionate ſcenes, mix'd with no vulgar mirth.
But unto ſuch to whom 'tis known by fame
From others, perhaps, only by the name,
I am a ſuitor, that they would prepare
Sound palates, and then judge their bill of fare.
It were injuſtice to decry this now,
For being lik'd before: You may allow
(Your candour ſafe) what's taught in the old ſchools,
'All ſuch as liv'd before you were not fools.'

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Count Clodio, *governor, and a diſhonourable purſuer of Zenocia.*
Manuel du Soſa, *governor of Liſbon, and brother to Guiomar.*
Arnoldo, *a gentleman contracted to Zenocia.*
Rutilio, *a merry gentleman, brother to Arnoldo.*
Charino, *father to Zenocia.*
Duarte, *ſon to Guiomar; a gentleman well qualified, but vainglorious.*
Alonzo, *a young Portugal gentleman, enemy to Duarte.*
Leopold, *a ſea-captain, enamour'd on Hippolyta.*
Zabulon, *a Jew, ſervant to Hippolyta.*
Jaques, *ſervant to Sulpitia.*

WOMEN.

Zenocia, *miſtreſs to Arnoldo, and a chaſte wife.*
Guiomar, *a virtuous lady, mother to Duarte.*
Hippolyta, *a rich lady, wantonly in love with Arnoldo.*
Sulpitia, *a bawd, miſtreſs of the male-ſtews.*

Doctor, Chirurgeon, Officers, Guard, Page, Bravo, Knaves of the male-ſtews, Servants.

The SCENE, *ſometimes* LISBON; *ſometimes* ITALY.

THE

THE

CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Rutilio and Arnoldo.

Rutilio. WHY do you grieve thus ſtill?
Arn. 'Twould melt a marble,
And tame a ſavage man, to feel my fortune.
Rut. What fortune? I have liv'd this thirty years,
And run thro' all theſe follies you call fortunes,

[1] The Cuſtom, on which a main part of the plot of this comedy is built, prevailed at one time, as Monſ. Bayle tells us, in Italy; till it was put down by a prudent and truly pious cardinal. It is likewiſe generally imagined to have obtained in Scotland for a long time; and the received opinion hath hitherto been, that Eugenius III. king of Scotland (who began his reign A. D. 535) ordained, that the lord, or maſter, ſhould have the firſt night's lodging with every woman married to his tenant or bondman. This obſcene ordinance is ſuppoſed to have been abrogated by Malcolm III. who began his reign A. D. 1061, about five years before the Norman conqueſt; having laſted in force ſomewhat above five hundred years. See Blount in his Dictionary of Law-Termes, under the word *Mercheta*.

Theobald.

This account hath received the ſanction of ſeveral eminent antiquarians; but a learned writer, Sir David Dalrymple, hath undertaken to contravert the fact, and deny the actual exiſtence of the Cuſtom. See Annals of Scotland. The excellent Commentator on the Laws of England is of opinion, this Cuſtom never prevailed in England, though he ſuppoſes it certainly did in Scotland. *R.*

Yet never fix'd on any good and conſtant,
But what I made myſelf: Why ſhould I grieve, then,
At that I may mould any way?

Arn. You are wide ſtill.

Rut. You love a gentlewoman, a young handſome woman;
I have lov'd a thouſand, not ſo few.

Arn. You are diſpos'd——

Rut. You hope to marry her; 'tis a lawful calling,
And prettily eſteem'd of; but take heed then,
Take heed, dear brother [2], of a ſtranger fortune
Than e'er you felt yet: Fortune my foe's a friend to it.

Arn. 'Tis true, I love, dearly and truly love,
A noble, virtuous, and moſt beauteous maid;
And am belov'd again.

Rut. That's too much o' conſcience,
To love all theſe, would run me out o' my wits.

Arn. Prithee, give ear. I am to marry her.

Rut. Diſpatch it, then, and I'll go call the piper.

Arn. But, oh, the wicked cuſtom of this country!
The barbarous, moſt inhuman, damned cuſtom!

Rut. 'Tis true [3], to marry is the moſt inhuman

---

[2] *Take heed, dear brother, &c. a ſtranger fortune*
Than e'er you felt yet: Fortune my foe's a friend to it.]
i. e. Take heed of the conſequences of marriage, the chance of cuckoldom. But ſtill this paſſage muſt be obſcure to the moſt attentive reader, who is not informed of this circumſtance. 'Fortune my 'foe' was the beginning of an old ballad, in which were enumerated all the misfortunes that fall upon mankind through the caprice of Fortune. This ballad is again mentioned in our Authors' Knight of the Burning Peſtle:

Old Mer. *Sing, I ſay, or by the merry heart you come not in.*
Merch. *Well, Sir, I'll ſing.* Fortune my foe, &c.

And it is likewiſe mentioned in a comedy of more recent date, called the Rump, or Mirrour of the Times (by John Tatham, printed in 1660). A Frenchman is introduced at the bonfires made for the burning of the Rumps; and, catching hold of Priſcilla, Mrs. Lambert's waiting-woman, will oblige her to dance, and orders the muſic to play 'Fortune my foe.' *Theobald.*

[3] *'Tis true, to marry is a cuſtom*
I' the world; for, look you, brother.] *i. e.* It is a cuſtom to marry; for who would be ſuch a fool as to marry? Beſides the de-

fect

Damn'd cuſtom in the world; for, look you, brother,
Would any man ſtand plucking for the ace of hearts,
With one pack of cards, all day's on's life?
Arn. You do not,
Or elſe you purpoſe not to, underſtand me.
Rut. Proceed; I will give ear.
Arn. They have a Cuſtom
In this moſt beaſtly country—out upon't!
Rut. Let's hear it firſt.
Arn. That when a maid's contracted,
And ready for the tie o'th' church, the governor,
He that commands in chief, muſt have her maiden-head,
Or ranſom it for money at his pleaſure.
Rut. How might a man atchieve that place? A rare Cuſtom!
An admirable rare Cuſtom! And none excepted?
Arn. None, none.
Rut. The rarer ſtill! How could I lay about me,
In this rare office! Are they born to it, or choſen?
Arn. Both equal damnable.
Rut. Methinks both excellent:
'Would I were the next heir.
Arn. To this mad fortune
Am I now come; my marriage is proclaim'd,
And nothing can redeem me from this miſchief.
Rut. She's very young.
Arn. Yes.

---

fect in the metre, this is flagrant nonſenſe. Nothing is more common in printing than to reprint the words of a foregoing line in a ſubſequent one; and when the ſame words are really to be repeated, the printer, by not attending to the ſenſe, might naturally think it an error of the tranſcriber, and ſo omit them. This latter has undoubtedly happened in the place above, which therefore, I believe, I have reſtored, and the paſſage gains much humour by it.

Seward.

There is certainly ſome defect in the text; and though, as Mr. Theobald obſerves, 'there is an uncommon liberty taken in this 'emendation,' yet we do not think a cure can be effected with leſs violence.

Rut. And fair, I dare proclaim her;
Elſe mine eyes fail.
Arn. Fair as the bud unblaſted.
Rut. I cannot blame him then; If 'twere mine own caſe,
I would not go an ace leſs [4].
Arn. Fie, Rutilio,
Why do you make your brother's miſery
Your ſport and game?
Rut. There is no paſtime like it.
Arn. I look'd for your advice, your timely counſel,
How to avoid this blow, not to be mock'd at,
And my afflictions jeer'd.
Rut. I tell thee, Arnoldo,
An thou wert my father, as thou art but my brother,
My younger brother too, I muſt be merry.
And where there is a wench i' th' caſe, a young wench [5],
A handſome wench, and ſo near a good turn too,
An I were to be hang'd, thus muſt I handle it.
But you ſhall ſee, Sir, I can change this habit
To do you any ſervice; adviſe what you pleaſe,
And ſee with what devotion I'll attend it.
But yet, methinks, I am taken with this Cuſtom,

Enter Clarino and Zenocia.

And could pretend to th' place.
Arn. Draw off a little;
Here come my miſtreſs and her father.
Rut. A dainty wench!
'Would I might farm this Cuſtom!

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4 *I would not go an ace leſs.*] *i. e.* As we now ſay, I would not bate an ace of it. *Theobald.*

5 *And where there is a wench* yet can, *a young wench,*
A handſome wench, and ſooner *a good turn too.*] The oldeſt folio exhibits *it can*, which led the latter editors to this corrupted reading, and will lead us back again to the true one. I think I may venture to ſay, that I have both retrieved the metre and the meaning of the Authors. Mr. Seward likewiſe ſaw with me, that *i' th' caſe* was neceſſary in the firſt part of the emendation.
Theobald.
Char.

Char. My dear daughter,
Now to bethink yourſelf of new advice,
Will be too late; later, this timeleſs ſorrow;
No price, nor prayers, can infringe the fate
Your beauty hath caſt on you. My beſt Zenocia,
Be rul'd by me; a father's care directs you:
Look on the count, look chearfully and ſweetly.
What though he have the power to poſſeſs you,
To pluck your maiden honour, and then ſlight you,
By Cuſtom unreſiſtible to enjoy you;
Yet, my ſweet child, ſo much your youth and goodneſs,
The beauty of your ſoul, and ſaint-like modeſty,
Have won upon his wild mind, ſo much charm'd him,
That, all pow'r laid aſide, what law allows him,
Or ſudden fires, kindled from thoſe bright eyes,
He ſues to be your ſervant, fairly, nobly;
For ever to be ty'd your faithful huſband.
Conſider, my beſt child.

Zen. I have conſider'd.

Char. The bleſſedneſs, that this breeds too, conſider:
Beſides your father's honour, your own peace,
The baniſhment for ever of this Cuſtom,
This baſe and barbarous uſe: For, after once
He has found the happineſs of holy marriage,
And what it is to grow up with one beauty,
How he will ſcorn and kick at ſuch an heritage,
Left him by luſt, and lewd progenitors.
All virgins too ſhall bleſs your name, ſhall ſaint it,
And, like ſo many pilgrims, go to your ſhrine,
When time has turn'd your beauty into aſhes,
Fill'd with your pious memory.

Zen. Good father,
Hide not that bitter pill I loath to ſwallow,
In ſuch ſweet words.

Char. The count's a handſome gentleman;
And, having him, you're certain of a fortune,
A high and noble fortune, to attend you.
Where, if you fling your love upon this ſtranger,
This young Arnoldo, not knowing from what place

Or honourable ſtrain he's ſprung, you venture
All your own ſweets, and my long cares, to nothing;
Nor are you certain of his faith: Why may not that
Wander, as he does, every where?

Zen. No more, Sir;
I muſt not hear, I dare not hear him wrong'd thus:
Virtue is never wounded, but I ſuffer[6].
'Tis an ill office in your age, a poor one,
To judge thus weakly, and believe yourſelf too;
A weaker, to betray your innocent daughter
To his intemp'rate, rude, and wild embraces,
She hates as Heav'n hates falſhood.

Rut. A good wench!
She ſticks cloſe to you, Sir.

Zen. His faith uncertain?
The nobleneſs his virtue ſprings from doubted?
D'ye doubt 'tis day now? or, when your body's perfect,
Your ſtomach well diſpos'd, your pulſes temperate,
D'ye doubt you are in health? I tell you, father,
One hour of this man's goodneſs, this man's nobleneſs,
Put in the ſcale againſt the count's whole being,
(Forgive his luſts too, which are half his life)
He could no more endure to hold weight with him.
Arnold's very looks are fair examples;
His common and indifferent actions,
Rules and ſtrong ties of virtue. He has my firſt love;
To him in ſacred vow I have giv'n this body;
In him my mind inhabits.

Rut. Good wench ſtill!

Zen. And, 'till he fling me off, as undeſerving,
Which I confeſs I am of ſuch a bleſſing,
But would be loth to find it ſo——

Arn. Oh, never,

---

[6] *Virtue is never wounded but I ſuffer.*] This glorious ſentiment, which, as the ingenious Mr. Sympſon ſays, is more worthy of a philoſopher than a woman, we have met with before, ſomewhat differently cloathed, in Philaſter:

When any falls from virtue, *I am diſtracted;*
I have an int'reſt in't. *Theobald.*

Never,

Never, my happy miſtreſs, never, never!
When your poor ſervant lives but in your favour,
One foot i' th' grave, the other ſhall not linger.
What ſacrifice of thanks, what age of ſervice,
What danger of more dreadful look than death,
What willing martyrdom to crown me conſtant,
May merit ſuch a goodneſs, ſuch a ſweetneſs?
A love ſo nobly great no pow'r can ruin!
Moſt bleſſed maid, go on: The gods that gave this,
This pure unſpotted love, the child of Heaven,
In their own goodneſs muſt preſerve and ſave it,
And raiſe you a reward beyond our recompence.
Zen. I aſk but, you a pure maid to poſſeſs,
And then they have crown'd my wiſhes: If I fall then,
Go ſeek ſome better love; mine will debaſe you.
Rut. A pretty innocent fool! Well, governor,
Though I think well of your Cuſtom, and could wiſh myſelf
For this night in your place, heartily wiſh it;
Yet if you play not fair play, and above-board too,
I have a fooliſh engine here[7]——I ſay no more:
I'll tell you what, and, if your honour's guts are not enchanted——
Arn. I ſhould now chide you, Sir, for declining
The goodneſs and the grace you have ever ſhew'd me,
And your own virtue too, in ſeeking raſhly
To violate that love Heaven has appointed,
To wreſt your daughter's thoughts, part that affection
That both our hearts have tied, and ſeek to give it—
Rut. To a wild fellow, that would worry her[8];
A cannibal, that feeds on the heads of maids,
Then flings their bones and bodies to the devil.
Would any man of diſcretion venture ſuch a griſtle

[7] *I have a fooliſh* gin *here.*] The verſe halts in its emphaſis; and beſides, *gin*, I think, is always uſed to ſignify a trap, or ſnare, never, a ſword, or piſtol, which carry open violence. *Theobald.*

[8] *To a wild fellow, that would* weary *her.*] Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympſon concur in reading *worry*; which certainly agrees better with the ſenſe of what follows than *weary*.

To

To the rude claws of ſuch a cat o' mountain?
You'd better tear her 'tween two oaks[9]! A town-bull
Is a meer ſtoick to this fellow, a grave philoſopher;
And a Spaniſh jennet a moſt virtuous gentleman[10].
Arn. Does this ſeem handſome, Sir?
Rut. Though I confeſs
Any man would deſire to have her, and by any means,
At any rate too, yet that this common hang-man,
That hath whipt off the heads of a thouſand maids already,
That he ſhould glean the harveſt, ſticks in my ſtomach!
This rogue, that breaks young wenches to the ſaddle,
And teaches them to ſtumble ever after;
That he ſhould have her! For my brother, now[11],

That

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9 *You* had *better tear her* between *two oaks*.] I have cured the metre, and now muſt explain the alluſion of our Poets. Sinis, or Sinnis, was a tyrant of a gigantic ſtature and ſtrength, haunting the iſthmus of the Peloponneſe; and was called Πιτυοκάμπτης, or the Pine-bender. When any unhappy paſſenger fell into the clutches of this mercileſs man, he would bend down by main force two pines till he had brought them to meet together, and having faſtened an arm and a leg to each of them, tore aſunder the limbs of his wretched captives. Pauſanias tells us, that one of thoſe pines was to be ſeen on the banks of a river even in his time, under the reign of Adrian. This Sinnis was put to death by Theſeus in the ſame manner that he had exerciſed his cruelty upon others; as Plutarch informs us in the life of that hero.

——— *Nec lex eſt juſtior ulla,*
Quàm necis artifices arte perire ſuâ. *Theobald.*

10 *A town-bull*, &c.] Mr. Theobald recommends the following tranſpoſition in this paſſage:

——— *A town bull*
Is a mere ſtoick to this fellow; and
A Spaniſh jennet, a grave philoſopher;
A moſt virtuous gentleman. ———

But this is not only unneceſſary, but would hurt the ſenſe, and rob us of the Poets' meaning, which evidently is, 'A town-bull, compared to Clodio, is a ſtoick, a very philoſopher, devoid of ſenſuality; and a Spaniſh jennet is virtuous.'

11 *That he ſhould have her* 'fore *my brother now,*
That is a handſome young fellow; and well thought on,
And will deal tenderly in the buſineſs?
Or 'fore myſelf, that have a reputation,
Have ſtudied the concluſions, &c.] This is Mr. Theobald's reading,

That is a handſome young fellow, and well thought on,
And will deal tenderly in the buſineſs:
Or for myſelf, that have a reputation,
And have ſtudied the concluſions of theſe cauſes,
And know the perfect manage—I'll tell you, old Sir,
(If I ſhould call you 'wiſe Sir,' I ſhould bely you)
This thing you ſtudy to betray your child to,
This maiden-monger, when you have done your beſt,
And think you have fix'd her in the point of honour,
Who do you think you have tied her to? A ſurgeon!
I muſt confeſs, an excellent diſſecter;
One that has cut up more young tender lamb-pies—

Char. What I ſpake, gentlemen, was mere compulſion,
No father's free-will; nor did I touch your perſon
With any edge of ſpite, or ſtrain your loves
With any baſe or hired perſuaſions [12].
Witneſs theſe tears, how well I wiſh'd your fortunes!

[*Exit.*

---

ing, upon which he ſays, 'This paſſage, till reformed in the point-'ing, and the change of two monoſyllables, as I have regulated the 'text, I think, I may venture to pronounce was ſtark nonſenſe.'

Theſe *regulations* (both in punctuation and change of words) injure the Poets, diſgrace the annotator, and miſlead the reader. —— Rutilio is angry *ſuch a man* as Clodio ſhould have the privilege here mentioned: 'Indeed, were it my brother now, ſays he, or myſelf, 'that know how to conduct ourſelves—it might be allowable and 'proper.' Thus underſtood, which it certainly ought to be, this ſpeech contains much humour, and is finely depictive of Rutilio's whimſical character.

[12] ——— *or* ſtrain *your loves*
With any baſe or hir'd perſuaſions.] Mr. Sympſon ſaw with me, that the word here ſhould be *ſtain.* *Theobald.*

This is another of the multitudinous arbitrary and miſchievous alterations, which the Editors of 1750 are continually obtruding on us. How had Charino *ſtained* their loves? Had he hinted, that they entertained a ſhameful paſſion, or ſought a faulty connection? No ſuch thing. His meaning is clearly and beautifully expreſſed to be, 'What 'I ſpake was from compulſion: I did not mean, with any perſuaſions 'I was hired to, to *thwart* you, *torture* or *torment* you.' Shakeſpeare has the ſame idea in Romeo and Juliet, expreſſed in a manner not diſſimilar:

'Why do you *pull* our heart-ſtrings thus?'

Rut.

Rut. There's ſome grace in thee yet.—You are determined
To marry this count, lady?
Zen. Marry him, Rutilio?
Rut. Marry him, and lie with him, I mean.
Zen. You cannot mean that;
If you be a true gentleman, you dare not;
The brother to this man, and one that loves him,
I'll marry the devil firſt.
Rut. A better choice;
And, lay his horns by, a handſomer bedfellow;
A cooler, o' my conſcience.
Arn. Pray let me aſk you;
And, my dear miſtreſs, be not angry with me
For what I ſhall propound. I am confident
No promiſe, nor no power, can force your love,
I mean in way of marriage, never ſtir you;
Nor, to forget my faith, no ſtate can win you.
But, for this Cuſtom, which this wretched country
Hath wrought into a law, and muſt be ſatisfied;
Where all the pleas of honour are but laugh'd at,
And modeſty regarded as a may-game;
What ſhall be here conſider'd? Power we have none
To make reſiſtance, nor policy to croſs it;
'Tis held religion too, to pay this duty.
Zen. I'll die an atheiſt then.
Arn. My nobleſt miſtreſs,
Not that I wiſh it ſo, but ſay it were ſo,
Say you did render up part of your honour,
(For, whilſt your will is clear, all cannot periſh)
Say, for one night you entertain'd this monſter;
Should I eſteem you worſe, forc'd to this render?
Your mind I know is pure, and full as beauteous;
After this ſhort eclipſe, you would riſe again,
And, ſhaking off that cloud, ſpread all your luſtre.
Zen. Who made you witty, to undo yourſelf, Sir?
Or, are you loaden with the love I bring you,
And fain would fling that burden on another?
Am I grown common in your eyes, Arnoldo?

Old,

Old, or unworthy of your fellowſhip?
D'ye think, becauſe a woman, I muſt err;
And therefore, rather wiſh that fall before-hand,
Colour'd with Cuſtom not to be reſiſted?
D'ye love, as painters do, only ſome pieces,
Some certain handſome touches of your miſtreſs,
And let the mind paſs by you, unexamin'd?
Be not abus'd. With what the maiden veſſel [13]
Is ſeaſon'd firſt——You underſtand the proverb.
Rut. I am afraid this thing will make me virtuous.
Zen. Should you lay by the leaſt part of that love
You've ſworn is mine, your youth and faith have giv'n me,
To entertain another, nay, a fairer,
And, make the caſe thus deſp'rate, ſhe muſt die elſe;
D'ye think I would give way, or count this honeſt?
Be not deceiv'd; theſe eyes ſhould never ſee you more,
This tongue forget to name you, and this heart
Hate you, as if you were born my full antipathy.
Empire and more imperious love alone [14]
Rule, and admit no rivals. The pureſt ſprings,
When they are courted by laſcivious land-floods,
Their maiden pureneſs and their coolneſs periſh,
And tho' they purge again to their firſt beauty,
The ſweetneſs of their taſte is clean departed:
I muſt have all or none; and am not worthy
Longer the noble name of wife, Arnoldo,
Than I can bring a whole heart, pure and handſome.
Arn. I never ſhall deſerve you; not to thank you!
You are ſo heav'nly good, no man can reach you.

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13 ——*With what the maiden veſſel*
Is ſeaſon'd firſt—You underſtand the proverb.] The Poets here had evidently Horace in their eye.
Quò ſemel eſt imbuta recens, ſervabit odorem
Teſta diù. *Theobald.*

14 *Empire and more imperious love alone*
Rule, and admit no rivals.] This is a fine tranſlation of a ſentiment in Ovid's Metamorphoſes.
Non bene conveniunt; nec in unâ ſede morantur
Majeſtas & Amor. *Theobald.*

I am

I am ſorry I ſpake ſo raſhly; 'twas but to try you.
Rut. You might have try'd a thouſand women ſo,
And nine hundred fourſcore and nineteen ſhould have follow'd your counſel.
Take heed o' clapping ſpurs to ſuch free cattle.
Arn. We muſt bethink us ſuddenly and conſtantly,
And wiſely too; we expect no common danger.
Zeni. Be moſt aſſur'd I'll die firſt.

Enter Clodio, and Guard.

Rut. An't come to that once,
The devil pick his bones that dies a coward!
I'll jog along with you. Here comes the ſtallion:
How ſmug he looks upon the imagination
Of what he hopes to act? Pox o' your kidneys!
How they begin to melt! How big he bears!
Sure, he will leap before us all. What a ſweet company
Of rogues and panders wait upon his lewdneſs?
Plague o' your chaps! you ha' more handſome bits
Than a hundred honeſter men, and more deſerving.
How the dog leers!
Arn. You need not now be jealous;
I ſpeak at diſtance to your wife; but, when the prieſt has done,
We ſhall grow nearer then, and more familiar.
Rut. I'll watch you for that trick, baboon; I'll ſmoke you.
The rogue ſweats, as if he had eaten grains; he broils!
If I do come to the baſting of you——
Arn. Your lordſhip
May happily ſpeak this to fright a ſtranger;
But 'tis not in your honour to perform it.
The Cuſtom of this place, if ſuch there be,
At beſt moſt damnable, may urge you to it;
But, if you be an honeſt man, you hate it.
However, I will preſently prepare
To make her mine; and moſt undoubtedly
Believe you are abus'd; this Cuſtom reign'd too;

And

And what you now pretend, moſt fair and virtuous.
Clod. Go, and believe; a good belief does well, Sir.
And you, Sir, clear the place; but leave her here.
Arn. Your lordſhip's pleaſure!
Clod. That anon, Arnoldo;
This is but talk.
Rut. Shall we go off;
Arn. By any means:
I know ſhe has pious thoughts enough to guard her;
Beſides, here's nothing due to him 'till the tie be done,
Nor dare he offer.
Rut. Now do I long to worry him!
Pray have a care to the main chance.
Zen. Pray, Sir, fear not. [*Exeunt Arn. and Rut.*
Clod. Now, what ſay you to me?
Zen. Sir, it becomes
The modeſty, that maids are ever born with,
To uſe few words.
Clod. Do you ſee nothing in me?
Nothing to catch your eyes, nothing of wonder,
The common mould of men come ſhort, and want in?
Do you read no future fortune for yourſelf here?
And what a happineſs it may be to you,
To have him honour you, all women aim at?
To have him love you, lady, that man love you,
The beſt, and the moſt beauteous, have run mad for?
Look, and be wiſe; you have a favour offer'd you
I do not every day propound to women.
You are a pretty one; and, though each hour
I am glutted with the ſacrifice of beauty,
I may be brought, as you may handle it,
To caſt ſo good a grace and liking on you——
You underſtand. Come, kiſs me, and be joyful:
I give you leave.
Zen. Faith, Sir, 'twill not ſhew handſome;
Our ſex is bluſhing, full of fear, unſkill'd too
In theſe alarms.
Clod. Learn then, and be perfect.

Zen. I do beſeech your honour pardon me,
And take ſome ſkilful one can hold you play;
I am a fool.
Clod. I tell thee, maid, I love thee;
Let that word make thee happy; ſo far love thee,
That though I may enjoy thee without ceremony,
I will deſcend ſo low, to marry thee.
Methinks, I ſee the race that ſhall ſpring from us;
Some, princes; ſome great ſoldiers.
Zen. I am afraid
Your honour's cozen'd in this calculation;
For, certain, I ſhall ne'er have child by you.
Clod. Why?
Zen. 'Cauſe I muſt not think to marry you.
I dare not, Sir: The ſtep betwixt your honour
And my poor humble ſtate——
Clod. I will deſcend to thee,
And buoy thee up.
Zen. I'll ſink to th' centre firſt.
Why would your lordſhip marry, and confine that pleaſure
You ever have had freely caſt upon you?
Take heed, my lord; this marrying is a mad matter:
Lighter a pair of ſhackles will hang on you,
And quieter a quartane fever find you.
If you wed me, I muſt enjoy you only:
Your eyes muſt be call'd home; your thoughts in cages,
To ſing to no ears then but mine; your heart bound;
The Cuſtom, that your youth was ever nurs'd in,
Muſt be forgot; I ſhall forget my duty elſe,
And how that will appear——
Clod. We'll talk of that more.
Zen. Beſides, I tell ye, I am naturally,
As all young women are, that ſhew like handſome,
Exceeding proud; being commended, monſtrous.
Of an unquiet temper, ſeldom pleas'd,
Unleſs it be with infinite obſervance;
Which you were never bred to. Once well angred,

As

As every croſs in us provokes that paſſion,
Like a ſea, I roll, toſs, chafe a whole week after:
And then, all miſchief I can think upon;
Abuſing of your bed the leaſt and pooreſt.
I tell you what you'll find: And, in theſe fits,
This little beauty you are pleas'd to honour,
Will be ſo chang'd, ſo alter'd to an uglineſs,
To ſuch a vizard——Ten to one, I die too;
Take't then upon my death, you murder'd me.

Clod. Away, away, fool! why doſt thou proclaim theſe,
To prevent that in me thou haſt choſen in another?

Zen. Him I have choſen I can rule and maſter,
Temper to what I pleaſe; you are a great one,
Of too ſtrong will to bend; I dare not venture.
Be wiſe, my lord, and ſay you were well counſell'd;
Take money for my ranſom, and forget me;
'Twill be both ſafe and noble for your honour:
And, whereſoe'er my fortunes ſhall conduct me,
So worthy mentions I ſhall render of you,
So virtuous and ſo fair——

Clod. You will not marry me?

Zen. I do beſeech your honour be not angry
At what I ſay; I cannot love ye, dare not;
But ſet a ranſom for the flower you covet.

Clod. No money, nor no prayers, ſhall redeem that,
Not all the art you have.

Zen. Set your own price, Sir.

Clod. Go to your wedding; never kneel to me!
When that's done, you are mine; I will enjoy you.
Your tears do nothing; I will not loſe my Cuſtom,
To caſt upon myſelf an empire's fortune.

Zen. My mind ſhall not pay this Cuſtom[15], cruel man! [*Exit.*

Clod. Your body will content me: I'll look for you. [*Exit.*

[15] Zen. *My mind ſhall not pay this Cuſtom*——
Clod. *Your body will content me.*] Congreve ſays,
'I take her *body*, you her *mind*,
'Which hath the better bargain?'

Enter Charino and ſervants, in black; covering the place with blacks.

Char. Strew all your wither'd flowers, your autumn ſweets,
By the hot ſun raviſhed of bud and beauty,
Thus round about her bride-bed! hang thoſe blacks there,
The emblems of her honour loſt! All joy,
That leads a virgin to receive her lover,
Keep from this place: All fellow-maids that bleſs her,
And bluſhing do unlooſe her zone, keep from her:
No merry noiſe, nor luſty ſongs, be heard here,
Nor full cups crown'd with wine make the rooms giddy:
This is no maſque of mirth, but murder'd honour!
Sing mournfully that ſad epithalamion
I gave thee now; and, prithee, let thy lute weep.

Song and dance. Enter Rutilio.

Rut. How now? what livery's this? do you call this a wedding?
This is more like a funeral.
Char. It is one,
And my poor daughter going to her grave;
To his moſt loath'd embraces, that gapes for her.
Make the earl's bed ready. Is the marriage done, Sir?
Rut. Yes, they are knit. But muſt this ſlubberdegullion
Have her maidenhead now?
Char. There's no avoiding it[16].
Rut. And there's the ſcaffold where ſhe muſt loſe it?
Char. The bed, Sir.
Rut. No way to wipe his mouldy chaps?
Char. That we know.

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16. Arn. *There's no avoiding it.*
Rut. And there's the ſcaffold where ſhe muſt loſe it?
Arn. *The bed, Sir.*] Arnoldo's name is here put to two ſpeeches, when we do not find him on the ſtage, and which come with more propriety from Charino, to whom we have placed them.

Rut.

Rut. To any honeſt well-deſerving fellow,
An 'twere but to a merry cobler, I could ſit ſtill now,
I love the game ſo well; but that this puckfiſt,
This univerſal rutter——Fare ye well, Sir;
And if you have any good pray'rs, put 'em forward,
There may be yet a remedy.
Char. I wiſh it; [*Exit Rut.*
And all my beſt devotions offer to it.

Enter Clodio and Guard.

Clod. Now, is this tie diſpatch'd?
Char. I think it be, Sir.
Clod. And my bed ready?
Char. There you may quickly find, Sir,
Such a loath'd preparation.
Clod Never grumble,
Nor fling a diſcontent upon my pleaſure:
It muſt and ſhall be done. Give me ſome wine,
And fill it till it leap upon my lips!
Here's to the fooliſh maidenhead you wot of,
The toy I muſt take pains for!
Char. I beſeech your lordſhip,
Load not a father's love.
Clod. Pledge it, Charino;
Or, by my life, I'll make thee pledge thy laſt:
And be ſure ſhe be a maid, a perfect virgin,
(I will not have my expectation dull'd)
Or your old pate goes off. I am hot and fiery,
And my blood beats alarums through my body,
And fancy, high. You of my guard retire,
And let me hear no noiſe about the lodging,
But muſic and ſweet airs. Now fetch your daughter;
And bid the coy wench put on all her beauties,
All her enticements; out-bluſh damaſk roſes,
And dim the breaking Eaſt with her bright cryſtals.
I'm all on fire; away!
Char. And I am frozen. [*Exit.*

Enter Zenocia with bow and quiver, an arrow bent; Arnoldo and Rutilio after her, arm'd.

Zen. Come fearleſs on.
Rut. Nay, an I budge from thee,
Beat me with dirty ſticks.
Clod. What maſque is this?
What pretty fancy to provoke me high?
The beauteous huntreſs, fairer far and ſweeter[17]
Diana, ſhews an Ethiop to this beauty,
Protected by two virgin knights.
Rut. That's a lie,
A loud one, if you knew as much as I do.
The guard's diſpers'd.
Arn. Fortune, I hope, invites us.
[illegible] can no longer hold; ſhe pulls my heart
[illegible] me.
Zen. Stand, and ſtand fix'd; move not a foot, nor
ſpeak not;
For, if thou doſt, upon this point thy death ſits.
Thou miſerable, baſe, and ſordid lecher,
Thou ſcum of noble blood, repent, and ſpeedily;
[illegible] thy thouſand thefts from helpleſs virgins,
Their innocence betray'd to thy embraces!
Arn. The baſe diſhonour that thou doſt to ſtrangers,
In glorying to abuſe the laws of marriage;
The infamy thou haſt flung upon thy country,
In nouriſhing this black and barbarous Cuſtom.
Clod. My guard!
Arn. One word more, and thou dieſt.
Rut. One ſyllable
That tends to any thing, but 'I beſeech you,'
And, 'as you're gentlemen, tender my caſe,'

[17] *Diana ſhews an Ethiop to this beauty,*
This beauteous huntreſs, fairer far, and ſweeter;] This is Mr. Theobald's reading; who ſays he has 'ruminated over this paſſage 'an hundred times, and can find no ſenſe in it but by this tranſpo-'ſition,' and altering *the* to *this*. Without alteration, we think the ſenſe clear: Clodio addreſſes himſelf to Zenocia, by the title of 'fairer far and ſweeter' than Diana.

And

And I will thruſt my javelin down thy throat.
Thou dog-whelp, thou!
Pox upon thee, what ſhould I call thee, pompion?
Thou kiſs my lady? thou ſcour her chamber-pot.
Thou have a maidenhead? a motley coat,
You great blind fool. Farewell, and be hang'd to you.
Loſe no time, lady.

Arn. Pray take your pleaſure, Sir;
And ſo we'll take our leaves.

Zen. We are determined,
Die, before yield.

Arn. Honour, and a fair grave——

Zen. Before a luſtful bed! So for our fortunes.

Rut. *Du cat a whee* [18], good count! Cry, prithee, cry.
Oh, what a wench haſt thou loſt! Cry, you great booby.

Exeunt.

Enter Charino.

Clod. And is ſhe gone then? am I diſhonour'd thus,
Cozen'd and baffled? My guard there! No man anſwer?
My guard, I ſay! Sirrah, you knew of this plot,
Where are my guard? I'll have your life, you villain,
You politic old thief!

Char. Heaven ſend her far enough,

Enter Guard.

And let me pay the ranſom!

Guard. Did your honour call us?

Clod. Poſt every way, and preſently recover
The two ſtrange gentlemen, and the fair lady.

Guard. This day was married, Sir?

Clod. The ſame,

Guard. We ſaw 'em

[18] Du cat a whee, *good count*;] 'Tis very much out of character, that an Italian to an Italian ſhould talk Welch, in his merriment; neither of whom in all probability ever heard a ſyllable of that language. *Theobald.*

Making with all main ſpeed to the port.
Clod. Away, villains! [*Ex. Guard.*
Recover her, or I ſhall die. Deal truly;
Didſt not thou know?
Char. By all that's good, I did not.
If your honour mean their flight, to ſay I grieve for that,
Will be to lie: You may handle me as you pleaſe.
Clod. Be ſure, with all the cruelty, with all the rigor;
For thou haſt robb'd me, villain, of a treaſure—

Enter Guard.

How now?
Guard. They're all aboard; a bark rode ready for 'em,
And now are under ſail, and paſt recovery.
Clod. Rig me a ſhip with all the ſpeed that may be;
I will not loſe her! Thou, her moſt falſe father,
Shalt go along; and if I miſs her, hear me,
A whole day will I ſtudy to deſtroy thee.
Char. I ſhall be joyful of it; and ſo you'll find me.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Manuel du Soſa and Guiomar.

Manuel. I Hear and ſee too much of him, and that
Compels me, madam, though unwillingly,
To wiſh I had no uncle's part in him;
And, much I fear, the comfort of a ſon
You will not long enjoy.
Gui. 'Tis not my fault,
And therefore from his guilt my innocence
Cannot be tainted. Since his father's death,
(Peace to his ſoul!) a mother's pray'rs and care
Were never wanting in his education.
His childhood I paſs o'er, as being brought up
Under

Under my wing; and, growing ripe for ſtudy,
I overcame the tenderneſs and joy
I had to look upon him, and provided
The choiceſt maſters, and of greateſt name,
Of Salamanca, in all liberal arts [19]——

Man. To train his youth up:
I muſt witneſs that.

Gui. How there he proſper'd, to the admiration
Of all that knew him, for a general ſcholar,
Being one of note before he was a man,
Is ſtill remembered in that academy.
From thence I ſent him to the emperor's court,
Attended like his father's ſon, and there
Maintain'd him in ſuch bravery and height,
As did become a courtier.

Man. 'Twas that ſpoil'd him;
My nephew had been happy, but for that.
The court's a ſchool, indeed, in which ſome few
Learn virtuous principles; but moſt forget
Whatever they brought thither good and honeſt.
Trifling is there in practice; ſerious actions
Are obſolete and out of uſe. My nephew
Had been a happy man, had he ne'er known
What's there in grace and faſhion.

Gui. I have heard, yet,
That, while he liv'd in court, the emperor
Took notice of his carriage and good parts;
The grandees did not ſcorn his company;
And of the greateſt ladies he was held
A complete gentleman.

Man. He, indeed, danc'd well:
A turn o'th' toe, with a lofty trick or two

[19] *Of Salamanca in all liberal arts,*
Man. *To train his youth up*——
I muſt witneſs that.] Manuel is here made to ſpeak before his time. The firſt hemiſtich is the cloſe of Guiomar's ſpeech, as Mr. Seward likewiſe obſerv'd to me. *Theobald.*

This tranſpoſition is impertinent. It is very common for the perſon ſpoke to, to take the latter words of a ſentence; and generally has a pleaſing effect.

To

To argue nimbleneſs, and a ſtrong back,
Will go far with a madam: 'Tis moſt true,
That he's an excellent ſcholar, and he knows it;
An exact courtier, and he knows that too;
He has fought thrice, and come off ſtill with honour,
Which he forgets not.

Gui. Nor have I much reaſon
To grieve his fortune that way.

Man. You are miſtaken.
Proſperity does ſearch a gentleman's temper,
More than his adverſe fortune. I have known
Many, and of rare parts, from their ſucceſs
In private duels, rais'd up to ſuch a pride,
And ſo transform'd from what they were, that all
That lov'd them truly wiſh'd they had fallen in them,
I need not write examples; in your ſon
'Tis too apparent; for ere don Duarte
Made trial of his valour, he, indeed, was
Admir'd for civil courteſy; but now
He's ſwoln ſo high, out of his own aſſurance
Of what he dares do, that he ſeeks occaſions,
Unjuſt occaſions, grounded on blind paſſion,
Ever to be in quarrels, and this makes him
Shunn'd of all fair ſocieties.

Gui. 'Would it were
In my weak pow'r to help it! I will uſe,
With my entreaties, th' authority of a mother,
As you may of an uncle, and enlarge it
With your command, as being a governor
To the great king in Liſbon.

Enter Duarte and his Page.

Man. Here he comes:
We are unſeen; obſerve him.

Dua. Boy.

Page. My lord.

Dua. What ſaith the Spaniſh captain that I ſtruck,
To my bold challenge?

Page. He refus'd to read it.

Dua.

Dua. Why didſt not leave it there?
Page. I did, my lord;
But to no purpoſe; for he ſeems more willing
To ſit down with the wrongs, than to repair
His honour by the ſword. He knows too well,
That from your lordſhip nothing can be got
But more blows and diſgraces.
Dua. He's a wretch,
A miſerable wretch, and all my fury
Is loſt upon him. Holds the maſque, appointed
I'th' honour of Hippolyta?
Page. 'Tis broke off.
Dua. The reaſon?
Page. This was one; they heard your lordſhip
Was, by the ladies' choice, to lead the dance;
And therefore they, too well aſſur'd how far
You would out-ſhine 'em, gave it o'er, and ſaid
They would not ſerve for foils to ſet you off.
Dua. They at their beſt are ſuch, and ever ſhall be,
Where I appear.
Man. Do you note his modeſty?
Dua. But was there nothing elſe pretended?
Page. Yes;
Young don Alonzo, the great captain's nephew,
Stood on compariſons.
Dua. With whom?
Page. With you;
And openly profeſs'd that all precedence,
His birth and ſtate conſider'd, was due to him;
Nor were your lordſhip to contend with one
So far above you.
Dua. I look down upon him
With ſuch contempt and ſcorn, as on my ſlave;
He's a name only, and all good in him
He muſt derive from his great grandſire's aſhes:
For had not their victorious acts bequeath'd
His titles to him, and wrote on his forehead,
'This is a lord,' he had liv'd unobſerv'd
By any man of mark, and died as one

Amongſt

Amongſt the common rout. Compare with me?
'Tis giant-like ambition; I know him,
And know myſelf: That man is truly noble,
And he may juſtly call that worth his own [20],
Which his deſerts have purchas'd. I could wiſh
My birth were more obſcure, my friends and kinſmen
Of leſſer pow'r, or that my provident father
Had been like to that riotous emperor
That choſe his belly for his only heir;
For, being of no family then, and poor,
My virtues, whereſoe'er I liv'd, ſhould make
That kingdom my inheritance.

Gui. Strange ſelf-love!

Duu. For if I ſtudied the country's laws,
I ſhould ſo eaſily found all their depth,
And riſe up ſuch a wonder, that the pleaders,
That now are in moſt practice and eſteem,
Should ſtarve for want of clients. If I travell'd,
Like wiſe Ulyſſes, to ſee men and manners,
I would return in act more knowing, than
Homer could fancy him. If a phyſician,
So oft I would reſtore death-wounded men,
That, where I liv'd, Galen ſhould not be nam'd;
And he, that join'd again the ſcatter'd limbs
Of torn Hippolytus, ſhould be forgotten.
I could teach Ovid courtſhip, how to win
A Julia, and enjoy her, though her dow'r
Were all the ſun gives light to: And for arms
Were the Perſian heſt, that drank up rivers, added
To the Turks preſent pow'rs, I could direct,
Command, and marſhal them.

Man. And yet you know not
To rule yourſelf; you would not to a boy elſe,
Like Plautus' braggart, boaſt thus.

[20] *And he may juſtly call that worth his own,*
Which his deſerts have purchas'd;] This ſentiment is evidently founded on Horace.

——— *Same ſuperbiam*
Quæ ſitam meritis.

Theobald.

Duu.

Dua. All I ſpeak,
In act I can make good.
Gui. Why then, being maſter
Of ſuch and ſo good parts, do you deſtroy them
With ſelf-opinion; or, like a rich miſer,
Hoard up the treaſures you poſſeſs, imparting
Nor to yourſelf, nor others, the uſe of them?
They are to you but like enchanted viands,
On which you ſeem to feed, yet pine with hunger;
And thoſe ſo-rare perfections in my ſon,
Which would make others happy, render me
A wretched mother.
Man. You are too inſolent;
And thoſe too-many excellencies, that feed
Your pride, turn to a pleuriſy, and kill
That which ſhould nouriſh virtue. Dare you think,
All bleſſings are confer'd on you alone?
You're groſly cozen'd; there's no good in you,
Which others have not. Are you a ſcholar? ſo
Are many, and as knowing. Are you valiant?
Waſte not that courage then in brawls, but ſpend it
I' th' wars, in ſervice of your king and country.
Dua. Yes, ſo I might be general: No man lives
That's worthy to command me.
Man. Sir, in Liſbon,
I am; and you ſhall know it. Every hour
I am troubled with complaints of your behaviour
From men of all conditions [21], and all ſects.
And my authority, which you preſume
Will bear you out, in that you are my nephew,
No longer ſhall protect you; for I vow,
Though all that's paſt I pardon, I will puniſh
The next fault with as much ſeverity
As if you were a ſtranger; reſt aſſur'd on't.
Gui. And by that love you ſhould bear, or that duty
You owe a mother, once more I command you

[21] *From men of all conditions, and all* ſexes.] Mr. Sympſon propoſes reading *ſects*; which we think the proper word, and therefore have inſerted.

To

To caſt this haughtineſs off; which if you do,
All that is mine is yours: If not, expect
My pray'rs and vows for your converſion only,
But never means nor favour. [*Ex. Man. and Gul.*

Dua. I am tutor'd
As if I were a child ſtill! The baſe peaſants
That fear and envy my great worth, have done this:
But I will find them out; I will abroad [22].
Get my diſguiſe. I have too long been idle;
Nor will I curb my ſpirit; I was born free,
And will purſue the courſe beſt liketh me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leopold, ſailors, and Zenocia.

Leop. Divide the ſpoil amongſt you; this fair captive
I only challenge for myſelf.

Sail. You have won her,
And well deſerve her. Twenty years I have liv'd
A burgeſs of the ſea, and have been preſent
At many a deſperate fight, but never ſaw
So ſmall a bark with ſuch incredible valour
So long defended, and againſt ſuch odds;
And by two men ſcarce arm'd too.

Leop. 'Twas a wonder.
And yet the courage they expreſs'd, being taken,
And their contempt of death, wan more upon me
Than all they did when they were free. Methinks
I ſee them yet, when they were brought aboard us,
Diſarm'd and ready to be put in fetters;
How on the ſudden, as if they had ſworn
Never to taſte the bread of ſervitude,
Both ſnatching up their ſwords, and from this virgin
Taking a farewell only with their eyes,
They leap'd into the ſea!

Sail. Indeed, 'twas rare.

Leop. It wrought ſo much on me, that, but I fear'd

[22] *I will* o' board;] But he has not been talking of any veſſel provided for his paſſage. I ſuſpect, the poets intended no more than (on his being *tutor'd* ſo, as he calls it) that he ſhould expreſs a reſolution of quitting his country and going *abroad*. *Sympſon.*

The

The great ſhip that purſu'd us, our own ſafety
Hind'ring my charitable purpoſe to 'em,
I would have took 'em up, and with their lives
They ſhould have had their liberties.
Zen. Oh, too late;
For they are loſt, for ever loſt!
Leop. Take comfort;
'Tis not impoſſible but that they live yet;
For, when they left the ſhips, they were within
A league o' th' ſhore, and with ſuch ſtrength and cunning
They, ſwimming, did delude the riſing billows,
With one hand making way, and with the other
Their bloody ſwords advanc'd, threat'ning the ſea-gods
With war, unleſs they brought them ſafely off;
That I am almoſt confident they live,
And you again may ſee them.
Zen. In that hope
I brook a wretched being, till I am
Made certain of their fortunes; but, they dead,
Death hath ſo many doors to let out life[23],
I will not long ſurvive them.
Leop. Hope the beſt;
And let the courteous uſage you have found,
Not uſual in men of war, perſuade you
To tell me your condition.
Zen. You know it;
A captive my fate and your pow'r have made me.
Such I am now; but, what I was, it ſkills not;
For, they being dead, in whom I only live,
I dare not challenge family, or country;
And therefore, Sir, enquire not: Let it ſuffice,
I am your ſervant, and a thankful ſervant
(If you will call that ſo, which is but duty)
I ever will be; and, my honour ſafe,

---

[23] *Death hath ſo many doors to let out life.*]
Mille viæ mortis,
As Virgil ſays in his Æneis. *Theobald.*

(Which

(Which nobly hitherto you have preſerv'd)
No ſlavery can appear in ſuch a form,
Which, with a maſculine conſtancy, I will not
Boldly look on and ſuffer.

Leop. You miſtake me:
That you are made my priſoner, may prove
The birth of your good fortune. I do find
A winning language in your tongue and looks;
Nor can a ſuit by you mov'd be deny'd;
And, therefore, of a priſoner you muſt be
The victor's advocate.

Zen. To whom?

Leop. A lady;
In whom all graces, that can perfect beauty,
Are friendly met. I grant that you are fair;
And, had I not ſeen her before, perhaps,
I might have fought to you.

Zen. This I hear gladly.

Leop. To this incomparable lady I will give you
(Yet, being mine, you are already hers);
And to ſerve her is more than to be free,
At leaſt, I think ſo. And when you live with her,
If you will pleaſe to think on him that brought you
To ſuch a happineſs, for ſo her bounty
Will make you think her ſervice, you ſhall ever
Make me at your devotion.

Zen. All I can do,
Reſt you aſſur'd of.

Leop. At night I'll preſent you;
Till when, I am your guard.

Zen. Ever your ſervant! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Armillo and Rutillo.

Arm. To what are we reſerv'd?

Rut. Troth, 'tis uncertain.
Drowning we have 'ſcap'd miraculouſly, and
Stand fair, for ought I know, for hanging: Money
We've none, nor like to have, 'tis to be doubted.
Beſides, we're ſtrangers, wondrous hungry ſtrangers;
And

And charity growing cold, and miracles ceaſing,
Without a conjurer's help, I cannot find
When we ſhall eat again.

Arn. Theſe are no wants,
If put in balance with Zenocia's loſs:
In that alone all miſeries are ſpoken!
Oh, my Rutilio, when I think on her,
And that which ſhe may ſuffer, being a captive,
Then I could curſe myſelf; almoſt thoſe pow'rs
That ſend me from the fury of the ocean [24].

Rut. You've loſt a wife, indeed, a fair and chaſte one;
Two bleſſings, not found often in one woman.
But ſhe may be recover'd: Queſtionleſs,
The ſhip that took us was of Portugal;
And here in Liſbon, by ſome means or other,
We may hear of her.

Arn. In that hope I live.

Rut. And ſo do I: But hope is a poor ſallad
To dine and ſup with, after a two-days' faſt too.
Have you no money left?

Arn. Not a denier.

Rut. Nor any thing to pawn? 'tis now in faſhion.
Having a miſtreſs, ſure you ſhould not be
Without a neat hiſtorical ſhirt [25].

Arn.

---

[24] *Then I could curſe myſelf, almoſt thoſe powers*
That ſend *me from the fury of the ocean*] Mr. Theobald alters *ſend* to *fenc'd*; Mr. Seward propoſes *ſav'd*, and Mr. Sympſon *ſerv'd*. The firſt of theſe gentlemen ſays, 'The powers did not *ſend* Arnoldo 'from the fury of the ocean, but *protected* him from it.' A ſtrange aſſertion: They *protected* him from this fury, by *ſending* him to land. We have not diſturbed the text, but believe the alteration of one letter would reſtore the original lection; an *r* for an *s*;

——— *almoſt thoſe powers*
That rend *me from the fury of the ocean*;

this being, at the ſame time that it is perfect ſenſe, much more poetical than *ſend*, or either of the other words propoſed.

[25] *Having a miſtreſs, ſure you ſhould not be*
Without a neat hiſtorical *ſhirt.*] This is an obſcure epithet to us at this time of day. Mr. Sympſon conjectured to me, that it might poſſibly have been *a neat* rhetorical *ſhirt, i. e.* a moving, perſuaſive

Arn. For ſhame,
Talk not ſo poorly.
Rut. I muſt talk of that
Neceſſity prompts us to; for beg I cannot;
Nor am I made to creep in at a window,
To filch to feed me. Something muſt be done,
And ſuddenly, reſolve on't.

Enter Zabulon and a Servant.

Arn. What are theſe?
Rut. One, by his habit, is a Jew.
Zab. No more:
Thou'rt ſure that's he?
Ser. Moſt certain.
Zab. How long is it
Since firſt ſhe ſaw him?
Ser. Some two hours.
Zab. Be gone; [*Exit Ser.*
Let me alone to work him.

ſuaſive one; neatneſs being a main recommendation to the ladies. I have not preſum'd to alter the text. The Poets, perhaps, might mean no more than a ſhirt neatly wrought, with ſome ſtory expreſs'd in it; as we have at this day damaſk table-cloths with ſieges, encampments, cannons, &c. by way of decoration. *Theobald.*

'Mr. Theobald's explanation of this paſſage is very right; and I praiſe his judgment for retaining the old reading, tho' it be at the expence of my own correction. Jaſper Maine, in his City Match, act ii. ſcene ii. is full to this purpoſe. Aurelia, ſpeaking of her waiting-woman, ſays,

'She works religious petticoats; for flowers
'She'll make church-hiſtories; her needle doth
'So ſanctify my cuſhionets, beſides,
'My ſmock-ſleeves have ſuch holy embroideries,
'And are ſo learned, that I fear in time
'All my apparel will be quoted by
'Some pure inſtructor.'

'Tis true, the perſon here mention'd is an high-flown Puritan, but that is no objection; what the paſſage is brought to prove (and it proves it ſufficiently) is, that hiſtorical ſhirts were then in very high faſhion; the only difference was, that the *ſaints* adorn'd theirs only with religious ſtories, while the *wicked* flouriſhed theirs with either ſacred or profane ones. *Sympſon.*

Rut.

Rut. How he eyes you!
Now he moves towards us: In the devil's name,
What would he with us?
Arn. Innocence is bold;
Nor can I fear.
Zab. That you are poor, and ſtrangers,
I eaſily perceive.
Rut. But that you'll help us;
Or any of your tribe, we dare not hope, Sir.
Zab. Why think you ſo?
Rut. Becauſe you are a Jew, Sir;
And courteſies come ſooner from the devil
Than any of your nation.
Zab. We are men,
And have, like you, compaſſion, when we find
Fit ſubjects for our bounty; and, for proof
That we dare give, and freely, (not to you, Sir;
Pray ſpare your pains,) there's gold: Stand not amaz'd;
'Tis current, I aſſure you.
Rut. Take it, man!
Sure thy good angel is a Jew, and comes
In his own ſhape to help thee. I could wiſh now,
Mine would appear too, like a Turk.
Arn. I thank you;
But yet muſt tell you, if this be the prologue
To any bad act you would have me practiſe,
I muſt not take it.
Zab. This is but the earneſt
Of that which is to follow; and the bond,
Which you muſt ſeal to for't, is your advancement.
Fortune, with all that's in her pow'r to give,
Offers herſelf up to you: Entertain her,
And that which princes have kneel'd for in vain,
Preſents itſelf to you.
Arn. 'Tis above wonder.
Zab. But far beneath the truth, in my relation
Of what you ſhall poſſeſs, if you embrace it.
There is an hour in each man's life appointed

To make his happineſs, if then he ſeize it[26];
And this (in which, beyond all expectation,
You are invited to your good) is yours.
If you dare follow me, ſo; if not, hereafter
Expect not the like offer. [*Exit.*

Arn. 'Tis no viſion.

Rut. 'Tis gold, I'm ſure.

Arn. We muſt, like brothers, ſhare;
There's for you.

Rut. By this light, I'm glad I have it:
There are few gallants (for men may be ſuch,
And yet want gold; yea, and ſometimes ſilver)
But would receive ſuch favours from the devil,
Though he appeared like a broker, and demanded
Sixty i' th' hundred.

Arn. Wherefore ſhould I fear
Some plot upon my life? 'tis now to me
Not worth the keeping. I will follow him:
Farewell! Wiſh me good fortune; we ſhall meet
Again, I doubt not.

Rut. Or I'll ne'er truſt Jew more, [*Exit Arnoldo.*
Nor Chriſtian, for his ſake. Plague o' my ſtars!
How long might I have walk'd without a cloak,
Before I ſhould have met with ſuch a fortune?
We elder brothers, though we are proper men,
Ha' not the luck; ha' too much beard, that ſpoils us;
The ſmooth chin carries all. What's here to do now?

Enter Duarte, Alonzo, and a Page.

Dua. I'll take you as I find you.

Alon. That were baſe;

---

[26] *There is an hour in each man's life appointed*
To make his happineſs, if then he ſeize it.] How much more nobly, and more poetically, is this ſentiment expreſſed by Shakeſpeare in his Julius Cæſar!

'There is a tide in the affairs of men,
'Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
'Omitted, all the voyage of their life,
'Is bound in ſhallows and in miſery.' *Theobald.*

You

You ſee I am unarm'd.

Dua. Out with your bodkin[27],
Your pocket-dagger, your ſtiletto; out with it,
Or, by this hand, I'll kill you. Such as you are
Have ſtudied the undoing of poor cutlers,
And made all manly weapons out of faſhion:
You carry poniards to murder men,
Yet dare not wear a ſword to guard your honour.

Rut. That's true, indeed. Upon my life this gallant
Is brib'd to repeal baniſh'd ſwords.

Dua. I'll ſhew you
The difference now between a Spaniſh rapier
And your pure Piſa[28].

Alon. Let me fetch a ſword;
Upon mine honour I'll return.

Dua. Not ſo, Sir.

Alon. Or lend me yours, I pray you, and take this.

---

[27] *Out with your* bodkin.] A *bodkin* was the antient term, it is imagined, for a *ſmall dagger*. Gaſcoigne, ſpeaking of Julius Cæſar, ſays,

'At laſt, with *bodkins* dub'd and douſt to death,
'All, all his glory vaniſh'd with his breath.'

In the margin of Stowe's Chronicle, ed. 1614, it is ſaid, that Cæſar was ſlain with *bodkins*; and in the Muſe's Looking Glaſs, by Randolph, 1638,

'*Apho.* A rapier's but a *bodkin*.
'*Deil.* And a *bodkin*
'Is a moſt dang'rous weapon: Since I read
'Of Julius Cæſar's death, I durſt not venture
'Into a taylor's ſhop, for fear of *bodkins*.'

Again, Hamlet ſays,

'When he himſelf might his quietus make
'With a bare *bodkin*.' *Steevens.*

[28] *And your* pure *Piſa*.] The Piſa and Provent ſword-blades never were in any eſtimation. Thoſe of Turky, Toledo, and the ſteel tempered in the water of the Ebro, were eminent for their goodneſs, and conſequently bore a price. The epithet I have ſubſtituted [*poor*] for the corrupted one, ſhews that contempt which Duarte would expreſs for a Piſa rapier. *Theobald.*

Pure is right, and means a *mere* Piſa. Duarte's ſpeech explains *bodkin*, and confirms Mr. Steevens's note. Indeed, the whole ſcene turns upon it.

Rut. To be diſgrac'd as you are? no, I thank you;
Spite of the faſhion, while I live, I am
Inſtructed to go arm'd. What folly 'tis
For you, that are a man, to put yourſelf
Into your enemy's mercy.

Dua. Yield it quickly,
Or I'll cut off your hand, and now diſgrace you;
Thus kick and baffle you: As you like this,
You may again prefer complaints againſt me
To my uncle and my mother, and then think
To make it good with a poniard.

Alon. I am paid
For being of the faſhion.

Dua. Get a ſword
Then, if you dare redeem your reputation;
You know I am eaſily found. I'll add this to it,
To put you in mind.

Rut. You are too inſolent,
And do inſult too much on the advantage
Of that which your unequal weapon gave you,
More than your valour.

Dua. This to me, you peaſant?
Thou art not worthy of my foot, poor fellow;
'Tis ſcorn, not pity, makes me give thee life:
Kneel down and thank me for't. How! do you ſtare?

Rut. I have a ſword, Sir, you ſhall find; a good one;
This is no ſtabbing guard.

Dua. Wert thou thrice arm'd,
Thus yet I durſt attempt thee.

Rut. Then have at you; [*Fight.*
I ſcorn to take blows.

Dua. Oh! I'm ſlain. [*Falls.*

Page. Help! murder! murder!

Alon. Shift for yourſelf; you are dead elſe;
You've kill'd the governor's nephew.

Page. Raiſe the ſtreets there.

Alon. If once you are beſet, you cannot 'ſcape.
Will you betray yourſelf?

Rut. Undone for ever! [*Exeunt Rut. and Alonzo.*

Enter

Enter Officers.

1 *Offi.* Who makes this outcry?
Page. Oh, my lord is murder'd!
This way he took; make after him. Help, help there! [*Exit Page.*
2 *Offi.* 'Tis don Duarte.
1 *Offi.* Pride has got a fall!
He was ſtill in quarrels, ſcorn'd us peace-makers,
And all our bill-authority; now h'as paid for't;
You ha' met with your match, Sir, now. Bring off his body,
And bear it to the governor. Some purſue
The murderer; yet if he 'ſcape, it ſkills not;
Were I a prince, I would reward him for't:
He has rid the city of a turbulent beaſt;
There's few will pity him: But for his mother
I truly grieve, indeed; ſhe's a good lady. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Guiomar and Servants.

Gui. He's not i'th' houſe?
Ser. No, madam.
Gui. Haſte and ſeek him;
Go all, and every where; I'll not to-bed,
'Till you return him. Take away the lights too;
The moon lends me too much, to find my fears;
And thoſe devotions I am to pay,
Are written in my heart, not in this book; [*Kneels.*
And I ſhall read them there, without a taper. [*Ex. Ser.*

Enter Rutilia.

Rut. I am purſued; all the ports are ſtopt too;
Not any hope to eſcape; behind, before me,
On either ſide, I am beſet. Curs'd fortune!
My enemy on the ſea, and on the land too;
Redeem'd from one affliction to another!
'Would I had made the greedy waves my tomb,'
And died obſcure and innocent; not as Nero,
Smear'd o'er with blood. Whither have my fears brought me?

I am got into a houſe; the doors all open;
This, by the largeneſs of the room, the hangings,
And other rich adornments, gliſtring through
The ſable maſk of night, ſays it belongs
To one of means and rank. No ſervant ſtirring?
Murmur, nor whiſper?

Gui. Who's that?

Rut. By the voice,
This is a woman.

Gui. Stephano, Jaſper, Julia!
Who waits there?

Rut. 'Tis the lady of the houſe;
I'll fly to her protection.

Gui. Speak, what are you?

Rut. Of all that ever breath'd, a man moſt wretched,

Gui. I'm ſure you are a man of moſt ill manners;
You could not with ſo little reverence elſe
Preſs to my private chamber. Whither would you?
Or what do you ſeek for?

Rut. Gracious woman, hear me!
I am a ſtranger, and in that I anſwer
All your demands, a moſt unfortunate ſtranger,
That, call'd unto it by my enemy's pride,
Have left him dead i'th' ſtreets. Juſtice purſues me,
And, for that life I took unwillingly,
And in a fair defence, I muſt loſe mine,
Unleſs you in your charity protect me.
Your houſe is now my ſanctuary; and the altar
I gladly would take hold of, your ſweet mercy.
By all that's dear unto you, by your virtues,
And by your innocence, that needs no forgiveneſs,
Take pity on me!

Gui. Are you a Caſtilian?

Rut. No, madam; Italy claims my birth.

Gui. I aſk not
With purpoſe to betray you; if you were
Ten thouſand times a Spaniard, the nation
We Portugals moſt hate, I yet would ſave you,
If it lay in my pow'r. Lift up theſe hangings;

Behind

Behind my bed's head there's a hollow place,
Into which enter. So; but from this ſtir not,
If th' officers come, as you expect they will do:
I know they owe ſuch reverence to my lodgings,
That they will eaſily give credit to me,
And ſearch no further.

Rut. The bleſs'd ſaints pay for me
The infinite debt I owe you!

Gui. How he quakes?
Thus far I feel his heart beat. Be of comfort;
Once more I give my promiſe for your ſafety.
All men are ſubject to ſuch accidents,
Eſpecially, the valiant; and who knows not,
But that the charity I afford this ſtranger
My only ſon elſewhere may ſtand in need of?

Enter Officers and Servants with the body of Duarte.

1 *Ser.* Now, madam, if your wiſdom ever could
Raiſe up defences againſt floods of ſorrow,
That haſte to overwhelm you, make true uſe of
Your great diſcretion.

2 *Ser.* Your only ſon,
My lord Duarte, 's ſlain.

1 *Offi.* His murderer,
Purſu'd by us, was by a boy diſcover'd
Ent'ring your houſe, and that induced us
To preſs into it for his apprehenſion.

Gui. Oh!

1 *Ser.* Sure her heart is broke.

Offi. Madam!

Gui. Stand off!
My ſorrow is ſo dear and precious to me,
That you muſt not partake it; ſuffer it,
Like wounds that do bleed inward, to diſpatch me!
Oh, my Duarte, ſuch an end as this
Thy pride long ſince did propheſy; thou art dead,
And, to increaſe my miſery, thy ſad mother
Muſt make a wilful ſhipwreck of her vow,
Or thou fall unreveng'd. My ſoul's divided;

And

And piety to a ſon, and true performance
Of hoſpitable duties to my gueſt,
That are to others angels, are my furies.
Vengeance knocks at my heart, but my word giv'n
Denies the entrance: Is no medium left,
But that I muſt protect the murderer,
Or ſuffer in that faith he made his altar?
Motherly love, give place; the fault made this way,
To keep a vow, to which high Heav'n is witneſs,
Heav'n may be pleas'd to pardon!

Enter Manuel, Doctors and Surgeons.

Man. 'Tis too late;
He's gone, paſt all recovery: Now reproof
Were but unſeaſonable, when I ſhould give comfort!
And yet remember, ſiſter——

Gui. Oh, forbear!
Search for the murderer, and remove the body,
And, as you think fit, give it burial.
Wretch that I am, uncapable of all comfort!
And therefore I entreat my friends and kinsfolk,
And you, my lord, for ſome ſpace to forbear
Your courteous viſitations.

Man. We obey you. [*Exeunt with the body.*

Manet Guiomar.

Rui. My ſpirits come back; and now Deſpair reſigns
Her place again to Hope.

Gui. Whate'er thou art,
To whom I have giv'n means of life, to witneſs
With what religion I have kept my promiſe,
Come fearleſs forth; but let thy face be cover'd,
That I hereafter be not forc'd to know thee;
For motherly affection may return,
My vow once paid to Heav'n. Thou haſt taken from me
The reſpiration of my heart, the light
Of my ſwol'n eyes, in his life that ſuſtain'd me.
Yet, my word giv'n to ſave you, I make good,
Becauſe

Becauſe what you did was not done with malice.
You are not known; there is no mark about you
That can diſcover you; let not fear betray you.
With all convenient ſpeed you can, fly from me,
That I may never ſee you; and that want
Of means may be no let unto your journey,
There are a hundred crowns. You're at the door now,
And ſo farewell for ever.

Rut. Let me firſt fall
Before your feet, and on them pay the duty
I owe your goodneſs: Next, all bleſſings on you,
And Heav'n reſtore the joys I have bereft you,
With full encreaſe hereafter! Living, be
The goddeſs ſtyl'd of hoſpitality. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Leopold and Zenocia.

Leop. FLING off theſe ſullen clouds; you are enter'd now
Into a houſe of joy and happineſs;
I have prepar'd a bleſſing for you.

Zen. Thank you:
My ſtate would rather aſk a curſe!

Leop. You're peeviſh,
And know not when you are friended. I've us'd thoſe means,
The lady of this houſe, the noble lady,
Will take you as her own, and uſe you graciouſly.
Make much of what you're miſtreſs of, that beauty;
Expoſe it not to ſuch betraying ſorrows:
When you are old, and all thoſe ſweets hang wither'd,

Enter Servant.

Then ſit and ſigh.

Zen. My autumn's not far off.

Leop.

Leop. Have you told your lady?
Ser. Yes, Sir; I have told her
Both of your noble ſervice, and your preſent,
Which ſhe accepts.
Leop. I ſhould be bleſt to ſee her.
Ser. That now you cannot do: She keeps her chamber,
Not well diſpos'd, and has deny'd all viſits.
The maid I have in charge to receive from you,
So pleaſe you render her.
Leop. With all my ſervice.
But fain I would have ſeen——
Ser. 'Tis but your patience;
No doubt, ſhe cannot but remember nobly.
Leop. Theſe three years I have lov'd this ſcornful lady,
And follow'd her with all the truth of ſervice;
In all which time, but twice ſhe has honour'd me
With ſight of her bleſt beauty. When you pleaſe, Sir,
You may receive your charge; and tell your lady,
A gentleman whoſe life is only dedicated
To her commands, kiſſes her beauteous hands.
And, fair one, now, your help: You may remember
The honeſt courteſies, ſince you were mine,
I ever did your modeſty. You ſhall be near her;
And if ſometimes you name my ſervice to her,
And tell her with what nobleneſs I love her,
'Twill be a gratitude I ſhall remember.
Zen. What in my pow'r lies, ſo it be honeſt——
Leop. I aſk no more.
Ser. You muſt along with me, fair.
Leop. And ſo I leave you two; but to a fortune
Too happy for my fate: You ſhall enjoy her[29].

[29] *And ſo I leave you two: but to a fortune*
Too happy for my fate: you ſhall enjoy her.] Mr. Sympſon, with his uſual fondneſs for alteration, cavils at this paſſage, and for *her* reads *here*. Till this gentleman made Leopold talk downright nonſenſe he ſaid, ſenſibly enough, 'I leave you to a better fortune than 'fate allows me; the enjoyment of Hippolyta's preſence.'

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Zabulon and Servants.

Zab. Be quick, be quick; out with the banquet there [30]!
Theſe ſcents are dull; caſt richer on, and fuller;
Scent every place. Where have you plac'd the muſic?
Ser. Here they ſtand ready, Sir.
Zab. 'Tis well. Be ſure
The wines be luſty, high, and full of ſpirit,
And amber'd all.
Ser. They are.
Zab. Give fair attendance.
In the beſt trim and ſtate make ready all.
I ſhall come preſently again. [*Banquet ſet forth.*
2 *Ser.* We ſhall, Sir. [*Exit Zab.*
What preparation's this? Some new device
My lady has in hand.
1 *Ser.* Oh, proſper it,
As long as it carries good wine in the mouth,
And good meat with it! Where are all the reſt?
2 *Ser.* They are ready to attend. [*Muſic.*
1 *Ser.* Sure, ſome great perſon;
They would not make this hurry elſe.
2 *Ser.* Hark, the muſic.

Enter Zabulon and Arnoldo.

It will appear now, certain; here it comes.
Now to our places.
Arn. Whither will he lead me?
What invitation's this? to what new end

[30] *Out with the* banquet *there.*] A banquet is ſet out in about eight lines after this, as we find by the marginal direction. The oldeſt folio in 1647, when this play was firſt printed, has it, *out with the* bucket *there*; and then it muſt relate to the veſſel that held the perfumes. I only mention the variations of the copies; for as the ſenſe of the text is not affected, 'tis no matter which of the words we eſpouſe. *Theobald.*

Are

Are theſe fair preparations? a rich banquet,
Muſic, and every place ſtuck with adornment,
Fit for a prince's welcome! What new game
Has Fortune now prepar'd, to ſhew me happy,
And then again to ſink me? 'Tis no illuſion;
Mine eyes are not deceiv'd, all theſe are real.
What wealth and ſtate!

Zab. Will you ſit down and eat, Sir?
Theſe carry little wonder, they are uſual;
But you ſhall ſee, if you be wiſe to obſerve it,
That that will ſtrike indeed, ſtrike with amazement:
Then, if you be a man!—This fair health to you.

Arn. What ſhall I ſee? I pledge you, Sir. I was never
So bury'd in amazement!

Zab. You are ſo ſtill;
Drink freely.

Arn. The very wines are admirable!
Good Sir, give me but leave to aſk this queſtion,
For what great worthy man are theſe prepar'd?
And why do you bring me hither?

Zab. They are for you, Sir;
And under-value not the worth you carry,
You are that worthy man: Think well of theſe,
They ſhall be more, and greater.

Arn. Well, blind Fortune,
Thou haſt the prettieſt changes, when thou'rt pleas'd
To play thy game out wantonly——

Zab. Come, be luſty,
And awake your ſpirits.

Arn. Good Sir, do not wake me,
For willingly I'd die in this dream. Pray whoſe ſervants
Are all theſe that attend here?

Zab. They are yours;
They wait on you.

Arn. I never yet remember
I kept ſuch faces, nor that I was ever able
To maintain ſo many.

Zab. Now you are, and ſhall be.

Arn. You'll ſay this houſe is mine too?

Zab.

Zab. Say it? ſwear it.

Arn. And all this wealth?

Zab. This is the leaſt you ſee, Sir.

Arn. Why, where has this been hid theſe thirty years?
For, certainly, I never found I was wealthy
Till this hour; never dream'd of houſe, and ſervants:
I had thought I had been a younger brother, a poor gentleman.
I may eat boldly then?

Zab. 'Tis prepar'd for you.

Arn. The taſte is perfect, and moſt delicate:
But why for me? Give me ſome wine: I do drink,
I feel it ſenſibly, and I am here,
Here in this glorious place: I am bravely us'd too.
Good gentle Sir, give me leave to think a little;
For either I am much abus'd——

Zab. Strike, muſic;
And ſing that luſty ſong[31]. [*Muſic, ſong*

Arn. Bewitching harmony!
Sure, I am turn'd into another creature;

Enter Hippolyta.

Happy and bleſt; Arnoldo was unfortunate.
Ha, bleſs mine eyes! what precious piece of nature
To poze the world?

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[31] *And ſing that* luſty *ſong.*] *Luſty*, at firſt view, may ſeem an odd epithet appropriated to muſic; but it means that wanton, invigorating ſong, inciting to amorous pleaſures. So, before, in this very play,

No merry noiſe, nor luſty ſongs, *be heard here;*

So, again;

——— *Come, be* luſty,
And wake your ſpirits.

So, towards the concluſion of Wit without Money;

——— *Come, boy, ſing the* ſong *I taught you,*
And ſing it luſtily.

And, in the Mad Lover, ſongs in this free ſtrain are expreſſed by another, but equivalent, term:

Fool. —— *What new* ſongs, *ſirrah?*
Stre. *A thouſand, man, a thouſand.*
Fool. ——— ——— Itching airs,
Alluding to the old ſport. *Theobald.*

Zab.

Zab. I told you, you would ſee that
Would darken theſe poor preparations.
What think you now? Nay, riſe not; 'tis no viſion.
Arn. 'Tis more; 'tis miracle.
Hip. You are welcome, Sir.
Arn. It ſpeaks, and entertains me; ſtill more glorious!
She is warm, and this is fleſh here: How ſhe ſtirs me!
Bleſs me, what ſtars are there?
Hip. May I ſit near you?
Arn. No, you're too pure an object to behold,
Too excellent to look upon and live;
I muſt remove.
Zab. She is a woman, Sir.
Fie, what faint heart is this?
Arn. The houſe of wonder!
Zab. Do not you think yourſelf now truly happy?
You have the abſtract of all ſweetneſs by you,
The precious wealth youth labours to arrive at.
Nor is ſhe leſs in honour, than in beauty;
Ferrara's royal duke is proud to call her
His beſt, his nobleſt, and moſt happy ſiſter;
Fortune has made her miſtreſs of herſelf,
Wealthy, and wiſe, without a pow'r to ſway her;
Wonder of Italy, of all hearts miſtreſs.
Arn. And all this is——
Zab. Hippolyta, the beauteous.
Hip. You are a poor relater of my fortunes,
Too weak a chronicle to ſpeak my bleſſings,
And leave out that eſſential part of ſtory
I am moſt high and happy in, moſt fortunate;
The acquaintance, and the noble fellowſhip
Of this fair gentleman. Pray you, do not wonder,
Nor hold it ſtrange to hear a handſome lady
Speak freely to you. With your fair leave and courteſy,
I will ſit by you.
Arn. I know not what to anſwer,
Nor where I am, nor to what end; conſider,
Why do you uſe me thus?

Hip.

Hip. Are you angry, Sir,
Becauſe you're entertain'd with all humanity?
Freely and nobly us'd?
Arn. No, gentle lady,
That were uncivil; but it much amazes me,
A ſtranger, and a man of no deſert,
Should find ſuch floods of courteſy.
Hip. I love you,
I honour you, the firſt and beſt of all men;
And, where that fair opinion leads, 'tis uſual
Theſe trifles, that but ſerve to ſet off, follow.
I would not have you proud now, nor diſdainful,
Becauſe I ſay I love you, though I ſwear it;
Nor think it a ſtale favour I fling on you.
Though you be handſome, and the only man,
I muſt confeſs, I ever fix'd mine eye on,
And bring along all promiſes that pleaſe us,
Yet I ſhould hate you then, deſpiſe you, ſcorn you;
And with as much contempt purſue your perſon,
As now I do with love. But you are wiſer,
At leaſt, I think, more maſter of your fortune;
And ſo I drink your health.
Arn. Hold faſt, good honeſty;
I am a loſt man elſe!
Hip. Now you may kiſs me;
'Tis the firſt kiſs I ever aſk'd, I ſwear to you.
Arn. That I dare do, ſweet lady.
Hip. You do it well too;
You are a maſter, Sir; that makes you coy.
Arn. 'Would you would ſend your people off.
Hip. Well thought on.
Wait all without.
Zab. I hope ſhe is pleas'd throughly.
[*Ex. Zab. and Servants.*
Hip. Why ſtand you ſtill? here's no man to detect you;
My people are gone off. Come, come, leave conjuring;
The ſpirit you would raiſe is here already;
Look boldly on me.

Arn. What would you have me do?

Hip. Oh, moſt unmanly queſtion! have you do?
Is't poſſible your ears ſhould want a tutor?
I'll teach you: Come, embrace me.

Arn. Fy, ſtand off;
And give me leave, more now than e'er, to wonder,
A building of ſo goodly a proportion,
Outwardly all exact, the frame of Heaven,
Should hide within ſo baſe inhabitants.
You are as fair as if the morning bare you;
Imagination never made a ſweeter;
Can it be poſſible, this frame ſhould ſuffer[32],
And, built on ſlight affections, fright the viewer?
Be excellent in all, as you are outward,
The worthy miſtreſs of thoſe many bleſſings
Heav'n has beſtow'd; make 'em appear ſtill nobler,
Becauſe they're truſted to a weaker keeper[33].
Would you have me love you?

Hip. Yes.

Arn. Not for your beauty;
Though, I confeſs, it blows the firſt fire in us;
Time, as he paſſes by, puts out that ſparkle.

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[32] *Can it be poſſible, this frame ſhould* ſuffer,
And, built on ſlight affections, fright the viewer?] Tho' the word *ſuffer* be not abſolute nonſenſe, yet it carries on the fine metaphor of the following line ſo ill, that, I am perſuaded, it is a corrupt reading; and that the original word was *totter*; which perfectly correſponds with the reſt of the metaphor. *Seward.*

Totter is certainly beſt, but is unauthorized; and we think the alteration too bold to be followed.

[33] ——— *make 'em appear ſtill nobler,*
Becauſe they're truſted to a weaker *keeper.*] Mr. Seward thinks this paſſage erroneous, and that for *weaker* we ſhould read *wealthy*; becauſe, he urges, Hippolyta's *wealth* is one of the principal objects of Arnoldo's admiration. The deficiency of poetic idea, and poverty of argument, in this reading, aſſure us it never came from Beaumont or Fletcher. Mr. Theobald adheres to the old copy, and ſuppoſes, we think with reaſon, that the Poets 'had the words of the Sacred 'Writ in view, of woman being *the weaker veſſel*;' and then, ſays he, 'the comment will run thus: "Be the worthy miſtreſs of thoſe "bleſſings which Heaven has beſtowed; and make them ſtill nobler "by preſerving them, as they are entruſted to the *frailty* and *weak-*"*neſs* of a woman."

Nor

Nor for your wealth; altho' the world kneel to it,
And make it all addition to a woman;
Fortune, that ruins all, make that his conqueſt.
Be honeſt, and be virtuous, I'll admire you;
At leaſt, be wiſe; and where you lay theſe nets,
Strow over 'em a little modeſty;
'Twill well become your cauſe, and catch more fools.

Hip. Could any one that lov'd this wholeſome counſel,
But love the giver more? You make me fonder.
You have a virtuous mind; I want that ornament.
Is it a ſin I covet to enjoy you?
If you imagine I'm too free a lover,
And act that part belongs to you, I am ſilent:
Mine eyes ſhall ſpeak my bluſhes, parley with you;
I will not touch your hand, but with a tremble
Fitting a veſtal nun; not long to kiſs you [34],
But gently as the air, and undiſcern'd too,
I'll ſteal it thus: I'll walk your ſhadow by you,
So ſtill and ſilent, that it ſhall be equal
To put me off as that; and when I covet
To give ſuch toys as theſe——

Arn. A new temptation!

Hip. Thus, like the lazy minutes, will I drop 'em,
Which paſt once are forgotten.

Arn. Excellent vice!

Hip. Will you be won? Look ſtedfaſtly upon me,
Look manly, take a man's affections to you;
Young women, in the old world, were not wont, Sir,
To hang out gaudy buſhes for their beauties,
To talk themſelves into young mens' affections.
How cold and dull you are!

Arn. How do I ſtagger!
She's wiſe, as fair; but 'tis a wicked wiſdom;
I'll choke before I yield.

Hip. Who waits within there?

[34] *But gently as the air,* and *undiſcern'd too.*] Were it not departing from authority, we could wiſh to change *and* into *as*, and read,

But gently as the air, as *undiſcern'd too*;

which ſurely would be both more eaſy and more elegant.

Make ready the green chamber.

Zab. [*within.*] It ſhall be, madam.

Arn. I am afraid ſhe will enjoy me indeed.

Hip. What muſic do you love?

Arn. A modeſt tongue.

Hip. We'll have enough of that. Fy, fy, how lumpiſh?
In a young lady's arms thus dull?

Arn. For Heaven's ſake,
Profeſs a little goodneſs.

Hip. Of what country?

Arn. I am of Rome.

Hip. Nay then, I know you mock me;
The Italians are not frighted with ſuch bug-bears.
Prithee, go in.

Arn. I am not well.

Hip. I'll make thee;
I'll kiſs thee well.

Arn. I am not ſick of that ſore.

Hip. Upon my conſcience, I muſt raviſh thee;
I ſhall be famous for the firſt example:
With this I'll tie you firſt, then try your ſtrength, Sir.

Arn. My ſtrength? Away, baſe woman, I abhor thee!
I am not caught with ſtales. Diſeaſe dwell with thee!
[*Exit.*

Hip. Are you ſo quick? and have I loſt my wiſhes?
Ho, Zabulon! my ſervants!

Enter Zabulon and Servants.

Zab. Called you, madam?

Hip. Is all that beauty ſcorn'd, ſo many ſued for?
So many princes? By a ſtranger too?
Muſt I endure this?

Zab. Where's the gentleman?

Hip. Go preſently, purſue the ſtranger, Zabulon;
He has broke from me. Jewels I have giv'n him:
Charge him with theft. He has ſtol'n my love, my freedom:
Draw him before the governor, impriſon him!

Why

Why doſt thou ſtay?

Zab. I'll teach him a new dance,
For playing faſt and looſe with ſuch a lady.
Come, fellows, come! I'll execute your anger,
And to the full.

Hip. His ſcorn ſhall feel my vengeance! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Sulpitia and Jaques.

Sul. Shall I never ſee a luſty man again?

Ja. Faith, miſtreſs,
You do ſo over-labour 'em when you have 'em,
And ſo dry-founder 'em, they cannot laſt.

Sul. Where's the Frenchman?

Ja. Alas, he's all to fitters [35];
And lies, taking the height of his fortune with a ſyringe.
He's chin'd, he's chin'd, good man; he is a mourner.

Sul. What is become o' th' Dane?

Ja. Who, goldly-locks?
He's foul i'th' touch-hole, and recoils again;
The main-ſpring's weaken'd that holds up his cock;
He lies at the ſign of the Sun, to be new-breech'd.

Sul. The rutter, too, is gone [36].

Ja. Oh, that was a brave raſcal;
He would labour like a threſher. But alas,
What thing can ever laſt? He has been ill-mew'd,
And drawn too ſoon; I have ſeen him in the hoſpital.

Sul. There was an Engliſhman.

---

[35] *He's all to* fitters.] *Fitter* is an old word for a *ſmall piece*, a *morſel*, a *fragment*. We ſtill ſay, *All to pieces*.

[36] *The* rutter, *too, is gone.*] I ſuſpect this word ſhould be *ruttier*, which in French ſignifies an old beaten ſoldier. And they have a phraſe, *C'eſt une vieux routtier*, He's an old dog at it; meaning, I ſuppoſe, at the game that is here diſcours'd of. *Theobald.*

Rutter, we do not doubt, is the right word, alluding to *deer*; the *rutting-time*, &c. This man, by a cant term, to denote his ſuperiority, was nicknamed *the Rutter*, which is humorous. The alteration, imported from the French, and unprecedented in our language, is hard and forced.

Ja. Ay, there was an Engliſhman;
You'll ſcant find any now, to make that name good.
There were thoſe Engliſh, that were men indeed,
And would perform like men; but now they are vaniſh'd:
They are ſo taken up in their own country,
And ſo beaten off their ſpeed by their own women,
When they come here they draw their legs like hackneys.
Drink, and their own devices have undone 'em.
Sul. I muſt have one that's ſtrong; no life in Liſbon elſe;
Perfect and young: My cuſtom with young ladies,
And high-fed city-dames, will fall and break elſe.
I want myſelf too, in mine age to nouriſh me.
They are all ſunk I maintain'd. Now, what's this buſineſs?
What goodly fellow's that?

Enter Rutilio and Officers.

Rut. Why do you drag me?
Pox o' your juſtice! let me looſe.
1 *Offi.* Not ſo, Sir.
Rut. Cannot a man fall into one of your drunken cellars,
And venture the breaking on's neck, your trap-doors open,
But he muſt be us'd thus raſcally?
1 *Offi.* What made you wand'ring
So late i'th' night? You know, that is impriſonment.
Rut. May be, I walk in my ſleep.
Offi. May be, we'll wake you.
What made you wand'ring, Sir, into that vault,
Where all the city-ſtore, and the munition lay?
Rut. I fell into't by chance; I broke my ſhins for't:
Your worſhips feel not that. I knock'd my head
Againſt a hundred poſts; 'would you had had it!
Cannot I break my neck in my own defence?
2 *Offi.* This will not ſerve; you cannot put it off ſo;
Your

Your coming thither was to play the villain,
To fire the powder, to blow up that part o'th' city.
Rut. Yes, with my noſe. Why were the trap-doors open?
Might not you fall, or you, had you gone that way?
I thought your city had ſunk.
1 *Off.* You did your beſt, Sir,
We muſt preſume, to help it into the air,
If you call that ſinking. We have told you what's the law;
He that is taken there, unleſs a magiſtrate,
And have command in that place, *preſently*,
If there be nothing found apparent near him
Worthy his torture, or his preſent death,
Muſt either pay his fine for his preſumption
(Which is ſix hundred ducats) or for ſix years
Tug at an oar i'th' gallies. Will you walk, Sir?
For, we preſume, you cannot pay the penalty.
Rut. Row in the gallies, after all this miſchief?
2 *Off.* May be, you were drunk; they'll keep you ſober there.
Rut. Tug at an oar? You are not arrant raſcals,
To catch me in a pit-fall, and betray me?
Sul. A luſty-minded man.
Ja. A wondrous able.
Sul. Pray, gentlemen, allow me but that liberty
To ſpeak a few words with your priſoner,
And I ſhall thank you.
1 *Off.* Take your pleaſure, lady.
Sul. What would you give that woman, ſhould redeem you,
Redeem you from this ſlavery?
Rut. Beſides my ſervice,
I'd give her my whole ſelf; I'd be her vaſſal.
Sul. She has reaſon to expect as much, conſidering
The great ſum ſhe pays for it; yet take comfort:
What you ſhall do to merit this, is eaſy,
And I will be the woman ſhall befriend you;
'Tis but to entertain ſome handſome ladies,

And young fair gentlewomen: You gueſs the way:
But giving of your mind——
Rut. I am excellent at it;
You cannot pick out ſuch another living.
I underſtand you: Is't not thus?
Sul. You have it.
Rut. Bring me a hundred of 'em; I'll diſpatch 'em.
I will be none but yours: Should another offer,
Another way to redeem me, I ſhould ſcorn it.
What women you ſhall pleaſe: I am monſtrous luſty;
Not to be taken down: Would you have children?
I'll get you thoſe as faſt and thick as fly-blows.
Sul. I admire him, wonder at him!
Rut. Hark you, lady,
You may require ſometimes?
Sul. Ay, by my faith.
Rut. And you ſhall have it, by my faith, and handſomely.
This old cat will ſuck ſhrewdly! You have no daughters?
I fly at all. Now am I in my kingdom.
Tug at an oar? No; tug in a feather-bed,
With good warm caudles; hang your bread and water.
I'll make you young again, believe that, lady;
I will ſo frubbiſh you!
Sul. Come, follow, officers;
This gentleman is free: I'll pay the ducats.
Rut. And when you catch me in your city-powdering-tub
Again, boil me with cabbage.
1 *Offi.* You are both warn'd and arm'd, Sir.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Leopold, Hippolyta, and Zenocia.

Zen. Will your ladyſhip wear this dreſſing?
Hip. Leave thy prating;
I care not what I wear.
Zen. Yet 'tis my duty

To

To know your pleaſure, and my worſt affliction
To ſee you diſcontented.

Hip. Weeping too?
Prithee, forgive me; I am much diſtemper'd,
And ſpeak I know not what. To make thee amends,
The gown that I wore yeſterday is thine.
Let it alone a while.

Leop. Now you perceive,
And taſte her bounty.

Zen. Much above my merit.

Leop. But have you not yet found a happy time
To move for me?

Zen. I have watch'd all occaſions;
But, hitherto, without ſucceſs: Yet, doubt not
But I'll embrace the firſt means.

Leop. Do, and proſper.
Excellent creature, whoſe perfections make
Even ſorrow lovely, if your frowns thus take me,
What would your ſmiles do?

Hip. Pox o' this ſtale courtſhip[37]!
If I have any power——

Leop. I am commanded;
Obedience is the lover's ſacrifice,
Which I pay gladly.

Hip. To be forc'd to woo,
Being a woman, could not but torment me:
But bringing, for my advocates, youth and beauty,
Set off with wealth, and then to be deny'd too,

---

37 Pox *o' this ſtale courtſhip!*] To modern ears this expreſſion will appear exceedingly groſs and vulgar; but that it conveyed no ſuch meaning in the days of our Authors, may be proved from ſeveral inſtances. In Shakeſpeare's Love's Labour Loſt, act v. ſcene ii. the princeſs exclaims, 'Pox of that jeſt!' a mode of ſpeech that Mr. Theobald was much offended at. But, as a judicious critic, Mr. Farmer, obſerves, there needs no alarm; the *ſmall-pox* only is alluded to. Daviſon has a canzonet on his Lady's Sickneſſe of the *Poxe*; and Dr. Donne writes to his ſiſter, 'At my return from Kent, 'I found Pegge had the *poxe*. I humbly thank God, it hath not 'much diſfigured her.' It may be added, that the *ſmall pox* is ſtill ſpoken of in the ſame manner, to this day, in many parts of the North of England. R.

Does

Does comprehend all tortures. They flatter'd me
That ſaid my looks were charms, my touches fetters,
My looks ſoft chains to bind the arms of princes,
And make them, in that wiſh'd-for bondage, happy.
I am, like others of a coarſer feature,
As weak t'allure, but in my dotage ſtronger.
I am no Circe; he, more than Ulyſſes,
Scorns all my offer'd bounties, ſlights my favours;
And, as I were ſome new Egyptian [18], flies me,
Leaving no pawn, but my own ſhame behind him.
But he ſhall find, that, in my fell revenge,
I am a woman; one, that never pardons
The rude contemner of her proffer'd ſweetneſs.

Enter Zabulon.

Zab. Madam, 'tis done.

Hip. What's done?

Zab. Th' uncivil ſtranger
Is at your ſuit arreſted.

Hip. 'Tis well handled.

Zab. And under guard ſent to the governor;
With whom my teſtimony, and the favour
He bears your ladyſhip, have ſo prevail'd,
That he is ſentenc'd——

Hip. How?

Zab. To loſe his head.

Hip. Is that the means to quench the ſcorching heat
Of my enrag'd deſires? Muſt innocence ſuffer,
'Cauſe I am faulty? Or is my love ſo fatal,
That of neceſſity it muſt deſtroy
The object it moſt longs for? Dull Hippolyta,
To think that injuries could make way for love,
When courteſies were deſpis'd! that by his death
Thou ſhould'ſt gain that, which only thou canſt hope for

[18] *And, as I were ſome new Egyptian, flies me.*] This alludes to the ſtory of Potiphar's wife tempting the patriarch Joſeph. The circumſtances in the following lines prove it; for Potiphar's wife, 'tis well known, ſuiting in her deſign of ſeducing Joſeph to wantonneſs with her, accuſed him to her huſband of an attempt upon her chaſtity.

Theobald.

While

While he is living! My honour's at the ſtake now,
And cannot be preſerv'd, unleſs he periſh.
The enjoying of the thing I love, I ever
Have priz'd above my fame: Why doubt I now then?
One only way is left me, to redeem all.
Make ready my caroch!

Leop. What will you, madam?

Hip. And yet I am impatient of ſuch ſtay,
Bind up my hair! Fy, fy, while that is doing,
The law may ſeize his life! Thus as I am then,
Not like Hippolyta, but a Bacchanal.
My frantic love tranſports me. [*Exit.*

Leop. Sure, ſhe's diſtracted.

Zab. Pray you follow her; I will along with you:
I more than gueſs the cauſe. Women that love
Are moſt uncertain; and one minute crave,
What in another they refuſe to have. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Clodio and Charino.

Clod. Aſſure thyſelf, Charino, I am alter'd
From what I was: The tempeſts we have met with
In our uncertain voyage were ſmooth gales,
Compar'd to thoſe the memory of my luſts
Rais'd in my conſcience: And if e'er again
I live to ſee Zenocia, I will ſue
And ſeek t' her as a lover, and a ſervant;
And not command affection, like a tyrant.

Char. In hearing this, you make me young again;
And Heav'n, it ſeems, favouring this good change in you,
In ſetting of a period to our dangers,
Gives us fair hopes to find that here in Liſbon
Which hitherto in vain we long have ſought for.
I have receiv'd aſſur'd intelligence,
Such ſtrangers have been ſeen here; and though yet
I cannot learn their fortunes, nor the place
Of their abode, I have a ſoul preſages

A fortunate

A fortunate event here.

Clod. There have paſs'd
A mutual interchange of courteſies
Between me and the governor; therefore, boldly
We may preſume of him, and of his pow'r,
If we find cauſe to uſe them; otherwiſe,
I would not be known here; and theſe diſguiſes
Will keep us from diſcovery.

Enter Manuel, Doctor, Arnoldo, and Guard.

Char. What are theſe?

Clod. The governor; with him my rival, bound.

Char. For certain, 'tis Arnoldo.

Clod. Let's attend
What the ſucceſs will be.

Man. Is't poſſible,
There ſhould be hope of his recovery,
His wounds ſo many and ſo deadly?

Doct. So they appear'd at firſt; but, the blood ſtopp'd,
His trance forſook him, and, on better ſearch,
We found they were not mortal.

Man. Uſe all care
To perfect this unhop'd-for cure; that done,
Propoſe your own rewards; and, till you ſhall
Hear further from me, for ſome ends I have,
Conceal it from his mother.

Doct. We'll not fail, Sir. [*Exit.*

Man. You ſtill ſtand confident on your innocence.

Arn. It is my beſt and laſt guard, which I will not
Leave, to rely on your uncertain mercy.

Enter Hippolyta, Zabulon, Leopold, Zenocia, and two Servants.

Hip. Who bad you follow me? Go home! and you, Sir,
As you reſpect me, go with her!

Arn. Zenocia!
And in her houſe a ſervant!

Char.

Char. 'Tis my daughter. [*Zen. paſſes.*

Clod. My love. Contain your joy; obſerve the ſequel.

Man. Fy, madam, how indecent 'tis for you,
So far unlike yourſelf, to be ſeen thus
In th' open ſtreets? Why do you kneel? pray you, riſe.
I am acquainted with the wrong and loſs
You have ſuſtain'd, and the delinquent now
Stands ready for his puniſhment.

Hip. Let it fall, Sir,
On the offender: He is innocent,
And moſt unworthy of theſe bonds he wears;
But I made up of guilt.

Man. What ſtrange turn's this?

Leop. This was my priſoner once.

Hip. If chaſtity
In a young man, and tempted to the height too,
Did e'er deſerve reward, or admiration,
He juſtly may claim both. Love to his perſon
(Or, if you pleaſe, give it a fouler name)
Compell'd me firſt to train him to my houſe;
All engines I rais'd there to ſhake his virtue,
Which in th' aſſault were uſeleſs; he, unmov'd ſtill,
As if he had no part of human frailty,
Againſt the nature of my ſex, almoſt
I play'd the raviſher. You might have ſeen,
In our contention, young Apollo fly,
And loveſick Daphne follow: All arts failing,
By flight he won the victory, breaking from
My ſcorn'd embraces. The repulſe (in women
Unſufferable) invited me to practiſe
A means to be reveng'd; and from this grew
His accuſation, and the abuſe
Of your ſtill-equal juſtice. My rage over,
(Thank Heav'n) though wanton, I found not myſelf
So far engag'd to hell, to proſecute
To th' death what I had plotted; for that love,
That made me firſt deſire him, then accuſe him,
Commands me, with the hazard of myſelf,

First to entreat his pardon, then acquit him.
Man. Whate'er you are, ſo much I love your virtue,
That I deſire your friendſhip. Do you unlooſe
Him from thoſe bonds you are worthy of. Your repentance
Makes part of ſatisfaction; yet I muſt
Severely reprehend you.
Leop. I am made
A ſtale on all parts! But this fellow ſhall
Pay dearly for her favour.
Arn. My life's ſo full
Of various changes, that I now deſpair
Of any certain port; one trouble ending,
A new, and worſe, ſucceeds it: What ſhould Zenocia
Do in this woman's houſe? Can chaſtity
And hot luſt dwell together, without infection?
I would not be or jealous, or ſecure;
Yet ſomething muſt be done, to ſound the depth on't.
That ſhe lives is my bliſs; but living there,
A hell of torments! There's no way to her
In whom I live, but by this door, thro' which
To me 'tis death to enter; yet I muſt
And will make trial.
Man. Let me hear no more
Of theſe devices, lady: This I pardon,
And, at your interceſſion, I forgive
Your inſtrument the Jew too. Get you home.
The hundred thouſand crowns you lent the city,
Towards the ſetting forth of the laſt navy
Bound for the Iſlands, was a good then, which
I balance with your ill now.
Char. Now, Sir, to him;
You know my daughter needs it.
Ilip. Let me take
A farewell with mine eye, Sir, though my lip
Be bar'd the ceremony courteſy,
And cuſtom too, allows of.
Arn. Gentle madam,
I neither am ſo cold, nor ſo ill-bred,

But

But that I dare receive it. You are unguarded;
And let me tell you, that I am aſham'd
Of my late rudeneſs, and would gladly therefore,
If you pleaſe to accept my ready ſervice,
Wait on you to your houſe.

Hip. Above my hope!
Sir, if an angel were to be my convoy,
He ſhould not be more welcome. [*Ex. Arn. and Hip.*

Clod. Now you know me.

Man. Yes, Sir, and honour you; ever rememb'ring
Your many bounties, being ambitious only
To give you cauſe to ſay, by ſome one ſervice,
That I am not ungrateful.

Clod. 'Tis now offer'd:
I have a ſuit to you, and an eaſy one,
Which ere long you ſhall know.

Man. When you think fit, Sir;
And then as a command I will receive it;
Till when, moſt welcome. You are welcome too, Sir;
'Tis ſpoken from the heart, and therefore needs not
Much proteſtation. At your better leiſure
I will enquire the cauſe that brought you hither;
I' th' mean time ſerve you.

Clod. You out-do me, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Duarte and Doctor.

Dua. YOU have beſtow'd on me a ſecond life,
For which I live your creature; and have better'd
What Nature fram'd unperfect: My firſt being,
Inſolent pride made monſtrous; but this latter,
In learning me to know myſelf, hath taught me
Not to wrong others.

Doct. Then we live indeed,

When

When we can go to reſt without alarm
Giv'n ev'ry minute to a guilt-ſick conſcience,
To keep us waking, and riſe in the morning
Secure in being innocent: But when,
In the remembrance of our worſer actions,
We ever bear about us whips and furies,
To make the day a night of ſorrow to us,
Even life's a burden.

Dua. I have found and felt it;
But will endeavour, having firſt made peace
With thoſe inteſtine enemies, my rude paſſions,
To be ſo with mankind. But, worthy doctor,
Pray, if you can, reſolve me; was the gentleman,
That left me dead, e'er brought unto his trial?

Doct. Nor known, nor apprehended.

Dua. That's my grief.

Doct. Why, do you wiſh he had been puniſh'd?

Dua. No;
The ſtream of my ſwol'n ſorrow runs not that way:
For could I find him, as I vow to Heav'n
It ſhall be my firſt care to ſeek him out,
I would with thanks acknowledge that his ſword,
In opening my veins, which proud blood poiſon'd,
Gave the firſt ſymptoms of true health.

Doct. 'Tis in you
A chriſtian reſolution. That you live
Is by the governor's, your uncle's, charge
As yet conceal'd; and though a ſon's loſs never
Was ſolemniz'd with more tears of true ſorrow,
Than have been paid by your unequal'd mother
For your ſuppoſed death, ſhe's not acquainted
With your recovery.

Dua. For ſome few days,
Pray, let her ſo continue. Thus diſguis'd,
I may abroad unknown.

Doct. Without ſuſpicion
Of being diſcover'd.

Dua. I am confident,

No moiſture ſooner dies than womens' tears[39];
And therefore, though I know my mother virtuous,
Yet being one of that frail ſex, I purpoſe
Her further trial.

Doct. That as you think fit;
I'll not betray you.

Dua. To find out this ſtranger,
This true phyſician of my mind and manners,
Were ſuch a bleſſing——He ſeem'd poor, and may,
Perhaps, be now in want: 'Would I could find him!
The inns I'll ſearch firſt, then the public ſtews:
He was of Italy, and that country breeds not
Preciſians that way, but hot libertines;
And ſuch the moſt are. 'Tis but a little travel.
I am unfurniſh'd too: Pray, Mr. Doctor,
Can you ſupply me?

Doct. With what ſum you pleaſe.

Dua. I will not be long abſent.

Doct. That I wiſh too;
For, till you have more ſtrength, I would not have you
To be too bold.

Dua. Fear not; I will be careful. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leopold, Zabulon, and Bravo.

Zab. I have brought him, Sir; a fellow that will do it,
Though hell ſtood in his way; ever provided,
You pay him for't.

Leop. He has a ſtrange aſpect,
And looks much like the figure of a hang-man
In a table of the Paſſion.

Zab. He tranſcends
All precedents, believe it; a fleſh'd ruffian,

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39 ——— *I am confident.*

No moiſture ſooner die *than womens' tears*;] Moiſture *dying* is ſtark nonſenſe; the inſertion of a ſingle letter gives the true ſenſe, *dries*. *Sympſon.*

Dies is *not* 'nonſenſe;' but rather more poetical here than *dries*; the *evaporation* or *drying-up* of moiſture being, metaphorically, the *death* of it. *Dries*, however, it muſt be confeſſed, is more obvious, and probably the word uſed by our Authors.

That hath ſo often taken the ſtrappado;
That 'tis to him but as a lofty trick
Is to a tumbler. He hath perus'd too
All dungeons in Portugal; thrice ſev'n years
Row'd in the gallies, for three ſeveral murders;
Though I preſume that he has done a hundred,
And ſcap'd unpuniſh'd.

Leop. He is much in debt to you,
You ſet him off ſo well. What will you take, Sir,
To beat a fellow for me, that thus wrong'd me [40]?

Bra. To beat him, ſay you?

Leop. Yes, beat him to lameneſs;
To cut his lips or noſe off; any thing,
That may diſfigure him.

Bra. Let me conſider:
Five hundred piſtolets for ſuch a ſervice,
I think, were no dear pennyworth.

Zab. Five hundred!
Why, there are of your brotherhood in the city,
I'll undertake, ſhall kill a man for twenty.

Bra. Kill him? I think ſo; I'll kill any man
For half the money.

Leop. And will you aſk more
For a ſound beating than a murder?

Bra. Ay, Sir,
And with good reaſon; for a dog that's dead,
The Spaniſh proverb ſays, will never bite:
But ſhould I beat or hurt him only, he may
Recover, and kill me.

Leop. A good concluſion.
The obduracy of this raſcal makes me tender:
I'll run ſome other courſe. There's your reward
Without the employment.

Bra. For that, as you pleaſe, Sir.

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[40] ——— *What will you take, Sir,*
To beat a fellow for me, that thus *wrong'd me?*] *Thus* wrong'd me? The nature and quality of the wrong are not in one ſyllable premiſs'd. The Poets certainly wrote, that *has* wrong'd me. *Sympſon.*

The acute Mr. Sympſon did not obſerve that *thus* might refer to a ſuppoſed explanation by Zabulon, before the Bravo's interview with Leopold.

When

When you have need to kill a man, pray uſe me;
But I am out at beating. [*Exit.*

Zab. What's to be done then?

Leop. I'll tell thee, Zabulon, and make thee privy
To my moſt near deſigns. This ſtranger, which
Hippolyta ſo dotes on, was my priſoner
When the laſt virgin I beſtow'd upon her
Was made my prize; how he eſcap'd, hereafter
I'll let thee know; and it may be, the love
He bears the ſervant makes him ſcorn the miſtreſs.

Zab. 'Tis not unlike; for, the firſt time he ſaw her,
His looks expreſs'd ſo much; and, for more proof,
Since he came to my lady's houſe, though yet
He never knew her, he hath practis'd with me
To help him to a conference, without
The knowledge of Hippolyta; which I promis'd.

Leop. And by all means perform it, for their meeting;
But work it ſo, that my diſdainful miſtreſs
(Whom, notwithſtanding all her injuries,
'Tis my hard fate to love) may ſee and hear them.

Zab. To what end, Sir?

Leop. This, Zabulon: When ſhe ſees
Who is her rival, and her lover's baſeneſs
To leave a princeſs for her bond-woman,
The ſight will make her ſcorn what now ſhe dotes on.
I'll double thy reward.

Zab. You are like to ſpeed then:
For, I confeſs, what you will ſoon believe,
We ſerve them beſt that are moſt apt to give.
For you, I'll place you where you ſhall ſee all,
And yet be unobſerv'd.

Leop. That I deſire too. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Arnoldo.

Arn. I cannot ſee her yet. How it afflicts me,
The poiſon of this place ſhould mix itſelf
With her pure thoughts! 'Twas ſhe that was commanded,
Or my eyes fail'd me groſly; that youth, that face,

And all that noble ſweetneſs. May ſhe not live here,
And yet be honeſt ſtill?

Enter Zenocia.

Zen. It is Arnoldo,
From all his dangers free. Fortune, I bleſs thee!
My noble huſband! how my joy ſwells in me!
But why in this place? what buſineſs hath he here?
He cannot hear of me; I am not known here.
I left him virtuous; how I ſhake to think now?
And how that joy I had cools and forſakes me?

Enter; above, Hippolyta and Zabulon.

This lady is but fair; I have been thought ſo,
Without compare admir'd. She has bewitch'd him,
And he forgot——
Arn. 'Tis ſhe again; the ſame,
The ſame Zenocia.
Zab. There they are together;
Now you may mark.
Hip. Peace; let 'em parley.
Arn. That you are well, Zenocia, and once more
Bleſs my deſpairing eyes with your wiſh'd preſence,
I thank the Gods! But that I meet you here——
Hip. They are acquainted.
Zab. I found that ſecret, madam,
When you commanded her go home. Pray hear 'em.
Zen. That you meet me here! ne'er bluſh at that,
Arnoldo.
Your cunning comes too late[41]: I am a woman;
And one woman with another may be truſted.
Do you fear the houſe?
Arn. More than a fear, I know it;
Know it not good, not honeſt.
Zen. What do you here then?

[41] *Your* coming *comes too late.*] Mr. Theobald propoſes reading *coining*; which is preferable to the word we find in the text; but falls ſhort of our Authors' ſtrength of expreſſion; who, we do not doubt, wrote *cunning*; a confirmation of which occurs afterwards, in her ſaying he deals *wifely* with her.

I'th'

I'th' name of virtue, why do you approach it?
Will you confeſs the doubt, and yet purſue it?
Where have your eyes been wand'ring, my Arnoldo?
What conſtancy, what faith, do you call this? Fy,
Aim at one wanton mark, and wound another?
I do confeſs the lady fair, moſt beauteous,
[*Leopold places himſelf unſeen below.*
And able to betray a ſtrong man's liberty;
But you, that have a love, a wife——You do well
To deal thus wiſely with me. Yet, Arnoldo,
Since you are pleas'd to ſtudy a new beauty,
And think this old and ill, beaten with miſery,
Study a nobler way, for ſhame, to leave me [42]:
Wrong not her honeſty ——

Arn. You have confirm'd me.

Zen. Who, though ſhe be your wife, will never hinder you;
So much I reſt a ſervant to your wiſhes,
And love your loves, though they be my deſtructions.
No man ſhall know me, nor the ſhare I have in thee;
No eye ſuſpect I am able to prevent you;
For ſince I am a ſlave to this great lady,
Whom I perceive you follow——

Arn. Be not blinded.

Zen. Fortune ſhall make me uſeful to your ſervice:
I will ſpeak for you.

Arn. Speak for me? You wrong me.

Zen. I will endeavour, all the ways I am able,
To make her think well of you: Will that pleaſe?
To make her dote upon you, dote to madneſs.
So far, againſt myſelf, I will obey you.
But when that's done, and I have ſhew'd this duty,
This great obedience (few will buy't at my price)
Thus will I ſhake hands with you, wiſh you well,
But never ſee you more, nor receive comfort

[42] *Study a nobler way for ſhame to love me*] A nobler way to *love* her, when ſhe ſuſpected that he had ceas'd to *love* her at all? We muſt read, *to leave me*. The foregoing lines ſufficiently evince the genuineneſs of this emendation. *Seward.*

From any thing, Arnoldo,
Arn. You are too tender;
I neither doubt you, nor deſire longer
To be a man, and live, than I am honeſt,
And only yours: Our infinite affections
Abus'd us both.
Zab. Where are your favours now?
The courteſies you ſhew'd this ſtranger, madam?
Hip. Have I now found the cauſe?
Zab. Attend it further.
Zen. Did ſhe invite you, do you ſay?
Arn. Moſt cunningly;
And with a preparation of that ſtate
I was brought in and welcom'd——
Zen. Seem'd to love you?
Arn. Moſt infinitely, at firſt ſight, moſt dotingly.
Zen. She is a goodly lady.
Arn. Wondrous handſome.
At firſt view, being taken unprepar'd,
Your memory not preſent then to aſſiſt me,
She ſeem'd ſo glorious, ſweet, and ſo far ſtir'd me——
Nay, be not jealous, there's no harm done.
Zen. Prithee,
Didſt thou not kiſs, Arnoldo?
Arn. Yes, faith, did I.
Zen. And then——
Arn. I durſt not, did not.
Zen. I forgive you:
Come, tell the truth.
Arn. May be, I lay with her.
Hip. He mocks me too, moſt baſely.
Zen. Did you, faith?
Did you forget ſo far?
Arn. Come, come, no weeping;
I would have lyen firſt in my grave; believe that.
Why will you aſk thoſe things you would not hear?
She's too intemperate to betray my virtues,
Too openly laſcivious. Had ſhe dealt
But with that ſeeming modeſty ſhe might,

And

And flung a little art upon her ardor——
But 'twas forgot, and I forgot to like her,
And glad I was deceiv'd. No, my Zenocia,
My firſt love here begun, reſts here unreap'd yet,
And here for ever.
Zen. You have made me happy;
Even in the midſt of bondage bleſt.
Zab. You ſee now,
What rubs are in your way.
Hip. And quickly, Zabulon,
I'll root 'em out. Be ſure you do this preſently.
Zab. Do not you alter then.
Hip. I'm reſolute. [*Exit Zabulon.*
Arn. To ſee you only I came hither laſt,
Drawn by no love of hers, nor baſe allurements;
For, by this holy light, I hate her heartily.
Leop. I am glad of that; you have ſav'd me ſo much vengeance,
And ſo much fear. From this hour fair befall you!
Arn. Some means I ſhall make ſhortly to redeem you;
'Till when, obſerve her well, and fit her temper,
Only her luſt contemn.
Zen. When ſhall I ſee you?
Arn. I will live hereabouts, and bear her fair ſtill,
'Till I can find a fit hour to redeem you.
Hip. Shut all the doors,
Arn. Who's that?
Zen. We are betray'd;
The lady of the houſe has heard our parley,
Seen us, and ſeen our loves.
Hip. You courteous gallant,
You, that ſcorn all I can beſtow, that laugh at
Th' afflictions and the groans I ſuffer for you,
That ſlight and jeer my love, contemn the fortune
My favours can fling on you, have I caught you?
Have I now found the cauſe you fool my wiſhes?
Is mine own ſlave my bane? I nouriſh that,
That ſucks up my content. I'll pray no more,
Nor woo no more; thou ſhalt ſee, fooliſh man,

And, to thy bitter pain and anguiſh, look on
The vengeance I ſhall take, provok'd and ſlighted;
Redeem her then, and ſteal her hence. Ho, Zabulon!
Now to your work.

Enter Zabulon and Servants, ſome holding Arnoldo, ſome ready with a cord to ſtrangle Zenocia.

Arn. Lady! But hear me ſpeak firſt,
As you have pity.
Hip. I have none. You taught me:
When I even hung about your neck, you ſcorn'd me.
Zab. Shall we pluck yet?
Hip. No, hold a little, Zabulon;
I'll pluck his heart-ſtrings firſt. Now am I worthy
A little of your love?
Arn. I'll be your ſervant;
Command me through what danger you ſhall aim at,
Let it be death!
Hip. Be ſure, Sir, I ſhall fit you.
Arn. But ſpare this virgin [43]!
Hip. I would ſpare that villain firſt,
Had cut my father's throat.
Arn. Bounteous lady,
If in your ſex there be that noble ſoftneſs,
That tenderneſs of heart, women are crown'd for—
Zen. Kneel not, Arnoldo; do her not that honour;
She is not worthy ſuch ſubmiſſion:
I ſcorn a life depends upon her pity.
Proud woman, do thy worſt, and arm thy anger
With thoughts as black as hell, as hot and bloody!
I bring a patience here, ſhall make 'em bluſh,
An innocence, ſhall outlook thee, and death too.

[43] *But ſpare this virgin, &c.*] Mr. Theobald reads,

But ſpare this virgin.
Hip. *I would ſpare that villain,*
Had cut my father's throat, firſt;

and ſays, 'The metre here is ſo defective, that the tranſpoſition, and 'correction in the pointing, which I have made, ſeem abſolutely 'neceſſary.' But we apprehend, that, as the metre is ſo frequently licentious, the preſent defect does not warrant the change.

Arn.

Arn. Make me your ſlave; I give my freedom to you,
For ever to be fetter'd to your ſervice!
'Twas I offended; be not ſo unjuſt then,
To ſtrike the innocent. This gentle maid
Never intended fear and doubt againſt you:
She is your ſervant; pay not her obſervance
With cruel looks, her duteous faith with death.
Hip. Am I fair now? now am I worth your liking?
Zen. Not fair, not to be liked, thou glorious devil!
Thou varniſh'd piece of luſt, thou painted fury!
Arn. Speak gently, ſweet, ſpeak gently.
Zen. I'll ſpeak nobly;
'Tis not the ſaving of a life I aim at.
Mark me, laſcivious woman, mark me truly,
And then conſider, how I weigh thy anger!
Life is no longer mine, nor dear unto me,
Than uſeful to his honour I preſerve it.
If thou hadſt ſtudied all the courteſies
Humanity and noble blood are link'd to,
Thou couldſt not have propounded ſuch a benefit,
Nor heap'd upon me ſuch unlook'd-for honour,
As dying for his ſake, to be his martyr.
'Tis ſuch a grace——
Hip. You ſhall not want that favour:
Let your bones work miracles!
Arn. Dear lady,
By thoſe fair eyes——
Hip. There is but this way left you
To ſave her life——
Arn. Speak it, and I embrace it.
Hip. Come to my private chamber preſently,
And there, what love and I command——
Arn. I'll do it.
Be comforted, Zenocia.
Zen. Do not do this;
To ſave me, do not loſe yourſelf, I charge you!
I charge you by your love, that love you bear me,
That love, that conſtant love you have twin'd to me,

By

By all your promiſes (take heed you keep 'em)—
Now is your conſtant trial! If thou doſt this,
Or mov'ſt one foot to guide thee to her luſt,
My curſes and eternal hate purſue thee!
Redeem me at the baſe price of diſloyalty?
Muſt my undoubted honeſty be thy bawd too?
Go, and intwine thyſelf about that body!
Tell her, for my life thou haſt loſt thine honour,
Pull'd all thy vows from Heav'n; baſely, moſt baſely,
Stoop'd to the ſervile flames of that foul woman,
To add an hour to me that hate thee for it,
Know thee not again, nor name thee for a huſband!

Arn. What ſhall I do to ſave her?

Hip. How now? what haſte there?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The governor, attended with ſome gentlemen,
Are newly enter'd, to ſpeak with your ladyſhip.

Hip. Pox o' their buſineſs! Reprieve her for this hour;
I ſhall have other time.

Arn. Now, Fortune, help us!

Hip. I'll meet 'em preſently. Retire awhile all. [*Ex.*

Zab. You riſe to-day upon your right ſide, lady.
You know the danger too, and may prevent it;
And if you ſuffer her to periſh thus,
(As ſhe muſt do, and ſuddenly, believe it,
Unleſs you ſtand her friend) you know the way on't;
I gueſs you poorly love her, leſs your fortune.
Let her know nothing, and perform this matter;
There are hours ordain'd for ſeveral buſineſſes.
You underſtand——

Arn. I underſtand you bawd, Sir,
And ſuch a counſellor I never car'd for.

Enter the Governor, Clodio, Leopold, Charino and attendants at one door, Hippolyta at the other.

Hip. Your lordſhip does me honour.

Gov. Fair Hippolyta,

I'm

I'm come to eaſe you of a charge.
Hip. I keep none
I count a burden, Sir.—And yet I lie too.
Gov. Which is the maid? Is ſhe here?
Clod. Yes, Sir; this is ſhe, this is Zenocia;
The very ſame I ſued to your lordſhip for.
Zen. Clodio again? More miſery? more ruin?
Under what angry ſtar is my life govern'd?
Gov. Come hither, maid: You are once more a free woman;
Here I diſcharge your bonds.
Arn. Another ſmile,
Another trick of Fortune to betray us!
Hip. Why does your lordſhip uſe me ſo unnobly?
Againſt my will, to take away my bond-woman?
Gov. She was no lawful prize, therefore no bond-woman;
She's of that country we hold friendſhip with,
And ever did; and, therefore, to be us'd
With entertainment fair and courteous.
The breach of league in us gives foul example;
Therefore, you muſt be pleas'd to think this honeſt.
Did you know what ſhe was?
Leop. Not 'till this inſtant;
For had I known her, ſhe had been no priſoner.
Gov. There, take the maid; ſhe's at her own diſpoſe now:
And if there be ought elſe to do your honour
Any poor ſervice in——
Clod. I am vow'd your ſervant.
Arn. Your father's here too, that's our only comfort;
And in a country now, we ſtand free people,
Where Clodio has no power. Be comforted.
Zen. I fear ſome trick yet.
Arn. Be not ſo dejected.
Gov. You muſt not be diſpleas'd; ſo, farewell, lady.
Come, gentlemen. Captain, you muſt with me too;
I have a little buſineſs.
Leop. I attend your lordſhip.

Now

Now my way's free, and my hope's lord again [44].

[*Exeunt all but Hip. and Zab.*

Hip. D'ye jeer me now ye are going?
I may live yet——to make you howl both.

Zab. You might have done; you had power then;
But now the chains are off, the command loſt;
And ſuch a ſtory they will make of this,
To laugh out lazy time——

Hip. No means yet left me?
For now I burſt with anger! None to ſatisfy me?
No comfort? no revenge?

Zab. You ſpeak too late;
You might have had all theſe your uſeful ſervants,
Had you been wiſe and ſudden. What pow'r, or will,
Over her beauty have you now, by violence
To conſtrain his love? She is as free as you are,
And no law can impeach her liberty;
And, while ſhe's ſo, Arnoldo will deſpiſe you.

Hip. Either my love or anger muſt be ſatisfied,
Or I muſt die!

Zab. I have a way would do it,
Would do it yet; protect me from the law.

Hip. From any thing! Thou know'ſt what power I have,
What money, and what friends.

Zab. 'Tis a deviliſh one:
But ſuch muſt now be us'd. Walk in, I'll tell you;
And if you like it, if the devil can do any thing——

Hip. Devil, or what thou wilt, ſo I be ſatisfied.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sulpitia and Jaques.

Sul. This is the rareſt and the luſtieſt fellow,
And ſo beſtirs himſelf——

Ja. Give him breath, miſtreſs;
You'll melt him elſe.

[44] *Now my way's free, and my hopes. Lords againe.*] This is the reading of the oldeſt edition; but as there is no making ſenſe of the paſſage in this ſtate, we have, with Mr. Theobald, followed the folio of 1679.

Sul.

Sul. He does perform ſuch wonders——
The women are mad on him.
Ja. Give him breath, I ſay;
The man is but a man; he muſt have breath.
Sul. How many had he yeſterday?
Ja. About fourteen; and they paid bravely too[45].
But ſtill I cry, give breath; ſpare him, and have him.
Sul. Five dames to-day: This was a ſmall ſtage;
He may endure five more.
Ja. Breath, breath, I cry ſtill;
Body o'me, give breath; the man's a loſt man elſe.
Feed him, and give him breath.

Enter two Gentlewomen.

Sul. Welcome, gentlewomen;
You're very welcome.
1 *Gen.* We hear you have a luſty and well-complexion'd fellow,
That does rare tricks. My ſiſter and myſelf here
Would trifle out an hour or two, ſo pleaſe you.
Sul. Jaques, conduct 'em in.
Both. There's for your courteſy. [*Ex. Ja. and Gent.*
Sul. Good pay ſtill, good round pay. This happy fellow
Will ſet me up again; he brings in gold
Faſter than I have leiſure to receive it.
Oh, that his body were not fleſh, and fading!
But I'll ſo pap him up——Nothing too dear for him.
What a ſweet ſcent he has? Now, what news, Jaques?
Ja. He cannot laſt; I pity the poor man,

---

45 *How many had he yeſterday?*
And they paid bravely too.

Ja. *About fourteen.*] The neceſſary tranſpoſition here is ſo ſelf-evident, that it wants no note in confirmation. The metre is lame and defective; and Sulpitia is made to ſay what belongs to Jaques, which quite deſtroys the ſenſe. I decline ſaying more upon this occaſion, becauſe, as the ſubject is not a little diſſolute, *pudet hæc nequitiis immorari.* A proper regard to decency is a reſpect due to the readers; and an editor ever ought to bluſh, when he takes a voluntary liberty of offending them. *Theobald.*

I ſuffer

I ſuffer for him. Two coaches of young city-dames,
And they drive as the devil were in the wheels,
Are ready now to enter: And behind theſe,
An old dead-palſied lady, in a litter;
And ſhe makes all the haſte ſhe can. The man's loſt!
You may gather up his dry bones to make nine-pins;
But, for his fleſh——
Sul. Theſe are but eaſy labours;
Yet, for I know he muſt have reſt——
Ja. He muſt;
You'll beat him off his legs elſe preſently.
Sul. Go in, and bid him pleaſe himſelf; I'm pleas'd too.
To-morrow's a new day. But, if he can,
I would have him take pity o'th' old lady:
Alas, 'tis charity!
Ja. I'll tell him all this;
And, if he be not too fool-hardy——

Enter Zabulon.

Sul. How now?
What news with you?
Zab. You muſt preſently
Shew all the art you have, and for my lady.
Sul. She may command.
Zab. You muſt not dream nor trifle.
Sul. Which way?
Zab. A ſpell you muſt prepare, a pow'rful one;
Peruſe but theſe directions, you ſhall find all;
There is the picture too: Be quick and faithful,
And do it with that ſtrength——When 'tis perform'd,
Pitch your reward at what you pleaſe, you have it.
Sul. I'll do my beſt, and ſuddenly. But, hark ye,
Will you never lie at home again?
Zab. Excuſe me;
I have too much buſineſs yet.
Sul. I am right glad on't.
Zab. Think on your buſineſs; ſo, farewell.
Sul. I'll do it.

Zab.

Zab. Within this hour I'll viſit you again,
And give you greater lights.
Sul. I ſhall obſerve you.
This brings a brave reward; bravely I'll do it;
And all the hidden art I have, expreſs in't.
[*Exeunt at both doors.*

Enter Rutilio with a night-cap.

Rut. Now do I look as if I were crow-trodden!
Fy, how my hams ſhrink under me! Oh me,
I am broken-winded too! Is this a life?
Is this the recreation I have aim'd at?
I had a body once, a handſome body,
And wholeſome too: Now I appear like a raſcal,
That had been hung a year or two in gibbets.
Fy, how I faint! Women! keep me from women!
Place me before a cannon, 'tis a pleaſure;
Stretch me upon a rack, a recreation;
But women! women! oh, the devil! women!
Curtius's gulf was never half ſo dangerous.
Is there no way to find the trap-door again,
And fall into the cellar, and be taken?
No lucky fortune to direct me that way?
No gallies to be got, nor yet no gallows?
For I fear nothing now, no earthly thing,
But theſe unſatisfied men-leeches, women!
How deviliſhly my bones ake! Oh, the old lady!
I have a kind of waiting-woman lies croſs my back too;
Oh, how ſhe ſtings! No treaſon to deliver me?
Now, what are you? do you mock me?

Enter three, with night-caps, very faintly.

1. No, Sir; no;
We were your predeceſſors in this place.
2. And come to ſee how you bear up.
Rut. Good gentlemen!
You ſeem to have a ſnuffling in your head, Sir,
A parlous ſnuffling; but this ſame dampiſh air——
2. A dampiſh air, indeed.

Rut.

Rut. Blow your face tenderly,
Your noſe will ne'er endure it. Mercy o' me,
What are men chang'd to here! Is my noſe faſt yet?
Methinks it ſhakes i' th' hilts. Pray tell me, gentlemen,
How long is't ſince you flouriſh'd here?

3. Not long ſince.

Rut. Move yourſelf eaſily; I ſee you are tender.
Nor long endured?

2. The labour was ſo much, Sir,
And ſo few to perform it——

Rut. Muſt I come to this,
And draw my legs after me, like a lame dog?
I cannot run away, I am too feeble.
Will you ſue for this place again, gentlemen?

1. No truly, Sir, the place has been too warm for our complexions.

2. We have enough on't: Reſt you merry, Sir!
We came but to congratulate your fortune;
You have abundance.

3. Bear your fortune ſoberly;
And ſo we leave you to the next fair lady.

[*Exeunt the three.*

Rut. Stay but a little, and I'll meet you, gentlemen,
At the next hoſpital. There's no living thus,
Nor am I able to endure it longer:
With all the help and heats that can be given me,
I am at my trot already[46]. They are fair and young,
Moſt of the women that repair unto me;
But they ſtick on like burs, ſhake me like feathers.

Enter Sulpitia.

More women yet? 'Would I were honeſtly married

[46] *With all the helps and heats that can be given me*
I'm at my trot *already.*] The firſt line here would be very obſcure, and the text to be very much ſuſpected, but for the ſubſequent one: from which, I think, the alluſion is plainly to the manage of horſes. It is the duty of a groom to give his horſes *heats*, (*i. e.* to pace 'em out in a morning) leaſt they ſhould grow reſtive and ſhort-winded. This Rutilio complains to be his caſe, he is quite broken-winded, beaten off his ſpeed, is reduced to a *trot*, and paſt all power of *galloping*. *Theobald.*

To

To any thing that had but half a face,
And not a groat to keep her, nor a ſmock;
That I might be civilly merry when I pleas'd,
Rather than labouring in theſe fulling-mills.
Sul. By this, the ſpell begins to work. You are luſty,
I ſee; you bear up bravely yet.
Rut. Do you hear, lady?
Do not make a game-bear of me, to play me hourly,
And fling on all your whelps; it will not hold:
Play me with ſome diſcretion; to-day, one courſe,
And, two days hence, another.
Sul. If you be ſo angry,
Pay back the money I redeem'd you at,
And take your courſe; I can have men enough.
You have coſt me a hundred crowns ſince you came hither,
In broths and ſtrength'ning caudles; till you do pay me,
If you will eat and live, you ſhall endeavour;
I'll chain you to't elſe.
Rut. Make me a dog-kennel,
I'll keep your houſe and bark, and feed on bare bones,
And be whipp'd out o' doors! Do you mark me, lady? whipp'd!
I'll eat old ſhoes.

Enter Duarte.

Dua. In this houſe, I am told,
There is a ſtranger, of a goodly perſon;
And ſuch a one there was——If I could ſee him,
I yet remember him.
Sul. Your buſineſs, Sir?
If it be for a woman, you are cozen'd;
I keep none here. [*Exit.*
Dua. Certain, this is the gentleman:
The very ſame.
Rut. 'Death! if I had but money;
Or any friend to bring me from this bondage,
I'd threſh, ſet up a cobler's ſhop, keep hogs,
And feed with 'em, ſell tinder-boxes
And knights of ginger-bread; thatch for three
Half-pence a day, and think it lordly,

From this baſe ſtallion-trade. Why does he eye me,
Eye me ſo narrowly?
Dua. It ſeems, you are troubled, Sir;
I heard you ſpeak of want.
Rut. 'Tis better hearing
Far, than relieving, Sir.
Dua. I do not think ſo;
You know me not.
Rut. Not yet, that I remember.
Dua. You ſhall, and for your friend; I am beholden to you,
Greatly beholden, Sir. If you remember,
You fought with ſuch a man, they call'd Duarte,
A proud diſtemper'd man: He was my enemy,
My mortal foe; you ſlew him fairly, nobly.
Rut. Speak ſoftly, Sir; you do not mean to betray me?
I wiſh'd the gallows; now they're coming fairly.
Dua. Be confident; for, as I live, I love you;
And now you ſhall perceive it: For that ſervice,
Me and my purſe command; there, take it to you;
'Tis gold, and no ſmall ſum; a thouſand ducats;
Supply your want.
Rut. But do you do this faithfully?
Dua. If I mean ill, ſpit in my face, and kick me.
In what elſe may I ſerve you, Sir?
Rut. I thank you!
This is as ſtrange to me as knights' adventures.
I have a project, 'tis an honeſt one,
And now I'll tempt my fortune.
Dua. Truſt me with it
Rut. You are ſo good and honeſt, I muſt truſt you;
'Tis but to carry a letter to a lady,
That ſav'd my life once.
Dua. That will be moſt thankful;
I will do't with all care.
Rut. Where are you, White-broth?

Enter Sulpitia.

Now, luſty blood, come in, and tell your money;
'Tis

'Tis ready here: No threats, nor no orations,
Nor prayers now.

Sul. You do not mean to leave me?

Rut. I'll live in hell ſooner than here, and cooler.
Come quickly, come, diſpatch! this air's unwholſome.
Quickly, good lady, quickly to't!

Sul. Well, ſince it muſt be,
The next I'll fetter faſter ſure, and cloſer.

Rut. And pick his bones, as you've done mine, pox take you!

Dua. At my lodging, for a while, you ſhall be quarter'd,
And there take phyſic for your health.

Rut. I thank you.
I have found my angel now too, if I can keep him!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Rutilio and Duarte.

Rut. YOU like the letter?

Dua. Yes; but I muſt tell you,
You tempt a deſperate hazard, to ſolicit
The mother (and the griev'd one too, 'tis rumour'd)
Of him you ſlew ſo lately.

Rut. I have told you
Some proofs of her affection; and I know not
A nearer way to make her ſatisfaction
For a loſt ſon, than ſpeedily to help her
To a good huſband; one that will beget
Both ſons and daughters, if ſhe be not barren.
I have had a breathing now, and have recover'd
What I loſt in my late ſervice; 'twas a hot one;
It fired and fired me[47]; but, all thanks to you, Sir,

[47] *It* fired *and* fired *me*; *but, all thanks to you, Sir,*
You have both freed *and* cool'd me.] I imagine, an *antiſtaſis* was deſign'd by the poets in this paſſage, but half of it is quite loſt.

You have both freed and cool'd me.
Dua. What is done, Sir,
I thought well done, and was in that rewarded;
And therefore ſpare your thanks.
Rut. I'll no more whoring;
This fencing 'twixt a pair of ſheets more wears one
Than all the exerciſe in the world beſides.
To be drunk with good canary, a mere julep,
Or like gourd-water to it; twenty ſurfeits
Come ſhort of one night's work there. If I get this lady,
(As ten to one I ſhall; I was ne'er denied yet)
I will live wondrous honeſtly; walk before her
Gravely and demurely,
And then inſtruct my family. You are ſad;
What do you muſe on, Sir?
Dua. Truth, I was thinking
What courſe to take for the deliv'ry of your letter;
And now I have it. But, faith, did this lady
(For do not gull yourſelf) for certain know,
You kill'd her ſon?
Rut. Give me a book, I'll ſwear't;
Deny'd me to the officers that purſu'd me,
Brought me herſelf to the door, then gave me gold
To bear my charges; and ſhall I make doubt then
But that ſhe lov'd me? I am confident,
Time having ta'en her grief off, that I ſhall be
Moſt welcome to her: For then to have woo'd her,
Had been unſeaſonable.

Cool'd ſtands very well in oppoſition to *fired*; but the contraſt to *freed* is wanting. My conjecture ſupplies the other part of the *antitheſis*: For Rutilio was not only *fired* in his out ſervice, but *fetter'd* to it; ſo confin'd, and watch'd, that he could not make an eſcape.
Sympſon.

Mr. Sympſon reads,
It fired and fetter'd me; *but, all thanks to you, Sir,*
You have both freed and cool'd me.

This alteration, being unauthorized, we think unwarrantable, at the ſame time that it is injurious to the metre, and no great improvement of the ſenſe. There ſeems to us, alſo, to be a vigor of expreſſion in the repetition, *fired* and *fired*, which is enfeebled by Mr. Sympſon's alteration.

Dua.

Dua. Well, Sir, there's more money,
To make you handſome. I'll about your buſineſs:
You know where you muſt ſtay?
Rut. There you ſhall find me.
'Would I could meet my brother now, to know
Whether the Jew his genius, or my Chriſtian,
Has prov'd the better friend. [*Exit.*
Dua. Oh, who would truſt
Deceiving woman[48]? or believe, that one
The beſt, and moſt canoniz'd, ever was
More than a ſeeming goodneſs? I could rail now
Againſt the ſex, and curſe it; but the theme
And way's too common. Yet that Guiomar
My mother (nor let that forbid her to be
The wonder of our nation), ſhe that was
Mark'd out the great example for all matrons,
Both wife and widow; ſhe that in my breeding
Expreſs'd the utmoſt of a mother's care,
And tenderneſs to a ſon; ſhe that yet feigns
Such ſorrow for me; good God, that this mother,
After all this, ſhould give up to a ſtranger
The wreak ſhe ow'd her ſon[49]! I fear her honour.
That he was ſav'd, much joys me; I grieve only,
That ſhe was his preſerver. I'll try further,
And, by this engine, find whether the tears,
Of which ſhe is ſo prodigal, are for me,
Or us'd to cloke her baſe hypocriſy. [*Exit.*

Enter Hippolyta and Sulpitia.

Hip. Are you aſſur'd the charm prevails?
Sul. Do I live?

---

[48] *Oh, who would truſt*
Deceiving woman?] In writing this ſevere invective againſt the female ſex, our Authors ſeem to have had the well-known ſpeech of Poſthumus in their contemplation. See Cymbeline, act ii. ſcene v. *R.*

[49] ——— ——— *Good God, that this mother,*
After all this, ſhould give up to a ſtranger
The wreak *ſhe ow'd her ſon!*] *i. e.* That ſhe ſhould give up the right and duty of vengeance which ſhe ow'd for her ſon's murder, by ſcreening, protecting, and diſmiſſing his murderer out of the purſuit and reach of juſtice. *Theobald.*

Or you ſpeak to me? Now, this very inſtant,
Health takes its laſt leave of her; meagre paleneſs,
Like winter, nips the roſes and the lillies,
The ſpring that youth and love adorn'd her face with.
To force affection is beyond our art;
For I have prov'd all means that hell has taught me,
Or th' malice of a woman, which exceeds it,
To change Arnoldo's love; but to no purpoſe.
But, for your bond-woman——

Hip. Let her pine and die!
She remov'd, which like a brighter ſun
Obſcures my beams, I may ſhine out again,
And, as I have been, be admir'd and ſought to.
How long has ſhe to live?

Sul. Lady, before
The ſun twice riſe and ſet, be confident,
She is but dead; I know my charm hath found her;
Nor can the governor's guard, her lover's tears,
Her father's ſorrow, or his pow'r that freed her,
Defend her from it.

Enter Zabulon.

Zab. All things have ſucceeded
As you could wiſh; I ſaw her brought ſick home,
The image of pale death ſtamp'd on her forehead.
Let me adore this ſecond Hecate,
This great commandreſs of the fatal ſiſters,
That, as ſhe pleaſes, can ſhut ſhort, or lengthen,
The thread of life!

Hip. Where was ſhe when th' enchantment
Firſt ſeiz'd upon her?

Zab. Taking the freſh air,
I'th' company of the governor and count Clodio;
Arnoldo too was preſent, with her father;
When, in a moment (ſo the ſervants told me)
As ſhe was giving thanks to the governor
And Clodio, for her unexpected freedom,
As if ſhe had been blaſted, ſhe ſunk down,
To their amazement.

Hip.

Hip. 'Tis thy maſter-piece,
Which I will ſo reward, that thou ſhalt fix here [50]:
And, with the hazard of thy life, no more
Make trial of thy pow'rful art; which, known,
Our laws call death? Off with this magical robe,
And be thyſelf.

Enter Governor, Clodio, and Charino.

Sul. Stand cloſe; you ſhall hear more.

Man. You muſt have patience; all rage is vain now,
And piety forbids that we ſhould queſtion
What is decreed above, or aſk a reaſon,
Why Heav'n determines this or that way of us.

Clod. Heav'n has no hand in't; 'tis a work of hell!
Her life hath been ſo innocent, all her actions
So free from the ſuſpicion of a crime,
As rather ſhe deſerves a ſaint's place here,
Than to endure what now her ſweetneſs ſuffers.

Char. Not for her fault, but mine, Zenocia ſuffers:
The ſin I made; when I ſought to raze down
Arnoldo's love, built on a rock of truth,
Now to the height is puniſh'd. I profeſs,
Had he no birth nor parts, the preſent ſorrow
He now expreſſes for her, does deſerve her
Above all kings, though ſuch had been his rivals.

Clod. All ancient ſtories, of the love of huſbands
To virtuous wives, be now no more remember'd!

Char. The tales of turtles ever be forgotten,
Or, for his ſake, believ'd!

Man. I have heard, there has been
Between ſome married pairs ſuch ſympathy,
That the huſband has felt really the throes
His wife then teeming ſuffers: This true grief
Confirms, 'tis not impoſſible.

Clod. We ſhall find

[50] *Which I will ſo reward, that* thou ſhalt fix here, *&c.*] *i. e.* I'll reward thee ſo liberally, as to ſet thee above all the neceſſities of life, and thou ſhalt reſt in this laſt trial of thy pernicious deſtructive practices, which, once diſcover'd, are death by the laws. *Theobald.*

Fit time for this hereafter; let's uſe now
All poſſible means to help her.
Man. Care, nor coſt,
Nor what phyſicians can do, ſhall be wanting;
Make uſe of any means or men.
Char. You are noble. [*Ex. Man. Clod. and Char.*
Sul. Ten colleges of doctors ſhall not ſave her.
Her fate is in your hand.
Hip. Can I reſtore her?
Sul. If you command my art.
Hip. I'll die myſelf firſt!
And yet I will go viſit her, and ſee
This miracle of ſorrow in Arnoldo:
An 'twere for me, I ſhould change places with her,
And die moſt happy! Such a lover's tears
Were a rich monument; but too good for her,
Whoſe miſery I glory in. Come, Sulpitia,
You ſhall along with me, Good Zabulon,
Be not far off.
Zab. I will attend you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Duarte and a Servant.

Ser. I have ſerv'd you from my youth, and ever you
Have found me faithful. That you live 's a treaſure
I'll lock up here; nor ſhall it be let forth,
But when you give me warrant.
Dua. I rely
Upon thy faith: Nay, no more proteſtations;
Too many of them will call that in queſtion,
Which now I doubt not. She is there?
Ser. Alone too;
But take it on my life, your entertainment,
Appearing as you are, will be but coarſe.
For the diſpleaſure I ſhall undergo
I am prepar'd.
Dua. Leave me; I'll ſtand the hazard. [*Exit Servant.*
The ſilence that's obſerv'd, her cloſe retirements,
No viſitants admitted, not the day,
Theſe ſable colours, all ſigns of true ſorrow,

Or

Or hers is deeply counterfeit. I'll look nearer;
Manners, give leave! She ſits upon the ground;
By Heav'n, ſhe weeps; my picture in her hand too;
She kiſſes it, and weeps again.

Enter Guiomar.

Gui. Who's there?
Dua. There is no ſtarting back now, madam.
Gui. Ha!
Another murderer! I'll not protect thee,
Though I have no more ſons.
Dua. Your pardon, lady;
There's no ſuch foul fact taints me.
Gui. What mak'ſt thou here then?
Where are my ſervants? Do none but my ſorrows
Attend upon me? Speak, what brought thee hither?
Dua. A will to give you comfort.
Gui. Thou'rt but a man,
And 'tis beyond a human reach to do it.
If thou couldſt raiſe the dead out of their graves,
Bid time run back, make me now what I was,
A happy mother, gladly I would hear thee!
But that's impoſſible,
Dua. Pleaſe you but to read this;
You ſhall know better there why I am ſent,
Than if I ſhould deliver it.
Gui. From whom comes it?
Dua. That will inſtruct you.—I ſuſpect this ſtranger;
Yet ſhe ſpake ſomething that holds ſuch alliance
With his reports, I know not what to think on't.
What a frown was there? She looks me thro' and thro',
Now reads again, now pauſes, and now ſmiles;
And yet there's more of anger in't than mirth.
Theſe are ſtrange changes! Oh, I underſtand it!
She's full of ſerious thoughts.
Gui. You are juſt, you Heav'ns,
And never do forget to hear their pray'rs,
That truly pay their vows! The deferr'd vengeance,
For you and my word's ſake ſo long deferr'd,

Under

Under which as a mountain my heart groans yet,
When 'twas deſpair'd of, now is offer'd to me;
And, if I loſe it, I am both ways guilty.
The woman's maſk, diſſimulation, help me!
Come hither, friend; I am ſure you know the gentleman
That ſent theſe charms.

Dua. Charms, lady?

Gui. Ay, theſe charms;
I well may call them ſo; they've won upon me
More than e'er letter did. *Thou art his friend,*
(The confidence he has in thee confirms it)
And, therefore, I'll be open-breaſted to thee:
To hear of him, though yet I never ſaw him,
Was moſt deſir'd of all men! Let me bluſh,
And then I'll ſay I love him.

Dua. All men ſee,
In this, a woman's virtue!

Gui. I expected,
For the courteſy I did, long ſince to have ſeen him;
And though I then forbad it, you men know,
Between our hearts and tongues there's a large diſtance.
But I'll excuſe him; may be, hitherto
He has forborne it, in reſpect my ſon
Fell by his hand.

Dua. And reaſon, lady.

Gui. No;
He did me a pleaſure in't; a riotous fellow,
And, with that, inſolent, not worth the owning!
I have indeed kept a long ſolemn ſorrow,
For my friends' ſake partly; but eſpecially
For his long abſence.

Dua. Oh, the devil!

Gui. Therefore,
Bid him be ſpeedy; a prieſt ſhall be ready
To tie the holy knot. This kiſs I ſend him;
Deliver that, and bring him.

Dua. I am dumb:
A good cauſe I have now, and a good ſword,
And ſomething I ſhall do! I wait upon you. [*Exe.*

Enter

Enter Manuel, Charino, Arnoldo, Zenocia borne in a chair, two Doctors, and Clodio.

Doct. Give her more air; ſhe dies elſe.

Arn. Oh, thou dread pow'r,
That mad'ſt this all, and of thy workmanſhip
This virgin wife, the maſter-piece, look down on her!
Let her mind's virtues, cloath'd in this fair garment,
That worthily deſerves a better name
Than fleſh and blood, now ſue, and prevail for her!
Or, if thoſe are deny'd, let innocence,
To which all paſſages in Heav'n ſtand open,
Appear in her white robe, before thy throne,
And mediate for her! Or, if this age of ſin
Be worthy of a miracle, the ſun
In his diurnal progreſs never ſaw
So ſweet a ſubject to employ it on!

Man. Wonders are ceas'd, Sir, we muſt work by means.

Arn. 'Tis true, and ſuch reverend phyſicians are:
To you thus low I fall then! So may you ever
Be ſtyl'd the hands of Heav'n, Nature's reſtorers;
Get wealth and honours; and by your ſucceſs,
In all your undertakings, propagate
Your great opinion in the world, as now
You uſe your ſaving art! For know, good gentlemen,
Beſides the fame, and all that I poſſeſs,
For a reward, poſterity ſhall ſtand
Indebted to you; for (as Heav'n forbid it)
Should my Zenocia die, robbing this age
Of all that's good or graceful, times ſucceeding,
The ſtory of her pure life not yet perfect,
Will ſuffer in the want of her example.

Doct. Were all the world to periſh with her, we
Can do no more than what art and experience
Give us aſſurance of. We have us'd all means
To find the cauſe of her diſeaſe, yet cannot:
How ſhould we then, promiſe the cure?

Arn. Away!

I did

I did belie you, when I charg'd you with
The pow'r of doing: Ye are mere names only,
And ev'n your beſt perfection accidental.
Whatever malady thou art, or ſpirit,
(As ſome hold all diſeaſes that afflict us)
As love already makes me ſenſible
Of half her ſufferings, eaſe her of her part,
And let me ſtand the butt of thy fell malice,
And I will ſwear thou'rt merciful!
Doct. Your hand, lady.
What a ſtrange heat is here? Bring ſome warm water,
Arn. She ſhall uſe nothing that is yours; my ſorrow
Provides her of a better bath; my tears
Shall do that office.
Zen. Oh, my beſt Arnoldo!
The trueſt of all lovers! I would *live*,
Were Heav'n ſo pleas'd, but to reward *your ſorrow*
With my true ſervice; but ſince *that's denied me*,
May you live long and happy! Do not ſuffer
(By your affection to me, I conjure you)
My ſickneſs to infect you; though much love
Makes you too ſubject to it.
Arn. In this only
Zenocia wrongs her ſervant: Can the body
Subſiſt, the ſoul departed? 'tis as eaſy,
As I to live without you! I am your *huſband*,
And long have been ſo, though our adverſe fortune,
Bandying us from one hazard to another,
Would never grant me ſo much happineſs
As to pay a huſband's debt. Deſpite of fortune,
In death I'll follow you, and guard mine own;
And there enjoy what here my fate forbids me!
Clod. So true a ſorrow, and ſo feelingly
Expreſs'd, I never read of.
Man. I am ſtruck
With wonder to behold it, as with pity.
Char. If you, that are a ſtranger, ſuffer for them,
Being tied no further than humanity
Leads you to ſoft compaſſion; think, great Sir,

What

What of neceſſity I muſt endure,
That am a father!

Hippolyta, Zabulon, and Sulpitia at the door.

Hip. Wait me there; I hold it
Unfit to have you ſeen. As I find cauſe,
You ſhall proceed.
Man. You're welcome, lady.
Hip. Sir,
I come to do a charitable office.
How does the patient?
Clod. You may enquire
Of more than one; for two are ſick, and deadly:
He languiſhes in her; her health's deſpair'd of,
And in hers, his.
Hip. 'Tis a ſtrange ſpectacle:
With what a patience they ſit unmov'd?
Are they not dead already?
Doct. By her pulſe,
She cannot laſt a day.
Arn. Oh, by that ſummons,
I know my time too!
Hip. Look to the man!
Clod. Apply
Your art to ſave the lady; preſerve her,
A town is your reward [51]!
Hip. I'll treble it
In ready gold, if you reſtore Arnoldo;

[51] *A* town *is your reward.*
Hip. I'll treble *it*
In ready gold.] *I can't think, how a* town *ſhould be* trebled *in ready money.* Indeed, where it is made a guarantee, or hoſtage, it may be rated at a particular value; or where it is ſimply mortgaged, another may be willing to advance three times the value. But Clodio had no *town* to give away; and if he had, what ſhould Sulpitia, or the Doctor, do with it? It muſt be *crown*, or golden coronet, or nothing: Upon which Hippolyta replies, that ſhe'll give thrice the value of ſuch a coronet in ready money. *Sympſon.*

A *crown* or *town* were equally out of Clodio's power to give. To think he meant merely *a golden coronet* is poor and childiſh. He ſpeaks *hyperbolically*, not *literally*.

For

For in his death I die too.
Clod. Without her
I am no more.
Arn. Are you there, madam? Now
You may feaſt on my miſeries. My coldneſs
In anſwering your affections, or hardneſs,
Give it what name you pleaſe, you are reveng'd of;
For now you may perceive, our thread of life
Was ſpun together, and the poor Arnoldo
Made only to enjoy the beſt Zenocia,
And not to ſerve the uſe of any other;
And, in that, ſhe may equal [52]; my lord Clodio
Had long ſince elſe enjoy'd her: Nor could I
Have been ſo blind, as not to ſee your great
And many exellencies, far, far beyond
Or my deſervings, or my hopes. We are now
Going our lateſt journey, and together;
Our only comfort we deſire; pray, give it;
Your charity to our aſhes, ſuch we muſt be,
And not to curſe our memories.
Hip. I'm much mov'd.
Clod. I'm wholly overcome. All love to women,
Farewell for ever! Ere you die, your pardon;
And yours, Sir! Had ſhe many years to live,
Perhaps I might look on her as a brother,
But as a lover never. And ſince all
Your ſad misfortunes had original
From th' barb'rous Cuſtom practis'd in my country,
Heav'n witneſs, for your ſake, I here releaſe it.
So, to your memory, chaſte wives and virgins
Shall ever pay their vows. I give her to you;
And wiſh ſhe were ſo now, as when my luſt
Forc'd you to quit the country.
Hip. It is in vain
To ſtrive with deſtiny; here my dotage ends!

[52] *And in that ſhe may equal*] 'Mr. Sympſon and I both ſaw, 'ſays Mr. Theobald, that the Poets wrote "*my* equal." But the old reading ſeems to us very good ſenſe; ſignifying, that 'in that 'reſpect, Zenocia may be ſaid to equal his affection; which is proved 'by her having refuſed Clodio.'

Look

Look up, Zenocia! Health in me ſpeaks to you;
She gives him to you, that, by divers ways
So long has kept him from you! And repent not,
That you were once my ſervant; for which, health,
In recompence of what I made you ſuffer,
And th' hundred thouſand crowns the city owes me,
Shall be your dower.

Man. 'Tis a magnificent gift,
Had it been timely given.

Hip. It is, believe it.
Sulpitia!

Enter Sulpitia and a Servant [53].

Sul. Madam.

Hip. Quick, undo the charm!
Aſk not a reaſon why; let it ſuffice,
It is my will.

Sul. Which I obey, and gladly. [*Exit.*

Man. Is to be married, ſay'ſt thou?

Ser. So ſhe ſays, Sir,
And does deſire your preſence.

Man. Tell her I'll come.

Hip. Pray carry them to their reſt; for tho' already
They do appear as dead, let my life pay for't,
If they recover not. [*They are borne off in chairs.*

Man. What you have warranted,
Aſſure yourſelf, will be expected from you;
Look to them carefully; and till the trial——

Hip. Which ſhall not be above four hours.

Man. Let me
Entreat your companies: There now is ſomething

[53] *Enter Sulpitia, and a Servant.*] Mr. Theobald informs us, Mr. Sympſon *ſagaciouſly* hinted to him, that the Servant ſhould not enter when Sulpitia does, but on her departure; and therefore, when ſhe is gone, he reads,

Enter a Servant, who whiſpers Manuel.

With all due deference to the *ſagacity* of the one, and the *complaiſance* of the other, we think this alteration arbitrary and hurtful; for, if the Servant enters at the ſame time as Sulpitia, he has time to give the information, which Manuel appears to have acquired, while Hippolyta ſpeaks to Sulpitia.

Of

Of weight invites me hence.

All. We'll wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Guiomar and Servants.

Gui. You underſtand what my directions are,
And what they guide you to; the faithful promiſe
You've made me all.

All. We do, and will perform it.

Gui. The governor will not fail to be here preſently.
Retire a while, till you ſhall find occaſion;
And bring me word when they arrive.

All. We ſhall, madam.

Gui. Only ſtay you to entertain.

1 *Ser.* I am ready.

Gui. I wonder at the bold and practis'd malice,
Men ever have o' foot againſt our honours;
That nothing we can do, never ſo virtuous,
No ſhape put on ſo pious (no, not think
What a good is, be that good ne'er ſo noble,
Never ſo laden with admir'd example)
But ſtill we end in luſt; our aims, our actions,
Nay, even our charities, with luſt are branded!
Why ſhould this ſtranger elſe, this wretched ſtranger,
Whoſe life I ſav'd at what dear price ſticks here yet,
Why ſhould he hope? He was not here an hour;
And certainly in that time, I may ſwear it,
I gave him no looſe look; I had no reaſon!
Unleſs my tears were flames, my curſes courtſhips,
The killing of my ſon a kindneſs to me,
Why ſhould he ſend to me, or with what ſafety
(Examining the ruin he had wrought me)
Though at that time my pious pity fenc'd him,
And my word fix'd? I am troubled, ſtrongly troubled.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The gentlemen are come.

Gui. Then bid 'em welcome. I muſt retire [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Rutilio; and Duarte diſguis'd.

Ser. You are welcome, gentlemen.

Rut. I thank you, friend; I would ſpeak with your lady.

Ser. I'll let her underſtand.

Rut. It ſhall befit you. [*Ex. Servant.*

How do I look, Sir, in this handſome trim?
Methinks, I am wondrous brave [54].

Dua. You're very decent.

Rut. Theſe by themſelves, without more helps of nature,
Would ſet a woman hard: I know 'em all,
And where their firſt aims light. I'll lay my head on't,
I'll take her eye, as ſoon as ſhe looks on me;
And if I come to ſpeak once, woe be to her!
I have her in a nooze, ſhe cannot 'ſcape me;
I have their ſeveral laſts.

Dua. You are thoroughly ſtudied.
But tell me, Sir, being unacquainted with her,
As you confeſs you are——

Rut. That's not an hour's work;
I'll make a nun forget her beads in two hours.

Dua. She being ſet in years; next, none of thoſe luſtres
Appearing in her eye that warm the fancy;
Nor nothing in her face but handſome ruins——

Rut. I love old ſtories: Thoſe live believ'd, authentic,

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54 *I am wondrous* brave.] *i. e.* As the word is uſed by our antient writers, *fine, handſome, magnificent.* So Shakeſpeare,

'What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
'Wrapt in ſweet cloaths; rings put upon his fingers;
'A moſt delicious banquet by his bed;
'And *brave* attendants near him.' *Taming of the Shrew.*

And Rowley, in the comedy of A Match at Midnight, makes the Welſhman ſay, 'Randa'l will be no ſerving-mans now; hur will 'buy hur *prave* parrels, *prave* ſwords, *prave* daggers, and *prave* 'feathers, and go a-wooing to *prave* comely pretty maid.' In Philaſter, where he ſays to Bellario, who is *new dreſt* by Arethuſa, 'Why, boy, ſhe has made thee *brave*.' *R.*

When twenty of your modern faces are call'd in,
For new opinion, paintings, and corruptions;
Give me an old confirm'd face. Beſides, ſhe ſav'd me,
She ſav'd my life; have I not cauſe to love her?
She's rich, and of a conſtant ſtate, a fair one,
Have I not cauſe to woo her? I have tried ſufficient
All your young fillies, I think, this back has try'd 'em,
And ſmarted for it too: They run away with me,
Take bit between the teeth, and play the devils;
A ſtay'd pace now becomes my years, a ſure one,
Where I may ſit and crack no girths.
Dua. How miſerable,
If my mother ſhould confirm what I ſuſpect now,
Beyond all human cure, were my condition!
Then I ſhall wiſh this body had been ſo too.
Here comes the lady, Sir.

Enter Guiomar.

Rut. Excellent lady,
To ſhew I am a creature bound to your ſervice,
And only yours——
Gui. Keep at that diſtance, Sir;
For if you ſtir——
Rut. I am obedient.
She has found already, I am for her turn:
With what a greedy hawk's eye ſhe beholds me?
Mark, how ſhe muſters all my parts.
Gui. A goodly gentleman,
Of a more manly ſet I never look'd on.
Rut. Mark, mark her eyes ſtill; mark but the carriage of 'em!
Gui. How happy am I now, ſince my ſon fell,
He fell not by a baſe unnoble hand;
As that ſtill troubled me? How far more happy
Shall my revenge be, ſince the ſacrifice
I offer to his grave, ſhall be both worthy
A ſon's untimely loſs, and a mother's ſorrow?
Rut. Sir, I am made, believe it; ſhe is mine own;
I told you what a ſpell I carried with me.
All this time does ſhe ſpend in contemplation

Of

Of that unmatch'd delight—I ſhall be thankful to you;
And if you pleaſe to know my houſe, to uſe it,
To take it for your own——

Gui. Who waits without there?

Enter Guard and Servants; they ſeize upon Rutilio, and bind him.

Rut. How now? what means this, lady?

Gui. Bind him faſt.

Rut. Are theſe the bride-laces you prepare for me?
The colours that you give?

Dua. Fy, gentle lady;
This is not noble dealing.

Gui. Be you ſatisfied;
It ſeems you are a ſtranger to this meaning;
You ſhall not be ſo long.

Rut. Do you call this wooing?
Is there no end of womens' perſecutions?
Muſt I needs fool into mine own deſtruction [55]?
Have I not had fair warnings, and enough too?
Still pick the devil's teeth? You are not mad, lady?
Do I come fairly, and like a gentleman,
To offer you that honour——

Gui. You are deceiv'd, Sir;
You come beſotted, to your own deſtruction;
I ſent not for you. What honour can you add to me,
That brake that ſtaff of honour my age lean'd on?
That robb'd me of that right made me a mother?
Hear me, thou wretched man, hear me with terror,
And let thine own bold folly ſhake thy ſoul!
Hear me pronounce thy death, that now hangs o'er thee;

[55] *Muſt I needs fool* into *my own deſtruction?*] I think verily, we ought to read,

Muſt I needs fool it, *to*, &c.

It appears to me much the more natural expreſſion. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's reading may be more *natural*, in *his* idea; but we think that of the old copies ſo expreſſive, that any variation would be unneceſſary.

Thou deſperate fool! Who bad thee ſeek this ruin?
What mad unmanly fate made thee diſcover
Thy curſed face to me again? Was't not enough
To have the fair protection of my houſe,
When miſery and juſtice cloſe purſued thee?
When thine own bloody ſword cried out againſt thee,
Hatch'd in the life of him [56]? Yet I forgave thee.
My hoſpitable word, even when I ſaw
The goodlieſt branch of all my blood lopp'd from me,
Did I not ſeal ſtill to thee?

Rut. I am gone.

Gui. And when thou went'ſt, to imp thy miſery,
Did I not give thee means [57]? But hark, ungrateful!
Was it not thus, to hide thy face and fly me?
To keep thy name for ever from my memory?
Thy curſed blood and kindred? Did I not ſwear then,
If ever (in this wretched life thou haſt left me,
Short and unfortunate) I ſaw thee again,
Or came but to the knowledge where thou wandredſt,
To call my vow back, and purſue with vengeance,
With all the miſeries a mother ſuffers?

Rut. I was born to be hang'd; there's no avoiding it.

Gui. And dar'ſt thou with this impudence appear here?
Walk like the winding ſheet my ſon was put in,
Stain'd with thoſe wounds [58]!

Dua. I am happy now again!
Happy the hour I fell, to find a mother,
So pious, good, and excellent in ſorrows!

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[56] Hatch'd *in the life of him?*] Hatch'd, among cutlers, is uſed to mean when the hilts of a ſword are *gilt*: So ſhe would ſay that Rutilio's bloody ſword was *hatch'd* or *gilt* in the life of her ſon Duarte.
Theobald.

[57] ——— *to* imp *thy miſery,*
Did I not give thee means?] *i. e.* Did I not furniſh thee with money, to *aſſiſt thy flight?* It is a term in *falconry*; to *imp* is ſaid, when a freſh feather of a *hawk* is put to an old broken ſtump.
Theobald.

[58] Stand *with thoſe wounds!*] Thus ſay all the editions. We have ventured to ſubſtitute *ſtain'd* for *ſtand.*

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The governor's come in.
Gui. Oh, let him enter.
Rut. I have fool'd myſelf a fair thread! Of all my fortunes,
This ſtrikes me moſt; not that I fear to periſh,
But that this unmannerly boldneſs has brought me to it.

Enter Governor, Clodio, and Charino.

Gov. Are theſe fit preparations for a wedding, lady?
I came prepar'd a gueſt.
Gui. Oh, give me juſtice!
As ever you will leave a virtuous name,
Do juſtice, juſtice, Sir!
Gov. You need not aſk it; I am bound to it.
Gui. Juſtice upon this man, that kill'd my ſon!
Gov. Do you confeſs the act?
Rut. Yes, Sir.
Clod. Rutilio?
Cha. 'Tis the ſame.
Clod. How fell he thus?
Here will be ſorrow for the good Arnoldo!
Gov. Take heed, Sir, what you ſay.
Rut. I have weigh'd it well;
I am the man! Nor is it life I ſtart at;
Only I am unhappy I am poor,
Poor in expence of lives; there I am wretched,
That I've not two lives lent me for this ſacrifice [59];
One for her ſon, another for her ſorrow!
Excellent lady, now rejoice again;
For though I cannot think you're pleas'd in blood,
Nor with that greedy thirſt purſue your vengeance;
(The tenderneſs, even in thoſe tears, denies that)
Yet let the world believe, you lov'd Duarte!

59 *That I have not two lives lent me for* his *ſacrifice*;] For *whoſe* ſacrifice? Not for Duarte's; that the beginning of the ſubſequent verſe contradicts. To make any ſenſe, we muſt read, *this*.
Sympſon.

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The unmatch'd courteſies you have done my miſeries,
Without this forfeit to the law, would charge me
To tender you this life, and proud 'twould pleaſe you.
Gui. Shall I have juſtice?
Gov. Yes.
Rut. I'll aſk it for you;
I'll follow it myſelf, againſt myſelf:
Sir, 'tis moſt fit I die; diſpatch it quickly:
The monſtrous burden of that grief ſhe labours with
Will kill her elſe; then blood on blood lies on me!
Had I a thouſand lives, I'd give 'em all,
Before I'd draw one tear more from that virtue.
Gui. Be not too cruel, Sir—and yet his bold word—
But his life cannot reſtore that—he's a man too
Of a fair promiſe—but, alas! my ſon's dead!—
If I have juſtice, muſt it kill him?
Gov. Yes.
Gui. If I have not, it kills me; ſtrong and goodly!
Why ſhould he periſh too?
Gov. It lies in your pow'r;
You only may accuſe him, or may quit him.
Clod. Be there no other witneſſes?
Gui. Not any.
And, if I ſave him, will not the world proclaim,
I have forgot a ſon, to ſave a murderer?
And yet he looks not like one; he looks manly.
Clod. Pity, ſo brave a gentleman ſhould periſh!
She cannot be ſo hard, ſo cruel-hearted.
Gui. Will you pronounce?—Yet, ſtay a little, Sir.
Rut. Rid yourſelf, lady, of this miſery,
And let me go: I do but breed more tempeſts,
With which you are already too much ſhaken.
Gui. Do, now pronounce! I will not hear.
Dua. You ſhall not! [*Diſcovering himſelf.*
Yet turn and ſee, good madam.
Gov. Do not wonder:
'Tis he, reſtor'd again, thank the good doctor.
Pray, do not ſtand amaz'd; it is Duarte,
He's well, is ſafe again.

Gui.

Gui. Oh, my ſweet ſon!
I will not preſs my wonder now with queſtions.
Sir, I am ſorry for that cruelty
I urg'd againſt you.
Rut. Madam, it was but juſtice.
Dua. 'Tis true, the doctor heal'd this body again;
But this man heal'd my ſoul, made my mind perfect:
The good ſharp leſſons his ſword read to me, ſav'd me;
For which, if you lov'd me, dear mother,
Honour and love this man.
Gui. You ſent this letter?
Rut. My boldneſs makes me bluſh now.
Gui. I'll wipe off that;
And, with this kiſs, I take you for my huſband.
Your wooing's done, Sir; I believe you love me,
And that's the wealth I look for now.
Rut. You have it.
Dua. You have ended my deſire to all my wiſhes.
Gov. Now 'tis a wedding again. And if Hippolyta
Make good, what with the hazard of her life
She undertook, the evening will ſet clear,
After a ſtormy day.

Enter Hippolyta, and Leopold leading Arnoldo, and Zenocia, with Zabulon, and Sulpitia.

Char. Here comes the lady.
Clod. With fair Zenocia, health with life again
Reſtor'd unto her.
Zen. The gift of her goodneſs.
Rut. Let us embrace; I am of your order too,
And though I once deſpair'd of women, now
I find they reliſh much of ſcorpions;
For both have ſtings, and both can hurt, and cure too.
But what have been your fortunes?
Arn. We'll defer
Our ſtory, and, at time more fit, relate it.
Now all that reverence virtue, and in that
Zenocia's conſtancy and perfect love,
Or for her ſake Arnoldo's, join with us

In th' honour of this lady.

Char. She deſerves it.

Hip. Hippolyta's life ſhall make that good hereafter;
Nor will I alone better myſelf, but others;
For theſe, whoſe wants, perhaps, have made their actions
Not altogether innocent [60], ſhall from me
Be ſo ſupplied, that need ſhall not compel them
To any courſe of life, but what the law
Shall give allowance to.

Zab. and Sulp. Your ladyſhip's creatures.

Rut. Be ſo, and no more, you man-huckſter!

Hip. And, worthy Leopold, you that with ſuch fervour
So long have ſought me, and in that deſerv'd me,
Shall now find full reward for all your travels,
Which you have made more dear by patient ſufferance,
And though my violent dotage did tranſport me
Beyond thoſe bounds my modeſty ſhould have kept in,
Though my deſires were looſe, from unchaſte act,
Heav'n knows, I am free [61].

Leop. The thought of that's dead to me;
I gladly take your offer.

Rut. Do ſo, Sir;

---

[60] *For theſe, whoſe wants, perhaps, have made their actions Not altogether innocent*, &c.] Hippolyta had obligations to the agency both of Zabulon and Sulpitia; and ſhe ſhews a ſort of romantic generoſity in requiting their ſervices; but, indeed, in poetical juſtice, they both ought to have been puniſh'd. Zabulon was a ſcoundrel pimp to a bawdy-houſe; and Sulpitia was not only a notorious bawd, but a dealer in magic and a poiſoner. *Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald, we apprehend, has miſtaken the Poets here: Hippolyta does not mean to give Zabulon and Sulpitia *a reward*, inſtead of a puniſhment, *for their malverſation*; ſhe means to 'better' the community at large, by placing theſe vile inſtruments in ſuch a ſtate, as that 'need ſhall not compel them to any courſe of life, but what 'the law ſhall give allowance to.' It muſt be confeſſed, however, that all this MAGICAL *epiſode* is both unpleaſing and improbable. Hippolyta's character, too, is almoſt too vicious even for reformation ſufficient to recommend her to the favour of the audience.

[61] ——— *from unchaſte* art,
Heav'n knows, I am free] The Editors of 1750 concur in altering, we think properly, *art* to *act*.

A piece

A piece of crack'd gold ever will weigh down
Silver that's whole.

Cov. You ſhall be all my gueſts;
I muſt not be deny'd.

Arn. Come, my Zenocia,
Our bark at length has found a quiet harbour;
And the unſpotted progreſs of our loves
Ends not alone in ſafety, but reward;
To inſtruct others, by our fair example,
That, though good purpoſes are long withſtood,
The hand of Heav'n ſtill guides ſuch as are good.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE EPILOGUE.

WHY there ſhould be an Epilogue to a play,
I know no cauſe. The old and uſual way,
For which they were made, was t' entreat the grace
Of ſuch as were ſpectators: In this place,
And time, 'tis to no purpoſe; for, I know,
What you reſolve already to beſtow
Will not be alter'd, whatſoe'er I ſay
In the behalf of us, and of the Play;
Only to quit our doubts, if you think fit,
You may or cry it up or ſilence it.

ANOTHER EPILOGUE.

I SPAKE much in the Prologue for the Play,
To its deſert, I hope; yet you might ſay,
Should I change now from that, which then was meant,
Or in a ſyllable grow leſs confident,
I were weak-hearted: I am ſtill the ſame
In my opinion, and forbear to frame
Qualification, or excuſe. If you
Concur with me, and hold my judgment true,
Shew it with any ſign, and from this place,
Or ſend me off exploded, or with grace.

THE

Why stand ye gaping? Who now touches her?
Who calls her his? Or who dares name her to me,
But name her as his own? Act IV.

THE

ELDER BROTHER.

A COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verſes by Hills ſpeak of Fletcher as ſole Author of this Comedy; and ſome of the old quartos have his name only in the title, while others have Beaumont's alſo. The Prologue, and the Epilogue, aſcribe it totally to Fletcher. The firſt copy we have ſeen was printed in 1637; *which we apprehend Mr. Theobald was not poſſeſſed of, as he ſpeaks of an edition of* 1640 *as the oldeſt. We have heard of one bearing date* 1629; *but have not ſeen it, nor that of* 1640; *and that which is dated* 1651, *is ſaid in the title to be 'the ſecond edition.' Colley Cibber, as has been mentioned in our account of the Cuſtom of the Country, has introduced parts of this Play into his Comedy of Love makes a Man, or the Fop's Fortune.*

THE PROLOGUE.

BUT that it would take from our modeſty,
To praiſe the Writer, or the Comedy,
Till your fair ſuffrage crown it; I ſhould ſay,
You're all moſt welcome to no vulgar Play;
And ſo far we are confident. And if he
That made it ſtill live in your memory;
You will expect what we preſent to-night
Should be judg'd worthy of your ears and ſight:
You ſhall hear Fletcher in it; his true ſtrain,
And neat expreſſions. Living, he did gain
Your good opinions; but, now dead, commends
This orphan to the care of noble friends[1]:
And may it raiſe in you content and mirth,
And be receiv'd for a legitimate birth!
Your grace erects new trophies to his fame,
And ſhall to after-times preſerve his name.

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[1] ——*But, now dead, commends*
This orphan *to the care of noble friends.*] By this paſſage it ſhould ſeem, the Elder Brother was not given to the ſtage till after Fletcher's demiſe; a circumſtance on which it is impoſſible for us to decide. All the information we can give is, that this prologue is printed to the edition of 1637; and, if the play *was* publiſhed in 1629, *that* was not till four years after Fletcher died.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Lewis, *a lord.*
Miramont, *a gentleman.*
Briſac, *a juſtice, brother to Miramont.*
Charles, *a ſcholar* } *ſons to Briſac.*
Euſtace, *a courtier* }
Egremont, } *two courtiers, friends to Euſtace*[a].
Cowſy, }
Andrew, *ſervant to Charles.*
Cook, } *ſervants to Briſac.*
Butler, }
Prieſt.
Notary.
Servants.
Officers.

WOMEN.

Angellina, *daughter to Lewis.*
Sylvia, *her woman.*
Lilly, *wife to Andrew.*
Ladies.

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[a] Friends to *Euſtace.*] This is the reading of all the copies prior to 1750; when Mr. Theobald choſe to ſubſtitute *dependants on* Euſtace; which may, perhaps, be more characteriſtic of the perſons: But an arbitrary variation ſhould at leaſt be mentioned.

LECTORI.

Wouldſt thou all wit, all comick art ſurvey?
Read here and wonder; Fletcher writ the play.

THE

THE

ELDER BROTHER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, and Sylvia.

Lewis. NAY, I muſt walk you further.
Ang. I am tir'd, Sir,
And ne'er ſhall foot it home.
Lew. 'Tis for your health;
The want of exerciſe takes from your beauties,
And ſloth dries up your ſweetneſs. That you are
My only daughter, and my heir, is granted;
And you in thankfulneſs muſt needs acknowledge
You ever find me an indulgent father,
And open-handed.
Ang. Nor can you tax me, Sir,
I hope, for want of duty to deſerve
Theſe favours from you.
Lew. No, my Angellina,
I love and cheriſh thy obedience to me,
Which my care to advance thee ſhall confirm.
All that I aim at is, to win thee from
The practice of an idle fooliſh ſtate,
Us'd by great women, who think any labour
(Though in the ſervice of themſelves) a blemiſh
To their fair fortunes.

Ang.

Ang. Make me underſtand, Sir,
What 'tis you point at.

Lew. At the cuſtom, how
Virgins of wealthy families waſte their youth:
After a long ſleep, when you wake, your woman
Preſents your breakfaſt, then you ſleep again,
Then riſe, and being trimm'd up by others' hands,
You're led to dinner, and that ended, either
To cards or to your couch (as if you were
Borne without motion), after this to ſupper,
And then to-bed: And ſo your life runs round
Without variety, or action, daughter.

Syl. Here's a learn'd lecture!

Lew. From this idleneſs,
Diſeaſes, both of body and of mind,
Grow ſtrong upon you; where a ſtirring nature,
With wholeſome exerciſe, guards both from danger.
I'd have thee riſe wi' th' ſun, walk, dance, or hunt,
Viſit the groves and ſprings, and learn the virtues
Of plants and ſimples: Do this moderately,
And thou ſhalt not, with eating chalk, or coals,
Leather and oatmeal, and ſuch other traſh,
Fall into the green-ſickneſs.

Syl. With your pardon,
(Were you but pleas'd to miniſter it) I could
Preſcribe a remedy for my lady's health,
And her delight too, far tranſcending thoſe
Your lordſhip but now mention'd.

Lew. What is it, Sylvia?

Syl. What is't? a noble huſband: In that word,
'A noble huſband,' all content of women
Is wholly comprehended. He will rouſe her,
As you ſay, with the ſun; and ſo pipe to her,
As ſhe will dance, ne'er doubt it; and hunt with her,
Upon occaſion, until both be weary;
And then the knowledge of your plants and ſimples,
As I take it, were ſuperfluous. A loving,
And but add to it, a gameſome bedfellow,
Being the ſure phyſician!

Lew.

Lew. Well ſaid, wench.

Ang. And who gave you commiſſion to deliver
Your verdict, minion?

Syl. I deſerve a fee,
And not a frown, dear madam. I but ſpeak
Her thoughts, my lord; and what her modeſty
Refuſes to give voice to. Shew no mercy
To a maidenhead of fourteen, but off with 't.
Let her loſe no time, Sir: Fathers that deny
Their daughters lawful pleaſures, when ripe for them,
In ſome kind edge their appetites to taſte of
The fruit that is forbidden.

Lew. 'Tis well urg'd,
And I approve it. No more bluſhing, girl;
Thy woman hath ſpoke truth, and ſo prevented
What I meant to move to thee. There dwells near us
A gentleman of blood, monſieur Briſac,
Of a fair ſtate, ſix thouſand crowns *per annum*,
The happy father of two hopeful ſons,
Of different breeding; the elder, a mere ſcholar,
The younger, a quaint courtier.

Ang. Sir, I know them
By public fame, though yet I never ſaw them;
And that oppos'd antipathy between
Their various diſpoſitions, renders them
The general diſcourſe and argument;
One part inclining to the ſcholar Charles,
The other ſide preferring Euſtace, as
A man complete in courtſhip.

Lew. And which way
(If of theſe two you were to chuſe a huſband)
Doth your affection ſway you?

Ang. To be plain, Sir,
(Since you will teach me boldneſs) as they are,
Simply themſelves, to neither. Let a courtier
Be never ſo exact, let him be bleſs'd with
All parts that yield him to a virgin gracious,
If he depend on others, and ſtand not
On his own bottoms, though he have the means

To bring his miſtreſs to a maſque, or, by
Conveyance from ſome great one's lips, to taſte
Such favour from the king's; or, grant he purchaſe
Precedency in the country, to be ſworn
A ſervant-extraordinary to the queen;
Nay, though he live in expectation of
Some huge preferment in reverſion; if
He want a preſent fortune, at the beſt
Thoſe are but glorious dreams, and only yield him
A happineſs in *poſſe*, not in *eſſe*.
Nor can they fetch him ſilks from th' mercer; nor
Diſcharge a taylor's bill, nor in full plenty,
Which ſtill preſerves a quiet bed at home,
Maintain a family.

Lew. Aptly conſider'd,
And to my wiſh. But what's thy cenſure of
The ſcholar?

Ang. Troth, if he be nothing elſe,
As of the courtier: All his ſongs, and ſonnets,
His anagrams, acroſticks, epigrams,
His deep and philoſophical diſcourſe
Of nature's hidden ſecrets, make not up
A perfect huſband. He can hardly borrow
The ſtars of the celeſtial crown to make me
A tire for my head; nor Charles's wane for a coach,
Nor Ganymede for a page, nor a rich gown
From Juno's wardrobe; nor would I lye-in,
For I deſpair not once to be a mother,
Under Heav'n's ſpangled canopy, or banquet
My gueſts and goſſips with imagin'd nectar;
Pure Orleans would do better. No, no, father,
Though I could be well pleas'd to have my huſband
A courtier, and a ſcholar, young, and valiant,
Theſe are but gaudy nothings, if there be not
Something to make up a ſubſtance.

Lew. And what's that?

Ang. A full eſtate; and, that ſaid, I've ſaid all:
And, get me ſuch a one, with theſe additions,
Farewell, virginity! and welcome, wedlock!

Lew.

Lew. But where is ſuch one to be met with, daughter?
A black ſwan is more common[3]; you may wear
Grey treſſes ere we find him.
Ang. I am not
So punctual in all ceremonies; I will bate
Two or three of theſe good parts, before I'll dwell
Too long upon the choice.
Syl. Only, my lord, remember
That he be rich and active; for, without theſe,
The others yield no reliſh: But, theſe perfect,
You muſt bear with ſmall faults, madam.
Lew. Merry wench;
And it becomes you well! I'll to Briſac;
And try what may be done. I'th' mean time, home;
And feaſt thy thoughts with th' pleaſures of a bride.
Syl. Thoughts are but airy food, Sir; let her taſte them. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

Enter Andrew, Cook, and Butler.

And. Unload part of the library, and make room
For th' other dozen of carts; I'll ſtrait be with you.
Cook. Why, hath he more books?
And. More than ten marts ſend over.
But. And can he tell their names?
And. Their names! he has 'em
As perfect as his *Pater Noſter*; but that's nothing;
H'has read them over, leaf by leaf, three thouſand times.
But here's the wonder; tho' their weight would ſink
A Spaniſh carrack[4], without other ballaſt,

He

[3] *A black ſwan is more common.*] The Poets ſeem here to have had an eye to this Latin hexameter

Rara avis in terris, *nigroque* ſimillima *cygno.* *Theobald.*

[4] *A Spaniſh* carrack.] A *carrack* is a ſhip of great bulk, and commonly

He carrieth them all in his head, and yet
He walks upright.

But. Surely he has a ſtrong brain.

And. If all thy pipes of wine were fill'd with books,
Made of the barks of trees, or myſt'ries writ in
Old moth-eaten vellum, he would ſip thy cellar
Quite dry, and ſtill be thirſty. Then, for's diet,
He eats and digeſts more volumes at a meal,
Than there would be larks (tho' the ſky ſhould fall)
Devour'd in a month in Paris: Yet fear not,
Sons o' th' buttery and kitchen! tho' his learn'd ſtomach
Cannot be appeas'd, he'll ſeldom trouble you;
His knowing ſtomach contemns your black-jacks, Butler,
And your flagons; and, Cook, thy boil'd, thy roaſt, thy bak'd!

Cook. How liveth he?

And. Not as other men do;
Few princes fare like him: He breaks his faſt
With Ariſtotle, dines with Tully, takes
His watering with the muſes, ſups with Livy,
Then walks a turn or two in *Via Lactea*[5].
And, after ſix hours' conference with the ſtars,
Sleeps with old *Erra Pater*.

But. This is admirable.

And. I'll tell you more hereafter. Here's my old maſter,
And another old ignorant elder; I'll upon 'em.

---

commonly of great value; perhaps what we now call a *galleon*. So Shakeſpeare;

'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land *carrack*:
'If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.' *Othello*, act i.

And in the Coxcomb, by our Authors,

'——— they'll be freighted;
'They're made like *carracks*, all for ſtrength and ſtowage.' *R.*

[5] *He breaks his faſt*, &c.] This paſſage ſeems to have been before Mr. Congreve, when he wrote the beginning of his play of Love for Love. *R.*

Enter Briſac and Lewis.

Bri. What, Andrew? welcome! where's my Charles? ſpeak, Andrew;
Where didſt thou leave thy maſter?
And. Contemplating
The number of the ſands in the highway;
And, from that, purpoſes to make a judgment
Of the remainder in the ſea. He is, Sir,
In ſerious ſtudy, and will loſe no minute,
Nor out of's pace to knowledge[6].
Lew. This is ſtrange.
And. Yet he hath ſent his duty, Sir, before him
In this fair manuſcript.
Bri. What have we here?
Pot-hooks and andirons!
And. I much pity you!
It is the Syrian character, or the Arabic.
Would you have it ſaid, ſo great and deep a ſcholar
As maſter Charles is, ſhould aſk bleſſing
In any Chriſtian language? Were it Greek,
I could interpret for you; but, indeed,
I'm gone no further.
Bri. And in Greek you can
Lie with your ſmug wife Lilly[7]?

6 ——— *and will loſe no minute,*
Nor out of's pace *to knowledge.*] We do not thoroughly comprehend this paſſage, but ſuſpect a corruption. Perhaps the Author wrote,
——— *and will loſe no minute,*
Nor ought of ſpace *to knowledge*;
the meaning of which is clear. *Time* and *ſpace* are no uncommon aſſociation.

7 ——— *And in* Greek *you can*
Lie with your ſmug wife Lilly.] Briſac is here ſtrangely out of character. He is repreſented as an old ſtupid juſtice of the peace, one of no polite literature, and read only in the old ſtatutes, and in them no better learned than his clerk: Yet here, 'tis manifeſt, he is making an alluſion to a paſſage in Juvenal's Satires.
Hoc tunica & Pandunt animi ſecreta. Quid ultrà?
Concumbunt Græce. *Theobald.*
Mr. Theobald complains, that the country juſtice is here out of character, as he ſuppoſes him to refer to Juvenal's *Concumbunt Græcè.*

And. If I keep her
From your French dialect (as I hope I ſhall, Sir,
Howe'er ſhe is your laundreſs) ſhe ſhall put you
To the charge of no more ſope than uſual
For th' waſhing of your ſheets.

Bri. Take in the knave,
And let him eat.

And. And drink too, Sir?

Bri. And drink too, Sir;
And ſee your maſter's chamber ready for him.

But. Come, doctor Andrew, without diſputation,
Thou ſhalt commence i'th' cellar.

And. I had rather
Commence on a cold bak'd meat.

Cook. Thou ſhalt ha't, boy. [*Exeunt.*

Bri. Good monſieur Lewis, I eſteem myſelf
Much honour'd in your clear intent to join
Our antient families, and make them one;
And 'twill take from my age and cares, to live
And ſee what you have purpos'd put in act,
Of which your viſit at this preſent is
A hopeful omen; I each minute expecting
Th' arrival of my ſons. I have not wrong'd
Their birth for want of means and education,
To ſhape them to that courſe each was addicted;
And therefore, that we may proceed diſcreetly,
Since what's concluded raſhly ſeldom proſpers,
You firſt ſhall take a ſtrict peruſal of them,
And then, from your allowance, your fair daughter
May faſhion her affection.

Lew. Monſieur Briſac,
You offer fair and nobly, and I'll meet you
In the ſame line of honour; and, I hope,
Being bleſs'd but with one daughter, I ſhall not

But ſuppoſing the Author took his hint from hence, he does not make the country juſtice refer to it. But Mr. Theobald does not ſeem to have obſerved the equivocation of the word *Lilly*, which refers to the old grammarian, as Andrew ſays after, *To bring me back from my grammar to my horn-book!* This is an alluſion ſurely within the compaſs of a country ſquire, and therefore quite in character. *Seward.*

appear

Appear impertinently curious,
Though, with my utmoſt vigilance and ſtudy,
I labour to beſtow her to her worth.
Let others ſpeak her form, and future fortune
From me deſcending to her; I in that
Sit down with ſilence.

Bri. You may, my lord, ſecurely;
Since fame aloud proclaimeth her perfections,
Commanding all mens tongues to ſing her praiſes.
Should I ſay more, you well might cenſure me
(What yet I never was) a flatterer.
What trampling's that without of horſes?

Enter Butler.

But. Sir, my young maſters are newly alighted.

Bri. Sir, now obſerve their ſeveral diſpoſitions.

Enter Charles.

Char. Bid my ſubſiſer carry my hackney to
The butt'ry, and give him his bever; it is a civil
And ſober beaſt, and will drink moderately;
And, that done, turn him into the quadrangle.

Bri. He cannot out of his univerſity tone.

Enter Euſtace, Egremont, and Cowſy.

Euſt. Lackey, take care our courſers be well rubb'd
And cloath'd; they have outſtripp'd the wind in ſpeed.

Lew. Ay, marry, Sir, there's metal in this young fellow!
What a ſheep's look his Elder Brother has!

Char. Your bleſſing, Sir!

Bri. Riſe, Charles; thou haſt it.

Euſt. Sir, though it be unuſual in the court,
(Since 'tis the country's garb) I bend my knee,
And do expect what follows.

Bri. Courtly beg'd.
My bleſſing! take it.

Euſt. (to Lew.) Your lordſhip's vow'd adorer.
What a thing this brother is! Yet I'll vouchſafe him
The new Italian ſhrug. How clowniſhly

The book-worm does return it.

Char. I am glad you're well. [*Reads.*

Euſt. Pray you be happy in the knowledge of
This pair of accompliſh'd monſieurs:
They are gallants that have ſeen both Tropicks.

Bri. I embrace their loves.

Egre. Which we'll repay with ſervulating[8].

Cow. And will report your bounty in the court.

Bri. I pray you, make deſerving uſe on't firſt.
Euſtace, give entertainment to your friends;
What's in my houſe is theirs.

Euſt. Which we'll make uſe of:
Let's warm our brains with half-a-dozen healths,
And then, hang cold diſcourſe; for we'll ſpeak fire-
works. [*Exeunt.*

Low. What, at his book already?

Bri. Fy, fy, Charles,
No hour of interruption?

Char. Plato differs from Socrates in this.

Bri. Come, lay them by;
Let them agree at leiſure.

Char. Man's life, Sir, being
So ſhort[9], and then the way that leads unto
The knowledge of ourſelves, ſo long and tedious,
Each minute ſhould be precious.

Bri. In our care
To manage worldly buſineſs, you muſt part with
This bookiſh contemplation, and prepare
Yourſelf for action; to thrive in this age,
Is held the palm of learning. You muſt ſtudy
To know what part of my land's good for th' plough,

[8] *Which we'll repay with* ſervulating.] This is the reading of 1637. The edition of 1651, and all the ſubſequent, ſay, *with ſervice.* The old reading is probably right, and meant to ridicule the conceit and affectation of Euſtace's travelled companions.

[9] *Man's* life, *Sir, being*
So ſhort, *&c.*] Charles is here immediately ſhewing his learning; for if I am not very much miſtaken, the Poets have given him this ſentiment from the firſt Aphoriſm of Hippocrates. Ὁ βίος βραχὺς, ἡ δὲ τέχνη μακρὴ, ὁ δὲ καιρὸς ὀξὺς, ἡ δὲ πεῖρα σφαλερὴ, ἡ δὲ κρίσις χαλεπὴ.

Theobald.

And

And what for paſture; how to buy and ſell
To the beſt advantage; how to cure my oxen [10]
When they're o'ergone with labour.
Char. I may do this
From what I've read, Sir. For what concerns tillage,
Who better can deliver it than Virgil
In his Georgicks? and to cure your herds,
His Bucolicks is a maſter-piece [11]. But when
He does deſcribe the commonwealth of bees,
Their induſtry, and knowledge of the herbs
From which they gather honey, with their care
To place it with *decorum* in the hive,
Their government among themſelves, their order
In going forth and coming loaden home,
Their obedience to their king, and his rewards
To ſuch as labour, with his puniſhments [12]
Only inflicted on the ſlothful drone;
I'm raviſh'd with it, and there reap my harveſt,
And there receive the gain my cattle bring me,
And there find wax and honey.
Bri. And grow rich
In your imagination. Heyday, heyday!
Georgicks, and Bucolicks, and bees! Art mad?
Char. No, Sir, the knowledge of theſe guards me from it.
Bri. But can you find among your bundle of books,
And put in all your dictionaries that ſpeak all tongues,
What pleaſures they enjoy, that do embrace

---

[10] ——— ——— *how to cure my oxen,*
When they're o'ergrown *with labour.*] *O'ergrown*, we think with the editors of 1750, is erroneous. Thoſe gentlemen read *o'erdone*; but as *o'ergone*, which conveys the ſame meaning, is nearer the trace of the old letters, we have choſe to adopt that word.

[11] *And to cure your herds*
His Bucolicks *is a maſter-piece.*] This miſtake, of mentioning thoſe ſubjects, as occurring in the Bucolicks, which are treated of in the Georgicks, is noticed by Mr. Sympſon.

[12] ——— ——— ——— *with his puniſhments*
Only inflicted on the ſlothful drone.]
Ignavum fucos *pecus a præſepibus* arcent, ſays Virgil. *Theobald.*

A well-

A well-ſhap'd wealthy bride? Anſwer me that.
Char. 'Tis frequent, Sir, in ſtory: There I read of
All kind of virtuous and vicious women,
The antient Spartan dames and Roman ladies,
Their beauties and deformities. And when
I light upon a Portia or Cornelia,
Crown'd with ſtill-flouriſhing leaves of truth and goodneſs,
With ſuch a feeling I peruſe their fortunes,
As if I then had liv'd, and freely taſted
Their raviſhing ſweetneſs; at the preſent, loving
The whole ſex for their goodneſs and example.
But, on the contrary, when I look on
A Clytemneſtra or a Tullia,
The firſt bath'd in her huſband's blood; the latter,
Without a touch of piety, driving on
Her chariot o'er her father's breathleſs trunk,
Horror invades my faculties; and comparing
The multitudes o' th' guilty, with the few
That did die innocents, I deteſt and loath 'em,
As ignorance or atheiſm.
Bri. You reſolve then,
Ne'er to make payment of the debt you owe me?
Char. What debt, good Sir?
Bri. A debt I paid my father
When I begat thee, and made him a grandſire;
Which I expect from you.
Char. The children, Sir,
Which I will leave to all poſterity,
Begot and brought up by my painful ſtudies,
Shall be my living iſſue.
Bri. Very well; and I ſhall have a general collection
Of all the quiddits[11] from Adam to this time
To be my grandchild.
Char. And ſuch a one, I hope, Sir,

[11] *All the* quiddits.] *Subtilties* or *equivocations*. The word occurs in Shakeſpeare's Hamlet: 'Why may not that be the ſkull of 'a lawyer? Where be his *quiddits* now, his quillets, his caſes, and his 'tricks?' *R.*

As

As ſhall not ſhame the family.

Bri. Nor will you take care of my eſtate?

Char. But in my wiſhes;
For know, Sir, that the wings on which my ſoul
Is mounted, have long ſince borne her too high
To ſtoop to any prey that ſoars not upwards.
Sordid and dunghill minds, compos'd of earth,
In that groſs element fix all their happineſs;
But purer ſpirits, purg'd and refin'd, ſhake off
That clog of human frailty. Give me leave
T'enjoy myſelf; that place that does contain
My books, the beſt companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converſe
With the old ſages and philoſophers;
And ſometimes, for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counſels;
Calling their victories, if unjuſtly got,
Unto a ſtrict account, and, in my fancy,
Deface their ill-plac'd ſtatues. Can I then
Part with ſuch conſtant pleaſures, to embrace
Uncertain vanities? No; be it your care
T'augment your heap of wealth; it ſhall be mine
T'encreaſe in knowledge. Lights there, for my ſtudy!
[*Exit.*

Bri. Was ever man, that had reaſon, thus tranſported
From all ſenſe and feeling of his proper good?
It vexes me; and if I found not comfort
In my young Euſtace, I might well conclude
My name were at a period!

Lew. He's indeed, Sir,
The ſurer baſe to build on.

Enter Euſtace, Egremont, Cowſy, and Andrew.

Bri. Euſtace!

Euſt. Sir.

Bri. Your ear in private.

And. I ſuſpect my maſter
Has found harſh welcome; he's gone ſupperleſs
Into his ſtudy. Could I find out the cauſe,

It

It may be borrowing of his books, or ſo,
I ſhall be ſatisfied.

Euſt. My duty ſhall, Sir,
Take any form you pleaſe; and, in your motion
To have me married, you cut off all dangers
The violent heats of youth might bear me to.

Lew. It is well anſwer'd.

Euſt. Nor ſhall you, my lord,
Nor your fair daughter, ever find juſt cauſe
To mourn your choice of me. The name of huſband,
Nor the authority it carries in it,
Shall ever teach me to forget to be,
As I am now, her ſervant, and your lordſhip's:
And, but that modeſty forbids that I
Should ſound the trumpet of my own deſerts,
I could ſay, my choice manners have been ſuch,
As render me lov'd and remarkable
To the princes of the blood.

Cow. Nay, to the king.

Egre. Nay, to the king and council.

And. Theſe are court-admirers,
And ever echo him that bears the bag:
Though I be dull-ey'd, I ſee through this juggling.

Euſt. Then for my hopes——

Cow. Nay, certainties.

Euſt. They ſtand
As fair as any man's. What can there fall
In compaſs of her wiſhes, which ſhe ſhall not
Be ſuddenly poſſeſs'd of? Loves ſhe titles?
By the grace and favour of my princely friends,
I am what ſhe would have me.

Bri. He ſpeaks well,
And I believe him.

Lew. I could wiſh I did ſo.
Pray you a word, Sir. He's a proper gentleman,
And promiſes nothing but what is poſſible;
So far I will go with you: Nay, I add,
He hath won much upon me; and, were he
But one thing that his brother is, the bargain

Were

Were ſoon ſtruck up.

Bri. What's that, my lord?

Lew. The heir.

And. Which he is not; and, I truſt, never ſhall be.

Bri. Come, that ſhall breed no difference. You ſee, Charles has giv'n o'er the world; I'll undertake, And with much eaſe, to buy his birthright of him For a dry-fat of new books; nor ſhall my ſtate Alone make way for him; but my elder brother's; Who, being iſſueleſs, t'advance our name, I doubt not, will add his. Your reſolution?

Lew. I'll firſt acquaint my daughter with the proceedings:
On theſe terms, I am yours; as ſhe ſhall be, Make you no ſcruple; get the writings ready; She ſhall be tractable. To-morrow we will hold A ſecond conference. Farewell, noble Euſtace, And you, brave gallants.

Euſt. Full encreaſe of honour Wait ever on your lordſhip!

And. The gout, rather, and a perpetual megrim!

Bri. You ſee, Euſtace, How I travail to poſſeſs you of a fortune You were not born to. Be you worthy of it: I'll furniſh you for a ſuitor; viſit her, And proſper in't.

Euſt. She's mine, Sir, fear it not: In all my travels, I ne'er met a virgin That could reſiſt my courtſhip.

Cow. If this take now, We're made for ever[14], and will revel it! [*Exeunt.*

And.

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[14] ——— ——— *If this take now, We're made for ever.*] Several of the editions old and modern continue this to Euſtace's ſpeech; others have nonſenſically aſſigned it to Briſac. The oldeſt quarto of all has it thus.

Euſt. *If this take now,* &c.

But Euſtace was the laſt ſpeaker, and nobody had interrupted him; therefore 'tis abſurd, that his name ſhould be put here only becauſe he

continues

And. In tough Welch parſly, which, in our vulgar tongue, is
Strong hempen halters. My poor maſter cozen'd,
And I a looker-on! If we have ſtudied
Our majors, and our minors, antecedents,
And conſequents, to be concluded coxcombs,
We've made a fair hand on't! I'm glad I've found
Out all their plots, and their conſpiracies.
This ſhall t' old monſieur Miramont; one, that tho'
He cannot read a proclamation,
Yet dotes on learning, and loves my maſter Charles
For being a ſcholar. I hear he's coming hither;
I ſhall meet him; and if he be that old
Rough teſty blade he always us'd to be,
He'll ring 'em ſuch a peal [16] as ſhall go near
To ſhake their bell-room; peradventure, beat 'em,
For he is fire and flax; and ſo have at him. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Miramont and Briſac.

Mir. NAY, brother, brother!
Bri. Pray, Sir, be not mov'd;
I meddle with no buſineſs but mine own;

---

continues to ſpeak. It muſt certainly be placed to one of his hangers-on, who hugs himſelf with the thought, that if this match takes place, they ſhall have it in their power to revel it with a vengeance. *Theobald.*

Theſe words might be ſpoken by Euſtace, but the oldeſt quarto marking them as a new ſpeech, gives force to Mr. Theobald's conjecture.

[16] *I'll* ring *him ſuch a* peal.] *To ring a peal* is a metaphor for ſcolding, which Andrew would certainly not uſe: No more than he would beat Briſac and Euſtace: It is plain, Miramont was to do both; we muſt read therefore;

He'll ring 'em ſuch a *peal*———

This will reſtore both the ſenſe and grammar. *Seward.*

And,

And, in mine own, 'tis reaſon I ſhould govern.
Mir. But know to govern then, and underſtand, Sir,
And be as wiſe as you're haſty. Though you be
My brother, and from one blood ſprung, I muſt tell you,
Heartily and home too——
Bri. What, Sir?
Mir. What I grieve to find;
You are a fool, and an old fool, and that's two.
Bri. We'll part 'em, if you pleaſe.
Mir. No, they're entail'd to you.
Seek to deprive an honeſt noble ſpirit,
Your eldeſt ſon, Sir, and your very image,
(But he's ſo like you, that he fares the worſe for't)
Becauſe he loves his book, and dotes on that,
And only ſtudies how to know things excellent,
Above the reach of ſuch coarſe brains as yours,
Such muddy fancies, that never will know further
Than when to cut your vines, and cozen merchants,
And choke your hide-bound tenants with muſty harveſts!
Bri. You go too faſt.
Mir. I'm not come to my pace yet.
Becauſe h' has made his ſtudy all his pleaſure,
And is retir'd into his contemplation,
Not meddling with the dirt and chaff of nature,
That makes the ſpirit of the mind mud too,
Therefore muſt he be flung from his inheritance?
Muſt he be diſpoſſeſs'd, and monſieur Gingle-boy [17],
His younger brother——
Bri. You forget yourſelf.

17 —— *and monſieur* Gingle boy,
His younger brother—] We muſt read, *jingle boy. i. e.* A fop, that ſhifted into every upſtart faſhion. It was the cuſtom in the latter part of queen Elizabeth's reign, and alſo in that of king James the Firſt, for the men to wear boots; as we may ſee by the pictures of thoſe times, and their ſpurs were equipp'd with a ſort of bells, or looſe rowels, which *jingled* whenever they mov'd. *Theobald.*
Mr. Theobald's ſolution of this paſſage is a good one; but we ſee no cauſe why *gingle* may not be ſpelt with a *g*.
Mir.

Mir. Becauſe h' has been at court, and learn'd new tongues,
And how to ſpeak a tedious piece of nothing,
To vary his face as ſeamen do their compaſs,
To worſhip images of gold and ſilver,
And fall before the ſhe-calves of the ſeaſon,
Therefore muſt he jump into his brother's land?

Bri. Have you done yet, and have you ſpake enough
In praiſe of learning, Sir?

Mir. Never enough.

Bri. But, brother, do you know what learning is?

Mir. It is not to be a juſtice of peace, as you are,
And [18] palter out your time i'th' penal ſtatutes;
To hear the curious tenets controverted
Between a Proteſtant conſtable and a Jeſuit cobler;
To pick natural philoſophy out of bawdry,
When your worſhip's pleas'd to correctify a lady;
Nor 'tis not the main moral of blind juſtice,
(Which is deep learning) when your worſhip's tenants
Bring a light cauſe and heavy hens before you,
Both fat and feaſible, a gooſe or pig;
And then you ſit, like Equity, with both hands
Weighing indifferently the ſtate o'th' queſtion.
Theſe are your *quodlibets*, but no learning, brother.

Bri. You are ſo parlouſly in love with learning,
That I'd be glad to know what you underſtand, brother:
I'm ſure you have read all Ariſtotle.

Mir. Faith, no:
But I believe; I have a learned faith, Sir,
And that's it makes a gentleman of my ſort.
Though I can ſpeak no Greek, I love the ſound on't;
It goes ſo thundering as it conjur'd devils:
Charles ſpeaks it loftily, and, if thou wert a man,

[18] *And* palter *out your time.*] Shakeſpeare ſays, in his Macbeth,
'And be theſe juggling fiends no more believ'd,
'That *palter* with us in a double ſenſe;
'That keep the word of promiſe to our ear,
'And break it to our hope ——'.

Or hadſt but ever heard of Homer's Iliads,
Heſiod, and the Greek poets, thou wouldſt run mad,
And hang thyſelf for joy thou'dſt ſuch a gentleman
To be thy ſon. Oh, he has read ſuch things
To me!

Bri. And you do underſtand 'em, brother?

Mir. I tell thee, no; that's not material; the ſound's
Sufficient to confirm an honeſt man.
Good brother Briſac, does your young courtier,
That wears the fine clothes, and is the excellent gentleman,
The traveller, the ſoldier, as you think too,
Underſtand any other power than his taylor?
Or know what motion is, more than an horſe-race?
What the moon means, but to light him home from taverns?
Or the comfort of the ſun is, but to wear ſlaſh'd clothes in?
And muſt this piece of ignorance be popp'd up,
Becauſe 't can kiſs the hand, and cry, 'ſweet lady?'
Say, it had been at Rome, and ſeen the relicks,
Drunk your Verdea wine [19], and rid at Naples,
Brought home a box of Venice treacle with it,
To cure young wenches that have eaten aſhes:
Muſt this thing therefore——

Bri. Yes, Sir, this thing muſt!
I will not truſt my land to one ſo ſotted,
So grown like a diſeaſe unto his ſtudy.
He that will fling off all occaſions
And cares, to make him underſtand what ſtate is,
And how to govern it, muſt, by that reaſon,
Be flung himſelf aſide from managing:
My younger boy is a fine gentleman.

Mir. He is an aſs, a piece of ginger-bread,

[19] *Drunk your* Verdea *wine.*] There is a river in Italy, that runs through the territory of Praneſte, which of old was called Vereſis: The more modern geographers tell us that now its name is Verdé. I doubt not, but our Authors allude to the wines made in that neighbourhood. *Theobald.*

Gilt over to pleaſe fooliſh girls and puppets.
Bri. You are my elder brother.
Mir. So I had need,
And have an elder wit; thou'dſt ſhame us all elſe.
Go to! I ſay Charles ſhall inherit.
Bri. I ſay, no;
Unleſs Charles had a ſoul to underſtand it.
Can he manage ſix thouſand crowns a-year
Out of the metaphyſicks? or can all
His learn'd aſtronomy look to my vineyards?
Can the drunken old poets make up my vines?
(I know, they can drink 'em) or your excellent humaniſts
Sell 'em the merchants for my beſt advantage?
Can hiſtory cut my hay, or get my corn in?
And can geometry vent it in the market?
Shall I have my ſheep kept with a Jacob's ſtaff now?
I wonder you will magnify this mad-man;
You that are old and ſhould underſtand.
Mir. Should, ſay'ſt thou?
Thou monſtrous piece of ignorance in office!
Thou that haſt no more knowledge than thy clerk infuſes,
Thy dapper clerk, larded with ends of Latin,
And he no more than cuſtom of his office[20];
Thou unreprievable dunce! (that thy formal bandſtrings,
Thy ring, nor pomander, cannot expiate for)
Doſt thou tell me I ſhould? I'll poze thy worſhip
In thine own library, an almanack;

[20] *And he no more than cuſtom of* offences.] There is great humour in this paſſage, and 'tis pity that it ſhould be hurt by ſo obſcure an expreſſion at the cloſe. I can affix no idea to it, but that the juſtice's clerk's whole literature conſiſts in the forms of commitment for common offences; and therefore thought that the original might have been,——*cuſtomary offences:* Which conveys this idea more clearly than the preſent reading, which is too obſcure to be genuine. But by as ſmall a change of the letters, I have, I think, hit upon a much clearer one, and which for that reaſon is moſt likely to have been the original one.

And he no more than cuſtom of his office. *Seward.*

Which

Which thou art daily poring on, to pick out
Days of iniquity to cozen fools in,
And full moons to cut cattle! Doſt thou taint me,
That have run over ſtory, poetry,
Humanity?

Bri. As a cold nipping ſhadow
Does o'er the ears of corn, and leave 'em blaſted,
Put up your anger; what I'll do, I'll do.

Mir. Thou ſhalt not do.

Bri. I will.

Mir. Thou art an aſs then,
A' dull old tedious aſs; thou'rt ten times worſe,
And of leſs credit, than dunce Hollingſhead
The Engliſhman, that writes of ſhows and ſheriffs[21];

Enter Lewis.

Bri. Well, take your pleaſure; here's one I muſt talk with.

Lew. Good day, Sir.

Bri. Fair to you, Sir.

Lew. May I ſpeak wi' you?

Bri. With all my heart, I was waiting on your goodneſs.

Lew. Good-morrow, monſieur Miramont.

Mir. Oh, ſweet Sir,
Keep your good-morrow to cool your worſhip's pottage.
A couple of the world's fools met together
To raiſe up dirt and dunghills!

Lew. Are they drawn?

Bri. They ſhall be ready, Sir, within theſe two hours,
And Charles ſet his hand.

Lew. 'Tis neceſſary;
For he being a joint purchaſer, though your ſtate
Was got by your own induſtry, unleſs

[21] *That writes of* ſnows *and ſheriffs.*] The *quarto* in 1651, and the *folio* in 1679, have it *ſhows*; which I take to be the genuine word: Becauſe Hollingſhead is very prolix in deſcribing tilts and tournaments, publick entries, maſques, and other pieces of pageantry. *Theobald.*

He ſeal to the conveyance, it can be
Of no validity.
Bri. He ſhall be ready,
And do it willingly.
Mir. He ſhall be hang'd firſt.
Bri. I hope your daughter likes.
Lew. She loves him well, Sir:
Young Euſtace is a bait to catch a woman;
A budding ſprightly fellow. You're reſolv'd then,
That all ſhall paſs from Charles?
Bri. All, all; he's nothing;
A bunch of books ſhall be his patrimony,
And more than he can manage too.
Lew. Will your brother
Paſs over his land too, to your ſon Euſtace?
You know he has no heir.
Mir. He will be flead firſt,
And horſe-collars made of 's ſkin!
Bri. Let him alone;
A wilful man; my ſtate ſhall ſerve the turn, Sir.
And how does your daughter?
Lew. Ready for the hour;
And like a bluſhing roſe, that ſtays the pulling.
Bri. To-morrow then's the day.
Lew. Why then to-morrow,
I'll bring the girl; get you the writings ready.
Mir. But hark you, monſieur, have you the virtuous conſcience
To help to rob an heir, an Elder Brother,
Of that which nature and the law flings on him?
You were your father's eldeſt ſon, I take it,
And had his land; 'would you had had his wit too,
Or his diſcretion, to conſider nobly
What 'tis to deal unworthily in theſe things!
You'll ſay, he's none of yours, he is his ſon;
And he will ſay, he is no ſon to inherit
Above a ſhelf of books. Why did he get him?
Why was he brought up to write and read, and know things?

Why

Why was he not like his father, a dumb juſtice?
A flat dull piece of phlegm, ſhap'd like a man?
A reverend idol in a piece of arras?
Can you lay diſobedience, want of manners,
Or any capital crime to his charge?
Lew. I do not,
Nor do not weigh your words; they bite not me, Sir;
This man muſt anſwer.
Bri. I have don't already,
And given ſufficient reaſon to ſecure me.
And ſo, good-morrow, brother, to your patience.
Lew. Good-morrow, monſieur Miramont.
Mir. Good night-caps. [*Exeunt Bri. and Lew.*
Keep your brains warm, or maggots will breed in 'em!
Well, Charles, thou ſhalt not want to buy thee books yet;
The faireſt in thy ſtudy are my gift,
And the Univerſity Lovaine for thy ſake
Hath taſted of my bounty; and to vex
Th' old doting fool thy father, and thy brother,
They ſhall not ſhare a ſolz of mine between them:
Nay more, I'll give thee eight thouſand crowns a-year,
In ſome high ſtrain to write my epitaph. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Euſtace, Egremont, and Cowſy.

Euſt. How do I look now to my Elder Brother?
Nay, 'tis a handſome ſuit.
Cow. All courtly, courtly.
Euſt. I'll aſſure ye, gentlemen, my taylor has travel'd,
And ſpeaks as lofty language in his bills too,
The cover of an old book would not ſhew thus.
Fy, fy, what things theſe academicks are,
Theſe book-worms, how they look!

Egre. They're mere images,
No genteel motion nor behaviour in 'em;
They'll prattle ye of *primum mobile*,
And tell a ſtory of the ſtate of Heav'n,
What lords and ladies govern in ſuch houſes,
And what wonders they do when they meet together,
And how they ſpit ſnow, fire, and hail, like a juggler,
And make a noiſe, when they're drunk, which we call
thunder.

Cow. They are the ſneaking'ſt things, and the contemptibleſt;
Such ſmall-beer brains! But aſk 'em any thing
Out of the element of their underſtanding,
And they ſtand gaping like a roaſted pig.
Do they know what a court is, or a council,
Or how the affairs of Chriſtendom are manag'd?
Do they know any thing but a tir'd hackney?
And then, they cry 'abſurd,' as the horſe underſtood
'em [23].
They have made a fair youth of your Elder Brother;
A pretty piece of fleſh!

Euſt. I thank 'em for it;
Long may he ſtudy, to give me his ſtate!
Saw you my miſtreſs?

Egre. Yes, ſhe's a ſweet young woman;
But, be ſure, you keep her from learning.

Euſt. Songs ſhe
May have, and read a little unbak'd poetry,
Such as the dabblers of our time contrive,
That has no weight nor wheel to move the mind,
Nor, indeed, nothing but an empty ſound;
She ſhall have clothes, but not made by geometry;
Horſes and coach, but of no immortal race.
I will not have a ſcholar in mine houſe,

[23] *And then they cry* abſurd *as the horſe underſtood 'em.*] Mr. Theobald cenſures this paſſage as *ſtark nonſenſe:* Mr. Seward gives the following very proper explication of it: 'This is ſpoke of the 'college-ſtudents, whom the ſop makes ſuch pedants, as to talk even 'to their horſes in *ſcholaſtic terms*, calling it *abſurd* in a true hackney to hobble and ſtumble.'

Above

Above a gentle reader; they corrupt
The fooliſh women with their ſubtile problems:
I'll have my houſe call'd Ignorance, to fright
Prating philoſophers from entertainment.

Cow. It will do well: Love thoſe that love good faſhions,
Good clothes and rich, they invite men to admire 'em;
That ſpeak the liſp of court; oh! 'tis great learning
To ride well, dance well, ſing well, or whiſtle courtly,
They're rare endowments; that have ſeen far countries,
And can ſpeak ſtrange things, tho' they ſpeak no truths,
For then they make things common. When are you married?

Euſt. To-morrow, I think; we muſt have a maſque, boys,
And of our own making.

Eare. 'Tis not half an hour's work;
A Cupid and a fiddle, and the thing's done.
But let's be handſome; ſhall's be gods or nymphs?

Euſt. What, nymphs with beards?

Cow. That's true; we will be knights then,
Some wandring knights, that light here on a ſudden.

Euſt. Let's go, let's go; I muſt go viſit, gentlemen,
And mark what ſweet lips I muſt kiſs to-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Cook, Andrew, and Butler.

Cook. And how does my maſter?

And. Is at's book. Peace, coxcomb!
That ſuch an unlearn'd tongue as thine ſhould aſk for him!

Cook. Does he not ſtudy conjuring too?

And. Have you
Loſt any plate, Butler?

But. No, but I know
I ſhall to-morrow at dinner.

And. Then to-morrow

You ſhall be turn'd out of your place for't; we meddle
With no ſpirits o'th' butt'ry; they taſte too ſmall for us.
Keep me a pie in folio, I beſeech thee,
And thou ſhalt ſee how learn'dly I'll tranſlate him.
Shall's have good cheer to-morrow?
Cook. Excellent good cheer, Andrew.
And. The ſpite on't is, that, much about that time,
I ſhall be arguing, or deciding rather,
Which are the males and females of red herrings;
And whether they be taken in the Red Sea only;
A queſtion found out by Copernicus,
The learned motion-maker.
Cook. Ay, marry, Butler,
Here are rare things! A man, that look'd upon him,
Would ſwear he underſtood no more than we do.
But. Certain, a learned Andrew.
And. I've ſo much on't,
And am ſo loaden with ſtrong underſtanding,
I fear they'll run me mad. Here's a new inſtrument,
A mathematical gliſter, to purge the moon with,
When ſhe is laden with cold phlegmatic humours;
And here's another, to remove the ſtars,
When they grow too thick in the firmament.
Cook. Oh, Heav'ns! why do I labour out my life
In a beef-pot? and only ſearch the ſecrets
Of a ſallad, and know no further?
And. They are not
Reveal'd to all heads; theſe are far above
Your element of fire, Cook! I could tell you
Of Archimedes' glaſs, to fire your coals with;
And of the philoſophers turf, that ne'er goes out.
And, Gilbert Butler, I could raviſh thee,
With two rare inventions.
But. What are they, Andrew?
And. The one, to blanch your bread from chippings baſe,
And in a moment, as thou would'ſt an almond;
The ſect of the Epicureans invented that:
The other, for thy trenchers, that's a ſtrong one,

To

To cleanſe you twenty dozen in a minute,
And no noiſe heard; which is the wonder, Gilbert!
And this was out of Plato's New Ideas.

But. Why, what a learned maſter doſt thou ſerve, Andrew?

And. Theſe are but the ſcrapings of his underſtanding, Gilbert.
With gods and goddeſſes, and ſuch ſtrange people,
He deals, and treats with in ſo plain a faſhion,
As thou doſt with thy boy that draws thy drink,
Or Ralph there, with his kitchen-boys and ſcalders.

Cook. But why ſhould he not be familiar, and talk ſometimes,
As other Chriſtians do, of hearty matters?
And come into th' kitchen, and there cut his breakfaſt?

But. And then retire to the butt'ry, and there eat it,
And drink a luſty bowl? My younger maſter,
That muſt be now the heir, will do all theſe,
Ay, and be drunk too; theſe are mortal things.

And. My maſter ſtudies immortality.

Cook. Now thou talk'ſt of immortality,
How does thy wife, Andrew? My old maſter
Did you no ſmall pleaſure when he procur'd her,
And ſtock'd you in a farm. If he ſhould love her now,
As he hath a colt's tooth yet, what ſays your learning
And your ſtrange inſtruments to that, my Andrew?
Can any of your learned clerks avoid it?
Can you put by his mathematical engine?

And. Yes, or I'll break it. Thou awaken'ſt me;
And I'll peep i' th' moon this month, but I'll watch for him!
My maſter rings; I muſt go make him a fire,
And conjure o'er his books.

Cook. Adieu, good Andrew;
And ſend thee manly patience with thy learning!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Charles.

Char. I have forgot to eat and ſleep with reading,
And all my faculties turn into ſtudy:
'Tis meat and ſleep! What need I outward garments,
When I can clothe myſelf with underſtanding?
The ſtars and glorious planets have no taylors,
Yet ever new they are, and ſhine like courtiers;
The ſeaſons of the year find no fond parents,
Yet ſome are arm'd in ſilver ice that gliſters,
And ſome in gaudy green come in like maſquers;
The ſilk-worm ſpins her own ſuit and her lodging,
And has no aid nor partner in her labours!
Why ſhould we care for any thing but knowledge?
Or look upon the world, but to contemn it?

Enter Andrew.

And. Would you have any thing?
Char. Andrew, I find
There is a ſtie grown o'er the eye o'th' bull [23],
Which will go near to blind the conſtellation.
And. Put a gold ring in's noſe, and that will cure him.
Char. Ariadne's crown's awry too; two main ſtars,
That held it faſt, are ſlipp'd out.
And. Send it preſently
To Gallilæo, the Italian ſtar-wright [24];
He'll ſet it right again, with little labour.
Char. Thou art a pretty ſcholar.

[23] *There is a ſtie grown o'er the eye o'th' bull*] Charles is ſpeaking of the Bull, or ſign *Taurus*, upon the cœleſtial globe. A piece of dirt was fall'n on the Bull's eye, which look'd like that inflammation which is called a *ſtie*. *Theobald.*

[24] *To* Gallatteo, *the Italian ſtar-wright.*] But *Gallilæo* was his true name, as I had ſeveral years ago mark'd in the margin of my book; and as Mr. Sympſon likewiſe lately obſerved to me. *Theobald*

And.

And. I hope I ſhall be:
Have I ſwept your books ſo often to know nothing?
Char. I hear thou'rt married.
And. It hath pleas'd your father
To match me to a maid of his own chooſing[25]:
(I doubt her conſtellation's looſe too, and wants nailing)
And a ſweet farm he has giv'n us, a mile off, Sir.
Char. Marry thyſelf to underſtanding, Andrew:
Theſe women are *errata* in all authors!
They're fair to ſee to, and bound up in yellum,
Smooth, white, and clear; but their contents are monſtrous;
They treat of nothing but dull age and diſeaſes.
Thou haſt not ſo much wit in thy head, as there is
On thoſe ſhelves, Andrew.
And. I think I have not, Sir.
Char. No, if thou hadſt
Thou'dſt ne'er have warm'd a woman in thy boſom[26]:
They're cataplaſms, made o'th' deadly ſins.
I ne'er ſaw any yet but mine own mother,
Or, if I did, I did regard them but
As ſhadows that paſs by of under creatures.
And. Shall I bring you one? I'll truſt you with my own wife,
I would not have your brother go beyond you,
They're the prettieſt natural philoſophers to play with!
Char. No, no; they're opticks to delude mens' eyes with.
Does my younger brother ſpeak any Greek yet, Andrew?
And. No, but he ſpeaks High Dutch; and that goes as daintily.
Char. Reach me the books down I read yeſterday,
And make a little fire, and get a manchet;

[25] *To match me to a* maid *of his own chooſing*;] Mr. Sympſon alters *maid* to *mate*; which is certainly as unneceſſary as it is unwarranted.

[26] *Thou'dſt ne'er have* warm'd *a woman in thy boſom*;] The alluſion, I take it, is to the ſilly countryman, in the fable, who cheriſhed a frozen ſnake in his boſom, till it recovered and ſtung him. *Theobald.*

Make

Make clean thoſe inſtruments of braſs I ſhew'd you,
And ſet the great ſphere by; then take the fox-tail,
And purge the books from duſt; laſt, take your Lilly,
And get your part ready.

And. Shall I go home, Sir?

My wife's name is Lilly; there my beſt part lies, Sir.

Char. I mean your grammar. Oh, thou dunderhead!
Wouldſt thou be ever in thy wife's Syntaxis?
Let me have no noiſe, nor nothing to diſturb me;
I am to find a ſecret.

And. So am I too;
Which, if I do find, I ſhall make ſome ſmart for't.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, Sylvia, and Notary.

Lew. THIS is the day, my daughter Angellina,
The happy day, that muſt make you a fortune,
A large and full one; my great care has wrought it,
And yours muſt be as great to entertain it.
Young Euſtace is a gentleman at all points,
And his behaviour affable and courtly,
His perſon excellent; I know you find that,
I read it in your eyes, you like his youth.
Young handſome people ſhould be match'd together,
Then follow handſome children, handſome fortunes.
The moſt part of his father's ſtate, my wench,
Is tied in jointure; that makes up the harmony;
And, when ye are married, he's of that ſoft temper,
And ſo far will be chain'd to your obſervance,
That you may rule and turn him as you pleaſe.
What, are the writings drawn on our ſide, Sir?

Not. They are; and here I have ſo fetter'd him,
That, if the Elder Brother ſet his hand to,
Not all the pow'r of law ſhall e'er releaſe him.

Lew.

Lew. Theſe notaries are notable confident knaves,
And able to do more miſchief than an army.
Are all your clauſes ſure?
Not. Sure as proportion;
They may turn rivers ſooner than theſe writings.
Why did you not put all the lands in, Sir?
Lew. 'Twas not condition'd.
Not. If it had been found,
It had been but a fault made in the writing;
If not found, all the land.
Lew. Theſe are ſmall devils,
That care not who has miſchief, ſo they make it;
They live upon the mere ſcent of diſſention:
'Tis well, 'tis well. Are you contented, girl?
For your will muſt be known.
Ang. A huſband's welcome,
And, as an humble wife, I'll entertain him:
No ſovereignty I aim at; 'tis the man's, Sir;
For ſhe that ſeeks it kills her huſband's honour.
The gentleman I have ſeen, and well obſerv'd him,
Yet find not that grac'd excellence you promiſe;
A pretty gentleman, and he may pleaſe too;
And ſome few flaſhes I have heard come from him,
But not to admiration, as to others;
He's young, and may be good, yet he muſt make it;
And I may help, and, help'd too, thank him alſo[27].

It

[27] *He's young and may be good, yet he muſt make it,*
And I may help, and help to *thank him alſo.*] I can make no ſort of ſenſe of the latter part of the laſt line; but as the foregoing lines point out the intention of the author, ſo that will direct us to the true reading. The ſenſe I take to be this. He's yet too young to be fix'd to either good or evil, but he may hereafter make himſelf good, and I may help to make him ſo: And, as I am young, he, in return, may help to fix me in goodneſs. The ſlight reformation, that I have offered, entirely gives this ſenſe. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

He's young, and may be good, yet he muſt make him ſo,
And I may help, and for help *thank him alſo.*

We think Mr. Seward's explanation of the *ſenſe* of this paſſage juſt; but the *words* we have introduced to the text are nearer thoſe of the old

It is your pleaſure I ſhould make him mine,
And 't has been ſtill my duty to obſerve you.
Lew. Why then let's go, and I ſhall love your modeſty.
To horſe, and bring the coach out. Angelina,
To-morrow you will look more womanly.
Ang. So I look honeſtly, I fear no eyes, Sir. [*Exe.*

SCENE II.

Enter Briſac, Andrew, Cook, and Lilly.

Bri. Wait on your maſter; he ſhall have that befits him.
And. No inheritance, Sir?
Bri. You ſpeak like a fool, a coxcomb!
He ſhall have annual means to buy him books,
And find him clothes and meat; what would he more?
Trouble him with land? 'tis flat againſt his nature;
I love him too, and honour thoſe gifts in him.
And. Shall maſter Euſtace have all?
Bri. All, all; he knows how
To uſe it; he's a man bred in the world,
T'other i' th' heav'ns. My maſters, pray be wary
And ſerviceable; and, Cook, ſee all your ſauces
Be ſharp and poignant in the palate, that they may
Commend you; look to your roaſt and bak'd meats handſomely,
And what new kickſhaws and delicate made things—
Is th' muſick come?
But. Yes, Sir, they're here at breakfaſt.
Bri. There will be a maſque too. You muſt ſee this room clean,
And, Butler, your door open to all good fellows:
But have an eye to your plate, for there be furies——
My Lilly, welcome! you are for the linen;
Sort it, and ſet it ready for the table;

---

old copies, while they convey the ſame meaning: 'Each giving *help*, 'and each giving *thanks*.' The alteration in the firſt line ſeems totally unneceſſary.

And

And ſee the bride-bed made, and look the cords be
Not cut aſunder by the gallants too;
There be ſuch knacks abroad. Hark hither, Lilly!
To-morrow night, at twelve o' clock, I'll ſup w'ye:
Your huſband ſhall be ſafe; I'll ſend you meat too:
Before, I cannot well ſlip from my company.

And. Will you ſo, will you ſo, Sir? I'll make one to eat it;
I may chance to make you ſtagger too.

Bri. No anſwer, Lilly?

Lil. One word about the linen. I'll be ready,
And reſt your worſhip's ſtill.

And. And I'll reſt w'ye;
You ſhall ſee what reſt 'twill be. Are you ſo nimble?
A man had need have ten pair of ears to watch you.

Bri. Wait on your maſter, for I know he wants you;
And keep him in his ſtudy, that the noiſe
Do not moleſt him. I will not fail, my Lilly!
Come in, ſweet-hearts, all to their ſeveral duties. [*Ex.*

And. Are you kiſſing-ripe, Sir? Double but my farm,
And kiſs her 'till thy heart ake. Theſe ſmock-vermin!
How eagerly they leap at old mens' kiſſes!
They lick their lips at profit, not at pleaſure.
And if 'twere not for the ſcurvy name of cuckold,
He ſhould lie with her. I know, ſhe'll labour at length
With a good lordſhip. If he had a wife now!
But that's all one, I'll fit him. I muſt up
Unto my maſter; he'll be mad with ſtudy. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Charles.

Char. What noiſe is this? My head is broken! In ev'ry corner[28],

As

[28] *What noiſe is in this houſe, my head is broken.*] The old editions have handed down to us as ridiculous a blunder upon this paſſage, as ever paſs'd the preſs. They read;

——— *my head is broken,*
Within a parentheſis *in ev'ry corner:*

Our

As if the earth were ſhaken with ſome ſtrange cholic,
There are ſtirs and motions. What planet rules this
houſe?

Enter

Our learned and ingenious Mr. Cibber, who jumbled the Cuſtom of the Country and this play into one comedy, ſagaciouſly ſaw, that *within a parentheſis* did not ſo harmoniouſly begin a verſe; he has therefore alter'd it thus.

——— *my head is broken*
With a parentheſis *in ev'ry corner*;

This gentleman, I ſuppoſe, might have met with this ſcrap of Latin, which is ſaid to thoſe who make falſe grammar, *Diminuis Priſciani caput:* You break Priſcian's head. Now if a little falſe grammar would break Priſcian's head, he naturally concluded, a common man's head might be broken with a *parentheſis:* and ſo he very judiciouſly adopted the expreſſion.———But may it not be aſked, how did this nonſenſe ſlip at firſt into the old books? I believe, I can give a ſolution for that. Some careful reader had written in the margin of his book at the words,

——— *My head is broken*
Within a *parentheſis.*

But forgetting to make the two half-moons, which form a *parentheſis*, it was miſtook at preſs for a part of the text, and thence we derive this wonderful interpolation. *Theobald.*

As this paſſage has been moſt ſtrangely treated, we hope our readers will allow us to lay before them the lections of the ſeveral editions which have come to our hands, together with a few remarks on the different variations: But which, as it may be cenſured as a ſpecies of *verbal criticiſm*, we ſhould not have done, had we not imagined it would afford entertainment to the curious and diſcerning.

Quarto, 1637, ſays,

What noiſe is in this houſe, my head is broken,
Within a parentheſis, in every corner
As if the earth were ſhaken, &c.

Quarto, 1651,

What noiſe is this, my head is broken,
Within a parentheſis, in every corner
As if the earth were ſhaken, &c.

Folio, 1679 (wherein the whole of this beautiful poem is degraded into proſe), except ſaying, *What a noiſe*, copies the words of 1637.

Octavo, 1711,

What noiſe is in this houſe, my head is broken,
With ſeveral noiſes; and *in every corner,*
As if the earth were ſhaken, &c.

Here we find that the rejection of the words, *within a parentheſis*, was concluded on near forty years before Mr. Theobald's edition

was

Enter Andrew.

Who's there?

And. 'Tis I, Sir, faithful Andrew.

Char. Come near,
And lay thine ear down; hear'ſt no noiſe?

And. The cooks
Are chopping herbs and mince-meat to make pies,
And breaking marrow-bones.

Char. Can they ſet them again?

And. Yes, yes, in broths and puddings; and they grow ſtronger,

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was publiſhed; a circumſtance he ought to have mentioned, as well as the interpolation of the words, *with ſeveral noiſes; and*—.' Octavo, 1750,

What noiſe is in this houſe, (my head is broken!)
With ſeveral noiſes; and in every corner;
As if the earth were ſhaken, &c.

We will give Mr. Theobald credit for the rejected words having been meant as a direction; but ſurely, then, the *parentheſis* ſhould have extended further than he has made it; it ſhould have gone on to the word *corner*; otherwiſe, aſſiſted by his alteration of the points, the whole paſſage is (to uſe that gentleman's favourite expreſſion) *ſtark nonſenſe*. It is beyond the power of human ingenuity, we believe, to make any ſenſe of, *What noiſe is in this houſe, with ſeveral noiſes; and in every corner; as if the earth were ſhaken*, &c. A plain proof this is, among innumerable others, that the deſervedly-moſt-admired Editor of Shakeſpeare undertook the reviſal of the next beſt Engliſh dramatiſts, when his faculties were debilitated and his fancy extinguiſhed, if not his underſtanding impaired. Of the quartos, the oldeſt are, generally, moſt to be depended on; but the Elder Brother is an exception to this rule. The copy of 1651 corrects various paſſages which appear nonſenſe in that of 1637, as well as enables us to rectify ſeveral new errors in the more modern editions: Not that that is immaculate: Without the firſt copy (aided by the ſame infinite drudgery of compariſon neceſſary for the other ſixteen plays printed in quarto) we ſhould not be enabled to furniſh our readers with ſuch a copy of the Elder Brother as would give ourſelves ſatisfaction.

With reſpect to *parentheſes*, our anceſtors were unreaſonably fond of them; in the preſent inſtance, to put the words, *my head is broken*, between a *parentheſis*, though allowable, is totally unneceſſary. We have (except in punctuation) followed our favourite quarto; and flatter ourſelves, the reading here exhibited will be allowed to be, more than any prior to it, ſenſible, poetical, and nervous.

The interpolated words, *with ſeveral noiſes*, we apprehend to have been originally a direction for the repreſentation at the theatre.

For th' uſe of any man.
Char. What ſqueaking's that?
Sure, there is a maſſacre.
And. Of pigs and geeſe, Sir,
And turkeys, for the ſpit. The cooks are angry, Sir,
And that makes up the medley.
Char. Do they thus
At every dinner? I ne'er mark'd them yet,
Nor know who is a cook.
And. They're ſometimes ſober,
And then they beat as gently as a taber.
Char. What loads are theſe?
And. Meat, meat, Sir, for the kitchen;
And ſtinking fowls the tenants have ſent in:
They'll ne'er be found out at a general eating.
And there's fat veniſon, Sir.
Char. What's that?
And. Why, deer;
Thoſe that men fatten for their private pleaſures,
And let their tenants ſtarve upon the commons.
Char. I've read of deer, but yet I ne'er eat any.
And. There's a fiſhmonger's boy with caviare[29], Sir;
Anchovies, and potargo [30], to make you drink.
Char. Sure, theſe are modern, very modern meats,
For I underſtand 'em not.
And. No more does any man
From *caca-merda*[31], or a ſubſtance worſe,
'Till they be greas'd with oil, and rubb'd with onions,
And then flung out of doors, they are rare ſallads.
Char. And why is all this, prithee, tell me, Andrew?
Are there any princes to dine here to-day?
By this abundance, ſure, there ſhould be princes.
I've read of entertainment for the gods,
At half this charge. Will not ſix diſhes ſerve 'em?

[29] *Caviare.*] The eggs of a ſturgeon.

[30] *Potargo.*] A pickle, prepared in the Weſt-Indies.

[31] *Caca-merda.*] This expreſſion, too groſs for an Engliſh audience, or an Engliſh reader, will be underſtood by every perſon converſant in the Spaniſh and Portugueſe languages.

I never

I never had but one, and that a ſmall one.

And. Your brother's married this day; he's married;
Your younger brother, Euſtace!

Char. What of that?

And. And all the friends about are bidden hither;
There's not a dog that knows the houſe but comes too.

Char. Married? to whom?

And. Why, to a dainty gentlewoman,
Young, ſweet, and modeſt.

Char. Are there modeſt women?
How do they look?

And. Oh, you'd bleſs yourſelf to ſee them.
He parts with's book! He ne'er did ſo before yet!

Char. What does my father for 'em?

And. Gives all his land,
And makes your brother heir.

Char. Muſt I have nothing?

And. Yes, you muſt ſtudy ſtill, and he'll maintain you.

Char. I am his Elder Brother.

And. True, you were ſo;
But he has leap'd o'er your ſhoulders, Sir.

Char. 'Tis well;
He'll not inherit my underſtanding too?

And. I think not; he'll ſcarce find tenants to let it Out to.

Char. Hark, hark!

And. The coach that brings the fair lady.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, Ladies, Notary, &c.

Now you may ſee her.

Char. Sure, this ſhould be modeſt;
But I do not truly know what women make of it,
Andrew! She has a face looks like a ſtory [32];

The

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[32] ——*She has a face looks like a* ſtory:
The ſtory *of the Heav'ns looks very like her.*] Mr. Seward, out of kindneſs to Charles, and that he may 'not talk nonſenſe,' would alter *ſtory* to *glory* in both places: But, ſays Mr. Theobald,

The ſtory of the Heav'ns looks very like her.

And. She has a wide face then.

Char. She has a cherubin's,
Cover'd and veil'd with modeſt bluſhes.
Euſtace, be happy, whilſt poor Charles is patient!
Get me my book again, and come in with me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Briſac, Euſtace, Egremont, Cowſy and Miramont.

Bri. Welcome, ſweet daughter; welcome, noble brother;
And you are welcome, Sir, with all your writings;
Ladies, moſt welcome! What, my angry brother!
You muſt be welcome too; the feaſt is flat elſe.

Mir. I come not for your welcome, I expect none;
I bring no joys to bleſs the bed withal;
Nor ſongs, nor maſques, to glorify the nuptials
I bring an angry mind, to ſee your folly,
A ſharp one too, to reprehend you for it.

Bri. You'll ſtay and dine though?

Mir. All your meat ſmells muſty;
Your table will ſhew nothing to content me.

Bri. I'll aſſure you, here's good meat.

Mir. But your ſauce is ſcurvy;
It is not ſeaſon'd with the ſharpneſs of diſcretion.

Euſt. It ſeems your anger is at me, dear uncle.

Mir. Thee! Thou art not worth my anger; thou'rt a boy;
A lump o' thy father's likeneſs, made of nothing
But antick clothes and cringes! Look in thy head,
And 'twill appear a foot-ball full of fumes
And rotten ſmoke! Lady, I pity you;

' I have preſerv'd the word *ſtory*, becauſe our Authors have uſed the ' ſame image in their Philaſter;

——How that fooliſh man,
That reads the ſtory *of a woman's* face,
And dies believing it, is loſt for ever!

wherein he certainly is very right; which is ſtill ſtronger proved, by Euſtace afterwards ſaying,

How do you, brother, with your curious ſtory?
Have you not read *her yet ſufficiently?*

You

You are a handſome and a ſweet young lady,
And ought to have a handſome man yok'd t'ye,
An underſtanding too; this is a gincrack,
That can get nothing but new faſhions on you;
For ſay, he have a thing ſhap'd like a child,
'Twill either prove a tumbler or a taylor.
Euſt. Theſe are but harſh words, uncle.
Mir. So I mean 'em.
Sir, you play harſher play w'your Elder Brother.
Euſt. I would be loth to give you——
Mir. Do not venture;
I'll make your wedding-clothes ſit cloſer t'ye then.
I but diſturb you; I'll go ſee my nephew.
Lew. Pray take a piece of roſemary [33].
Mir. I'll wear it;
But for the lady's ſake, and none of yours!
May be, I'll ſee your table too.
Bri. Pray do, Sir. [*Exit Mir.*
Ang. A mad old gentleman.
Bri. Yes, faith, ſweet daughter,
He has been thus his whole age, to my knowledge.
He has made Charles his heir, I know that certainly;
Then why ſhould he grudge Euſtace any thing?
Ang. I would not have a light head, nor one laden
With too much learning, as, they ſay, this Charles is,
That makes his book his miſtreſs. Sure, there's ſomething
Hid in this old man's anger, that declares him
Not a mere ſot.
Bri. Come, ſhall we go and ſeal, brother?
All things are ready, and the prieſt is here.
When Charles has ſet his hand unto the writings,
As he ſhall inſtantly, then to the wedding,
And ſo to dinner.
Lew. Come, let's ſeal the book firſt,

[33] *Pray take a piece of* roſemary.] It has been obſerved, that *roſemary* was anciently ſuppoſed to ſtrengthen the memory, and that it was not only carried at funerals, but worn at weddings. See Hamlet, act iv. ſc. v. *R.*

For my daughter's jointure.

Bri. Let's be private in't, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Charles, Miramont, and Andrew.

Mir. Nay, you're undone!

Char. Hum!

Mir. Ha'ye no greater feeling?

And. You were ſenſible of the great book, Sir,
When it fell on your head; and, now the houſe
Is ready to fall, do you fear nothing?

Char. Will he have my books too?

Mir. No; he has a book,
A fair one too, to read on, and read wonders.
I would thou hadſt her in thy ſtudy, nephew,
An 'twere but to new-ſtring her.

Char. Yes, I ſaw her;
And, methought, 'twas a curious piece of learning
Handſomely bound, and of a dainty letter.

And. He flung away his book.

Mir. I like that in him:
'Would he had flung away his dullneſs too,
And ſpake to her.

Char. And muſt my brother have all?

Mir. All that your father has.

Char. And that fair woman too?

Mir. That woman alſo.

Char. He has enough then.
May I not ſee her ſometimes, and call her ſiſter?
I will do him no wrong.

Mir. This makes me mad;
I could now cry for anger! Theſe old fools
Are the moſt ſtubborn and the wilfull'ſt coxcombs!
Farewell, and fall to your book; forget your brother;
You are my heir, and I'll provide y' a wife.
I'll look upon this marriage, though I hate it. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Briſac.

Bri. Where is my ſon?

And. There, Sir; caſting a figure
What chopping children his brother ſhall have.

Bri. He does well. How do'ſt, Charles? Still at thy book?

And. He's ſtudying now, Sir, who ſhall be his father.

Bri. Peace, you rude knave! Come hither, Charles; be merry.

Char. I thank you; I am buſy at my book, Sir.

Bri. You muſt put your hand, my Charles, as I would have you,
Unto a little piece of parchment here;
Only your name. You write a reaſonable hand.

Char. But I may do unreaſonably to write it.
What is it, Sir?

Bri. To paſs the land I have, Sir,
Unto your younger brother.

Char. Is't no more?

Bri. No, no, 'tis nothing: You ſhall be provided for;
And new books you ſhall have ſtill, and new ſtudies;
And have your means brought in without thy care, boy;
And one ſtill to attend you.

Char. This ſhews your love, father.

Bri. I'm tender to you.

And. Like a ſtone, I take it.

Char. Why, father, I'll go down, an't pleaſe you let me,
Becauſe I'd ſee the thing they call *the gentlewoman.*
I ſee no women, but through contemplation,
And there I'll do't before the company,
And wiſh my brother fortune.

Bri. Do, I prithee.

Char. I muſt not ſtay; for I have things above,
Require my ſtudy.

Bri. No, thou ſhalt not ſtay;
Thou ſhalt have a brave dinner too.

And. Now has he
O'erthrown himſelf for ever. I will down
Into the cellar, and be ſtark drunk for anger! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, Euſtace, Prieſt, Ladie, Cowſ, Notary, and Miramont.

Not. Come, let him bring his ſon's hand, and all's done
Is yours ready?
Prieſt. Yes, I'll diſpatch ye preſently,
Immediately; for, in truth, I am a-hungry.
Euſt. Do, ſpeak apace, for we believe exactly.
Do not we ſtay long, miſtreſs?
Ang. I find no fault;
Better things well done, than want time to do them.
Uncle, why are you ſad?
Mir. Sweet-ſmelling bloſſom!
'Would I were thine uncle to thine own content;
I'd make thy huſband's ſtate a thouſand better;
A yearly thouſand. Thou haſt miſs'd a man
(But that he is addicted to his ſtudy,
And knows no other miſtreſs than his mind)
Would weigh down bundles of theſe empty kexes.
Ang. Can he ſpeak, Sir?
Mir. 'Faith, yes; but not to women:
His language is to Heav'n, and heav'nly wonder,
To nature, and her dark and ſecret cauſes.
Ang. And does he ſpeak well there?
Mir. Oh, admirably!
But he's too baſhful to behold a woman;
There's none that ſees him, nor he troubles none.
Ang. He is a man.
Mir. Yes, and a clear ſweet ſpirit.
Ang. Then converſation, methinks——
Mir. So think I too;
But 'tis his rugged fate, and ſo I leave you.
Ang. I like thy nobleneſs.
Euſt. See, my mad uncle
Is courting my fair miſtreſs.
Lew. Let him alone;
There's nothing that allays an angry mind
So ſoon as a ſweet beauty. He'll come to us.

Enter

Enter Briſac and Charles.

Euſt. My father's here, my brother too, that's a wonder;
Broke like a ſpirit from his cell.
Bri. Come hither,
Come nearer, Charles; 'twas your deſire to ſee
My noble daughter, and the company,
And give your brother joy, and then to ſeal, boy.
You do like a good brother.
Lew. Marry, does he,
And he ſhall have my love for ever for't.
Put to your hand now.
Not. Here's the deed, Sir, ready.
Char. No, you muſt pardon me a while: I tell you,
I am in contemplation; do not trouble me.
Bri. Come, leave thy ſtudy, Charles.
Char. I'll leave my life firſt:
I study now to be a man; I've found it.
Before, what man was, was but my argument.
Mir. I like this beſt of all; he has taken fire;
His dull miſt flies away.
Euſt. Will you write, brother?
Char. No, brother, no; I have no time for poor things;
I'm taking th' height of that bright conſtellation.
Bri. I ſay you trifle time, ſon.
Char. I will not ſeal, Sir:
I am your Eldeſt, and I'll keep my birth-right;
For, Heav'n forbid I ſhould become example.
Had y'only ſhew'd me land, I had deliver'd it,
And been a proud man to have parted with it;
'Tis dirt, and labour. Do I ſpeak right, uncle?
Mir. Bravely, my boy; and bleſs thy tongue!
Char. I'll forward.
But you have open'd to me ſuch a treaſure,
(I find my mind free; Heav'n direct my fortune!)
Mir. Can he ſpeak now? Is this a ſon to ſacrifice?
Char. Such an inimitable piece of beauty,

That

That I have ſtudied long, and now found only,
That I'll part ſooner with my ſoul of reaſon,
And be a plant, a beaſt, a fiſh, a fly,
And only make the number of things up,
Than yield one foot of land, if ſhe be tied to't!
Lew. He ſpeaks unhappily.
Ang. And, methinks, bravely.
This the mere ſcholar?
Euſt. You but vex yourſelf, brother,
And vex your ſtudy too.
Char. Go you and ſtudy;
For 'tis time, young Euſtace. You want man and manners;
I've ſtudy'd both, although I made no ſhow on't.
Go, turn the volumes over I have read
Eat and digeſt them, that they may grow in thee:
Wear out the tedious night with thy dim lamps,
And ſooner loſe the day than leave a doubt:
Diſtil the ſweetneſs from the poets' ſpring,
And learn to love; thou knowſt not what fair is:
Traverſe the ſtories of the great heroes,
The wiſe and civil lives of good men walk through:
Thou haſt ſeen nothing but the face of countries,
And brought home nothing but their empty words!
Why ſhouldſt thou wear a jewel of this worth,
That haſt no worth within thee to preſerve her?

Beauty clear and fair,
Where the air
Rather like a perfume dwells;
Where the violet and the roſe
Their blue veins in bluſh diſcloſe,
And come to honour nothing elſe.

Where to live near,
And planted there,
Is to live, and ſtill live new;
Where to gain a favour is
More than light, perpetual bliſs,
Make me live by ſerving you.

Dear,

Dear, again back recall
To this light,
A ſtranger to himſelf and all;
Both the wonder and the ſtory
Shall be yours, and eke the glory:
I am your ſervant, and your thrall.

Mir. Speak ſuch another ode, and take all yet!
What ſay you to the ſcholar now?

Ang. I wonder!
Is he your brother, Sir?

Euſt. Yes. 'Would he were buried!
I fear he'll make an aſs of me; a younker [34].

Ang. Speak not ſo ſoftly, Sir; 'tis very likely.

Bri. Come, leave your finical talk, and let's diſpatch,
[illegible]

Char. Diſpatch! what?

Bri. Why, the bind.

Char. You are deceiv'd, Sir:
Now I perceive what 'tis that wooes a woman,
And what maintain's her when ſhe's woo'd. I'll ſtop here.
A wilful poverty ne'er made a beauty,
Nor want of means maintain'd it virtuouſly.
Though land and monies be no happineſs,
Yet they are counted good additions.
That uſe I'll make; he that neglects a bleſſing,
Though he want preſent knowledge how to uſe it,
Neglects himſelf. May be, I have done you wrong, lady,
Whoſe love and hope went hand in hand together;

[34] *I fear, he'll make an aſs of me, a* younger.] A *younger* what? He was already his *younger* brother. I hope, I may venture to ſay, that I have retrieved the original word. A *younker*, among the ſailors, is a lad employ'd in the moſt ſervile offices belonging to the ſhip; ſuch as ſwabbing the deck, taking in the top-ſails, ſlinging the yards, taking their turns at the helm, &c. *Theobald.*

This contemptuous diſtinction is very common in the old plays. So, Falſtaff ſays, 'What, will you make a *younker* of me?' 1ſt Part Hen. iv. act iii. *R.*

And yet, probably, after all, *younger* is the right word; ſince the whole play turns on an attempt to make the Younger Brother the Elder, which the Elder Brother defeats.

May

May be, my brother, that has long expected
The happy hour, and bleſs'd my ignorance.
(Pray, give me leave, Sir, I ſhall clear all doubts.)
Why did they ſhew me you? Pray tell me that.
(Mir. He'll talk thee into a penſion for thy knavery.)
Char. You, happy you! why did you break unto me?
The roſy-finger'd morn ne'er broke ſo ſweetly.
I am a man, and have deſires within me,
Affections too, though they were drown'd a while,
And lay dead, till the ſpring of beauty rais'd them:
Till I ſaw thoſe eyes, I was but a lump,
A chaos of confuſedneſs dwelt in me;
Then from thoſe eyes ſhot Love, and he diſtinguiſh'd,
And into form he drew my faculties.
And now I know my land, and ſo, I love too.
Bri. We had beſt remove the maid.
Char. It is too late, Sir;
I have her figure here. Nay, frown not, Euſtace,
There are leſs worthy ſouls for younger brothers:
This is no form of ſilk, but ſanctity,
Which wild laſcivious hearts can never dignify.
Remove her where you will, I walk along ſtill,
For, like the light, we make no ſeparation.
You may ſooner part the billows of the ſea,
And put a bar betwixt their fellowſhips,
Than blot out my remembrance; ſooner ſhut
Old Time into a den, and ſtay his motion;
Waſh off the ſwift hours from his downy wings,
Or ſteal Eternity to ſtop his glaſs,
That ſhut the ſweet idea I have in me.
Room for an Elder Brother! Pray give place, Sir!
Mir. H'as ſtudied duel too; take heed, he'll beat thee;
H'as frighted the old juſtice into a fever!
I hope, he'll diſinherit him too for an aſs;
For, though he be grave with years, he's a great baby.
Char. Do not you think me mad?
Ang. No, certain, Sir:

I have

I have heard nothing from you but things excellent.

Char. You look upon my clothes, and laugh at me;
My ſcurvy clothes!

Ang. They have rich linings, Sir.
I would your brother——

Char. His are gold, and gaudy.

Ang. But touch 'em inwardly, they ſmell of copper.

Char. Can you love me? I am an heir, ſweet lady,
However I appear a poor dependant.
Can you loſe with honour? I ſhall love ſo ever.
Is your eye ambitious? I may be a great man.
Is't wealth or lands you covet? my father muſt die.

Mir. That was well put in; I hope he'll take it deeply.

Char. Old men are not immortal, as I take it.
Is it you look for, youth and handſomeneſs?
I do confeſs my brother's a handſome gentleman;
But he ſhall give me leave to lead the way, lady.
Can you love for love[35], and make that the reward?
The old man ſhall not love his heaps of gold
With a more doting ſuperſtition,
Than I'll love you; the young man, his delights;
The merchant, when he ploughs the angry ſea up,
And ſees the mountain-billows falling on him,
As if all elements, and all their angers,
Were turn'd into one vow'd deſtruction,
Shall not with greater joy embrace his ſafety.
We'll live together like two wanton vines,
Circling our ſouls and loves in one another;
We'll ſpring together, and we'll bear one fruit;
One joy ſhall make us ſmile, and one grief mourn,
One age go with us, and one hour of death
Shall cloſe our eyes, and one grave make us happy.

Ang. And one hand ſeal the match: I'm yours for ever!

---

[35] *Love for Love*] Theſe words are the title of Congreve's comedy, in which he has palpably copied our Authors, particularly in endeavouring to make the Elder Brother forego his birthright, in favour of the Younger. The very name of Angelica, Valentine's miſtreſs, is perhaps borrowed from Angelina.

Lew.

Lew. Nay, ſtay, ſtay, ſtay!
Ang. Nay, certainly, 'tis done, Sir.
Bri. There was a contract.
Ang. Only conditional,
That if he had the land, he had my love too:
This gentleman's the heir, and he'll maintain it.
Pray be not angry, Sir, at what I ſay;
Or, if you be, 'tis at your own adventure.
You have the outſide of a pretty gentleman,
But, by my troth, your inſide is but barren.
'Tis not a face I only am in love with;
Nor will I ſay, your face is excellent;
A reaſonable hunting face, to court the wind with;
Nor they're not words, unleſs they be well plac'd too,
Nor your ſweet *dam-mee's*, nor your laced verſes,
Nor telling me of clothes, nor coach and horſes,
No, nor your viſits each day in new ſuits,
Nor your black patches you wear variouſly,
Some cut like ſtars, ſome in half-moons, ſome lozenges[36].
All which but ſhew you ſtill a younger brother!
Mir. Gra'mercy, wench, thou haſt a noble ſoul too.
Ang. Nor your long travels, nor your little knowledge,
Can make me dote upon you. Faith, go ſtudy,
And glean ſome goodneſs, that you may ſhew manly;
(Your brother at my ſuit, I'm ſure, will teach you.)
Or only ſtudy how to get a wife, Sir.
You're caſt behind; 'tis good you ſhould be melancholy,
It ſhews like a gameſter that had loſt his money,
And 'tis the faſhion to wear your arm in a ſcarf, Sir,
For you have had a ſhrewd cut o'er the fingers.

[36] *Nor your black patches you wear variouſly,*
Some cut like ſtars, ſome in half-moons, ſome lozenges.
All which but ſhew you ſtill a younger brother.] The cuſtom of wearing black patches on the face begun amongſt the men, being made of black velvet, and cut in various ſhapes. It was a foppiſh imitation of the officers of the army, who, in one place of our Authors, are ſaid, after a campaign, to be oblig'd from their wounds, *to wear their faces in velvet ſcabbards.* *Seward.*

Lew.

Lew. But are you in earneſt?
Ang. Yes, believe me, father;
You ſhall ne'er chuſe for me; you're old and dim, Sir,
And th' ſhadow of the earth eclips'd your judgment.
You've had your time without controul, dear father,
And you muſt give me leave to take mine now, Sir.
Bri. This is the laſt time of aſking; will you ſet your hand to?
Char. This is the laſt time of anſwering; I will never!
Bri. Out of my doors!
Char. Moſt willingly.
Mir. He ſhall, Jew;
Thou of the tribe of *Man-y-aſſes!* coxcomb!
And never trouble thee more till thy chops be cold, fool.
Ang. Muſt I be gone too?
Lew. I will never know thee.
Ang. Then this man will: What fortune he ſhall run, father,
Be't good or bad, I muſt partake it with him.

Enter Egremont.

Egre. When ſhall the maſque begin?
Euſt. 'Tis done already:
All, all, is broken off; I am undone, friend!
My brother's wife again, and has ſpoil'd all,
Will not releaſe the land; has won the wench too.
Egre. Could he not ſtay till th' maſque was paſt? We're ready.
What a ſcurvy trick is this?
Mir. Oh, you may vaniſh!
Perform it at ſome hall, where the citizens' wives
May ſee't for ſix-pence a-piece, and a cold ſupper.
Come, let's go, Charles! And now, my noble daughter,
I'll ſell the tiles of my houſe ere thou ſhalt want, wench.
Rate up your dinner, Sir, and ſell it cheap.
Some younger brother will take't up in commodities.
Send you joy, nephew Euſtace! If you ſtudy the law,
Keep your great pippin-pies; they'll go far with you.
Char. I'd have your bleſſing.

Bri.

Bri. No, no; meet me no more!
Farewell! thou wilt blaſt mine eyes elſe.
Char. I will not.
Lew. Nor ſend not you for gowns!
Ang. I'll wear coarſe flannel firſt.
Bri. Come, let's go take ſome counſel.
Lew. 'Tis too late.
Bri. Then ſtay and dine; it may be, we ſhall vex 'em. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Briſac, Euſtace, Egremont and Cowſy.

Briſac. NE'ER talk to me! You are no men, but maſquers;
Shapes, ſhadows, and the ſigns of men; counterfeit bubbles,
That every breath or breaks or blows away!
You have no ſouls, no mettle in your bloods,
No heat to ſtir ye when ye have occaſion!
Frozen dull things, that muſt be turn'd with leavers!
Are you the courtiers, and the travell'd gallants?
The ſprightly fellows, that the people talk of?
You've no more ſpirit than three ſleepy ſots!
Euſt. What would you have me do, Sir?
Bri. Follow your brother,
And get you out of doors, and ſeek your fortune!
Stand ſtill becalm'd, and let an aged dotard,
A hair-brain'd puppy, and a bookiſh boy,
That never knew a blade above a penknife,
And how to cut his meat in characters,
Croſs my deſign, and take thy own wench from thee?
In mine own houſe too? Thou deſpis'd, poor fellow!
Euſt. The reverence that I ever bare to you, Sir,
Then to my uncle, with whom 't had been but faucineſs
T' have been ſo rough——

Egre.

Egre. And we not ſeeing him
Strive in his own cauſe, that was principal,
And ſhould have led us on, thought it ill manners
To begin a quarrel here.
Bri. You dare do nothing.
Do we make your care th' excuſe of your cowardlineſs?
Three boys on hobby-horſes, with three-penny halberts,
Would beat you all.
Cow. You muſt not ſay ſo.
Bri. Yes,
And ſing it too.
Cow. You are a man of peace,
Therefore we muſt give way.
Bri. I'll make my way;
And therefore quickly leave me, or I'll force you;
And, having firſt torn off your flaunting feathers,
I'll trample on 'em; and if that cannot teach you
To quit my houſe, I'll kick you out of my gates,
You gaudy glow-worms, carrying ſeeming fire,
Yet have no heat within you!
Cow. Oh, bleſs'd travel!
How much we owe thee for our pow'r to ſuffer?
Egre. Some ſplenitive youths now, that had never ſeen
More than their country ſmoke, would grow in choler:
It would ſhew fine in us!
Euſt. Yes, marry, would it,
That are prime courtiers, and muſt know no angers;
But give thanks for our injuries, if we purpoſe
To hold our places.
Bri. Will you find the door,
And find it ſuddenly? You ſhall lead the way, Sir,
With your perfum'd retinue, and recover
The now-loſt Angellina; or, build on it,
I will adopt ſome beggar's doubtful iſſue,
Before thou ſhalt inherit.
Euſt. We'll to counſel;
And what may be done by man's wit or valour

We'll put in execution.

Bri. Do, or never
Hope I ſhall know thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lewis.

Lew. Oh, Sir, have I found you?

Bri. I never hid myſelf. Whence flows this fury,
With which, as it appears, you come to fright me?

Lew. I ſmell a plot, a mere conſpiracy,
Among ye all, to defeat me of my daughter;
And if ſhe be not ſuddenly deliver'd,
Untainted in her reputation too,
The beſt of France ſhall know how I am juggled with.
She is my heir, and if ſhe may be raviſh'd
Thus from my care, farewell, nobility!
Honour and blood are mere neglected nothings.

Bri. Nay, then, my lord, you go too far, and tax him
Whoſe innocency underſtands not what fear is.
If your unconſtant daughter will not dwell
On certainties, muſt you thenceforth conclude
That I am fickle? What have I omitted,
To make good my integrity and truth?
Nor can her lightneſs, nor your ſuppoſition,
Caſt an aſperſion on me.

Lew. I am wounded
In fact, nor can words cure it. Do not trifle;
But ſpeedily, once more I do repeat it,
Reſtore my daughter as I brought her hither,
Or you ſhall hear from me in ſuch a kind
As you will bluſh to anſwer! [*Exit Lewis.*

Bri. All the world,
I think, conſpires to vex me; yet I will not
Torment myſelf; ſome ſprightful mirth muſt baniſh
The rage and melancholy which hath almoſt choak'd me:
T' a knowing man 'tis phyſic, and 'tis thought one.

One

One merry hour I'll have, in ſpite of fortune,
To chear my heart, and this is that appointed:
This night I'll hug my Lilly in my arms;
Provocatives are ſent before to chear me;
We old men need 'em; and though we pay dear
For our ſtol'n pleaſures, ſo it be done ſecurely,
The charge, much like a ſharp ſauce, gives 'em reliſh.
Well, honeſt Andrew, I gave you a farm,
And it ſhall have a beacon, to give warning
To my other tenants when the foe approaches;
And preſently, you being beſtow'd elſewhere,
I'll graft it with dexterity on your forehead;
Indeed, I will. Lilly, I come! poor Andrew! [*Ex.*

SCENE II.

Enter Miramont and Andrew.

Mir. Do they chafe roundly?

And. As they were rubb'd with ſope, Sir.
And now they ſwear aloud, now calm again,
Like a ring of bells, whoſe ſound the wind ſtill alters;
And then they ſit in council what to do,
And then they jar again, what ſhall be done.
They talk of warrants from the parliament,
Complaints to the king, and forces from the province;
They have a thouſand heads in a thouſand minutes,
Yet ne'er a one head worth a head of garlick.

Mir. Long may they chafe, and long may we laugh at 'em,
A couple of pure puppies yoak'd together!
But what ſays the young courtier, maſter Euſtace,
And his two warlike friends?

And. They ſay but little;
How much they think, I know not. They look ruefully,
As if they had newly come from a vaulting-houſe,
And had been quite ſhot thro' 'tween wind and water
By a ſhe Dunkirk, and had ſprung a leak, Sir.

Certain, my maſter was to blame.

Mir. Why, Andrew?

And. To take away the watch o' th' ſudden from him,
And give him no lawful warning, he is tender,
And of a young girl's conſtitution, Sir,
Ready to get the green-ſickneſs with conceit.
Had he but ta'en his leave in travelling language,
Or bought an elegy of his condolement [37],
That th' world might have ta'en notice he had been
An aſs, 't had been ſome favour.

Mir. Thou ſay'ſt true,
Wiſe Andrew; but thoſe ſcholars are ſuch things
When they can prattle!

And. Very parlous things, Sir.

Mir. And when they gain the liberty to diſtinguiſh
The difference 'twixt a father and a fool,
To look below and ſpy a younger brother,
Pruning and dreſſing up his expectations
In a rare glaſs of beauty, to woo for him;
Thoſe dreaming ſcholars then turn tyrants, Andrew,
And ſhew no mercy.

And. The more the pity, Sir.

Mir. Thou told'ſt me of a trick to catch my brother,
And anger him a little further, Andrew.
It ſhall be only anger, I aſſure thee,
And a little ſhame.

And. And I can fit you, Sir.
Hark in your ear.

Mir. Thy wife?

And. So, I aſſure you:
This night at twelve o'clock.

Mir. 'Tis neat and handſome;
There are twenty crowns due to thy project, Andrew.

---

[37] *Or bought an elegy of his condolement*] This is ſpoke of Euſtace, whom Angellina before attacks for hiring verſes; but Mr. Theobald unaccountably miſtook it to be ſpoke of the ſcholar Charles, and therefore reads, *brought an elegy*. *Seward.*

I've

I've time to viſit Charles, and ſee what lecture
He reads to his miſtreſs. That done, I'll not fail
To be with you.

And. Nor I to watch my maſter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Angellina, and Sylvia with a taper.

Ang. I'm worſe than e'er I was, for now I fear
That that I love, that that I only dote on.
He follows me through every room I paſs,
And with a ſtrong ſet eye he gazes on me,
As if a ſpark of innocence were blown
Into a flame of luſt. Virtue defend me!
His uncle too is abſent, and 'tis night;
And what theſe opportunities may teach him——
What fear and endleſs care 'tis, to be honeſt!
To be a maid, what miſery, what miſchief!
'Would I were rid of it, ſo it were fairly!

Syl. You need not fear that; will you be a child ſtill?
He follows you, but ſtill to look upon you.
Or, if he did deſire to lie with you,
'Tis but your own deſire; you love for that end.
I'll lay my life, if he were now a-bed w' you,
He is ſo modeſt, he would fall aſleep ſtraight.

Ang. Dare you venture that?

Syl. Let him conſent, and have at you.
I fear him not; he knows not what a woman is,
Nor how to find the myſtery men aim at.
Are you afraid of your own ſhadow, madam?

And. He follows ſtill, yet with a ſober face.
'Would I might know the worſt, and then I were ſatisfied.

Syl. You may both[38], let him but go with you.

Enter Charles.

Char. Why do you fly me? What have I ſo ill

[38] *You may both*:] Mr. Theobald's edition reads, *You may* know *both*; which interpolation, we think, deſtroys the Poets' meaning. Sylvia is deſigned to ſay, BOTH *you and Charles* may know the worſt.

About me, or within me, to deſerve it?
Ang. I am going to-bed, Sir.
Char. And I am come to light you;
I am a maid, and 'tis a maiden's office.
You may have me to-bed without a ſcruple;
And yet I am chary too who comes about me.
Two innocents ſhould not fear one another.
Syl. The gentleman ſays true. Pluck up your heart, madam.
Char. The glorious ſun, both riſing and declining,
We boldly look upon; even then, ſweet lady,
When, like a modeſt bride, he draws night's curtains;
Even then he bluſhes, that men ſhould behold him.
Ang. I fear he will perſuade me to miſtake him.
Syl. 'Tis eaſily done, if you will give your mind to't.
Ang. Pray you, to your bed.
Char. Why not to yours, dear miſtreſs?
One heart and one bed.
Ang. True, Sir, when 'tis lawful:
But yet, you know——
Char. I would not know; forget it.
Thoſe are but lickly loves that hang on ceremony,
Nurs'd up with doubts and fears; ours high and healthful,
Full of belief, and fit to teach the prieſt.
Love ſhould ſeal firſt, then hands confirm the bargain.
Ang. I ſhall be an heretic, if this continue.
What would you do a-bed? You make me bluſh, Sir.
Char. I'd ſee you ſleep, for, ſure, your ſleeps are excellent:
You, that are waking ſuch a noted wonder,
Muſt in your ſlumbers prove an admiration.
I would behold your dreams too, if 'twere poſſible;
Thoſe were rich ſhows.
Ang. I am becoming traitor.
Char. Then, like blue Neptune, courting of an iſland,
Where all the perfumes and the precious things
That wait upon great nature are laid up,

I'd

I'd clip you in mine arms, and chaſtely kiſs you;
Dwell in your boſom like your deareſt thoughts,
And ſigh and weep.

Ang. I've too much woman in me.

Char. And thoſe true tears, falling on your pure cryſtals,
Should turn to armlets for great queens to wear [39].

Ang. I muſt be gone.

Char. Do not; I will not hurt you.
This is to let you know, my worthieſt lady,
You've clear'd my mind, and I can ſpeak of love too.
Fear not my manners; though I never knew,
Before theſe few hours, what a beauty was,
And ſuch a one that fires all hearts that feel it;
Yet I have read of virtuous temperance,
And ſtudied it among my other ſecrets:
And ſooner would I force a ſeparation
Betwixt this ſpirit and the caſe of fleſh,
Than but conceive one rudeneſs againſt chaſtity.

Ang. Then, we may walk.

Char. And talk of any thing,
Any thing fit for your ears, and my language.
Though I was bred up dull, I was ever civil.
'Tis true, I have found it hard to look on you,
And not deſire; 'twill prove a wiſe man's taſk;
Yet thoſe deſires I have ſo mingled, miſtreſs,
And temper'd with the quality of honour,
That, if you ſhould yield, I ſhould hate you for't.
I am no courtier, of a light condition,

[39] *Should turn to armlets for great queens* t' adore.] But why ſhould a queen, or lady of any other rank, *adore* her bracelets? They might be very rich and finely made, and ſo far to be admired and eſteem'd: But to make them the ſubject of devotion, is a rapture a little above the pitch of common ſenſe. *For great queens* to wear, is, I think, a ſufficient compliment; and ſo I have ventur'd to reform the text. *Theobald.*

Is it not aſtoniſhing, that, after this parade and this *reforming the text*, theſe words, *to wear*, appear in the edition of 1651, which Mr. Theobald often quotes, and therefore muſt have ſeen? Neither Mr. Seward nor Mr. Sympſon, as appears by their Poſtſcript and Addenda, knew that this authority exiſted.

Apt to take fire at every beauteous face,
That only ſerves his will and wantonneſs;
And lets the ſerious part of life run by,
As thin neglected ſand. Whiteneſs of name [49]
You muſt be mine! why ſhould I rob myſelf
Of that that lawfully muſt make me happy?
Why ſhould I ſeek to cuckold my delights,
And widow all thoſe ſweets I aim at in you?
We'll loſe ourſelves in Venus' groves of myrtle,
Where every little bird ſhall be a Cupid,
And ſing of love and youth; each wind that blows,
And curls the velvet leaves, ſhall breed delights;
The wanton ſprings ſhall call us to their banks,
And on the perfum'd flow'rs wooe us to tumble;
Yet we'll walk by, untainted of their pleaſures,
And, as they were pure temples, we'll talk in them.

Ang. To-bed, and pray then, we may have a fair end

Of our fair loves. 'Would I were worthy of you,
Or of ſuch parents that might give you thanks!
But I am poor in all but your affections.
Once more, good night!

Char. A good night t'ye, and may
The dew of ſleep fall gently on you, ſweet one,
And lock up thoſe fair lights in pleaſing ſlumbers!
No dreams but chaſte and clear attempt your fancy!

---

[49] *As thin neglected ſand.* Whiteneſs of name, &c.] Mr. Theobald totally miſunderſtood this paſſage; and therefore pointed it thus:

And lets the ſerious part of life run by,
As thin neglected ſand, whiteneſs of name.
You muſt be mine, &c.

'The relative *you*, ſays Mr. Seward, miſled him; he thought it 'related to Angellina, whereas, with infinite poetic beauty, it relates 'to *whiteneſs of name*: The meaning of the paſſage being evidently 'this——If you ſhould yield, I ſhould hate you; for I am no cour-'tier, that gives the rein to all his wanton appetites. No; *white-'neſs of name, i. e.* the character and conſciouſneſs of chaſtity and 'innocence, *you muſt be always mine*; which I ſhould forfeit eter-'nally, ſhould I debauch my miſtreſs before marriage, for

Why ſhould I ſeek to cuckold *my delights?*
And widow *all thoſe ſweets I aim at in you?*'

And

And break betimes, ſweet morn! I've loſt my light elſe.

Ang. Let it be ever night, when I loſe you[41].

Syl. This ſcholar never went to a free-ſchool, he's ſo ſimple.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Your brother, with two gallants, is at the door, Sir;
And they're ſo violent, they'll take no denial.

Ang. This is no time of night——

Char. Let 'em in, miſtreſs.

Ser. They ſtay no leave. Shall I raiſe the houſe on 'em?

Char. Not a man, nor make no murmur of 't, I charge you.

Enter Euſtace, Egremont, and Cowſy.

Euſt. They're here; my uncle abſent; ſtand cloſe to me.
How do you, brother, with your curious ſtory?
Have you not read her yet ſufficiently?

Char. No, brother, no; I ſtay yet in the preface;
The ſtyle's too hard for you.

Euſt. I muſt entreat her;
She's parcel of my goods.

Char. She's all, when you have her.

Ang. Hold off your hands, unmannerly, rude Sir;
Nor I, nor what I have, depend on you.

Char. Do, let her alone; ſhe gives good counſel. Do not
Trouble yourſelf with ladies; they are too light;
Let out your land, and get a provident ſteward.

Ang. I cannot love you, let that ſatisfy you!
Such vanities as you, are to be laugh'd at.

Euſt. Nay then, you muſt go, I muſt claim mine own.

Both. Away, away with her!

Char. Let her alone, [*She ſtrikes off Euſtace's hat.*

[41] We think the Poets have not paid due regard to the delicacy of female character, in this ſcene of Angellina: The behaviour of Charles is admirable.

Pray

Pray let her alone, and take your coxcomb up.
Let me talk civilly awhile with you, brother:
It may be, on ſome terms, I may part with her.
Euſt. Oh, is your heart come down? What are your terms, Sir?
Put up, put up.
Char. This is the firſt and chiefeſt.
Let's walk a turn. Now ſtand off, fools, I adviſe ye.
[*Snatches away his ſword.*
Stand as far off as you would hope for mercy.
This is the firſt ſword yet I ever handled,
And a ſword's a beauteous thing to look upon,
And, if it hold, I ſhall ſo hunt your inſolence!
'Tis ſharp, I'm ſure; and, if I put it home,
'Tis ten to one I ſhall new pink your ſattins.
I find, I have ſpirit enough to diſpoſe of it,
And will enough to make ye all examples!
Let me toſs it round; I have the full command on't:
Fetch me a native fencer, I defy him!
I feel the fire of ten ſtrong ſpirits in me.
Do you watch me when my uncle is abſent?
This is my grief, I ſhall be fleſh'd on cowards!
Teach me to fight; I willing am to learn.
Are ye all gilded flies? nothing but ſhow in ye?
Why ſtand ye gaping? Who now touches her?
Who calls her his, or who dares name her to me,
But name her, as his own? who dares look on her?
That ſhall be mortal too; to think is dangerous!
Art thou a fit man to inherit land,
And haſt no wit, nor ſpirit, to maintain it?
Stand ſtill, thou ſign of man, and pray for thy friends;
Pray heartily; good prayers may reſtore ye.
Ang. Do not kill 'em, Sir.
Char. You ſpeak too late, dear:
It is my firſt fight, and I muſt do bravely;
I muſt not look with partial eyes on any;
I cannot ſpare a button of theſe gentlemen:
Did life lie in their heel, Achilles-like,
I'd ſhoot my anger at thoſe parts, and kill 'em.
Wh

Who waits within?

Ser. Sir!

Char. View all theſe; view 'em well;
Go round about 'em, and ſtill view their faces.
Round about yet; ſee how death waits upon 'em;
For thou ſhalt never view 'em more.

Euſt. Pray hold, Sir.

Char. I cannot hold, you ſtand ſo fair before me;
I muſt not hold, 'twill darken all my glories.
Go to my uncle, bid him poſt to the king,
And get my pardon inſtantly; I have need on't.

Euſt. Are you ſo unnatural?

Char. You ſhall die laſt, Sir;
I'll talk thee dead, thou art no man to fight with.
Come; will ye come? Methinks I have fought whole battles!

Cow. We have no quarrel to you, that we know on, Sir.

Egre. We'll quit the houſe, and aſk you mercy too.
Good lady, let no murder be done here;
We came but to parly.

Char. How my ſword
Thirſts after them? Stand away, ſweet.

Euſt. Pray, Sir,
Take my ſubmiſſion, and I diſclaim for ever——

Char. Away, ye poor, ſlight, deſpicable creatures!
Do you come poſt to fetch a lady from me,
From a poor ſchool-boy, that ye ſcorn'd of late,
And grow lame in your hearts, when you ſhould execute?
Pray, take her, take her; I am weary of her;
What did ye bring to carry her?

Egre. A coach and four horſes.

Char. But are they good?

Egre. As good as France can ſhew, Sir.

Char. Are you willing to leave thoſe, and take your ſafeties?
Speak quickly.

Euſt. Yes, with all our hearts.

Char.

Char. 'Tis done then.
Many have got one horſe; I've got four by th' bargain.

Enter Miramont.

Mir. How now? who's here?
Ser. Nay, now you're gone without bail.
Mir. What, drawn, my friends? Fetch me my two-hand ſword!
I will not leave a head on your ſhoulders, wretches!
Euſt. In truth, Sir, I came but to do my duty.
Both. And we to renew our loves.
Mir. Bring me a blanket.
What came they for?
Ang. To borrow me a while, Sir:
But one, who never fought yet, has ſo frighted 'em,
So baſtinado'd them with manly carriage,
They ſtand like things Gorgon had turn'd to ſtone.
They watch'd your being abſent, and then thought
They might do wonders here, and they have done ſo:
For, by my troth, I wonder at their coldneſs;
The nipping North, or froſts, never came near them;
St. George upon a ſign would grow more ſenſible:
If the name of honour were for ever to be loſt,
Theſe were the moſt ſufficient men to do it
In all the world, and yet they are but young.
What will they riſe to? They're as full of fire
As a frozen glow-worm's tail, and ſhine as goodly;
Nobility and patience are match'd rarely
In theſe three gentlemen; they have right uſe on't;
They'll ſtand ſtill for an hour, and be beaten.
Theſe are the anagrams of three great worthies.
Mir. They will infect my houſe with cowardice,
If they breathe longer in it; my roof covers
No baffled monſieurs; walk and air yourſelves!
As I live, they ſtay not here, white-liver'd wretches!
Without one word to aſk a reaſon why,
Vaniſh, 'tis the laſt warning, and with ſpeed!
For, if I take ye in hand, I ſhall diſſect ye,
And read upon your phlegmatic dull carcaſſes.
[*Exeunt Euſtace, Egremont, and Cowſy.*

My

My horſe again there! I have other buſineſs,
Which you ſhall hear hereafter, and laugh at it.
Good night, Charles; fair goodneſs to you, dear lady.
'Tis late, 'tis late.

Ang. Pray, Sir, be careful of us.

Mir. It is enough; my beſt care ſhall attend ye.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Andrew.

And. Are you come, old maſter? Very good, your horſe
Is well ſet up; but ere ye part, I'll ride you,
And ſpur your reverend juſticeſhip ſuch a queſtion [42],
As I ſhall make the ſides o' your reputation bleed;
Truly, I will. Now muſt I play at bo-peep.
A banquet? Well! Potatoes [43], and eringoes,
And, as I take it, cantharides. Excellent!
A priapiſm follows; and, as I'll handle it,
It ſhall, old lecherous goat in authority.
Now they begin to bill. How he ſlavers her!
Gra'mercy, Lilly! ſhe ſpits his kiſſes out;
And, now he offers to fumble, ſhe falls of,
(That's a good wench) and cries, 'fair play, aboveboard.'
Who are they in the corner? As I live,
A covey of fidlers; I ſhall have ſome muſic yet

[42] *And ſpur your reverend juſticeſhip ſuch a* queſtion.] To ſpur ſuch a *queſtion*, I think, is downright nonſenſe. The word, that I have ventured to ſubſtitute, gives a meaning and humour into the bargain; *i. e.* ſuch an *inqueſt*, ſuch an *enquiry* into what you are about; and the term is the more peculiarly proper, as connected with *juſticeſhip*. *Theobald.*

This gentleman ſays, *ſuch a* queſt on't; but to us this alteration ſeems puerile; for if *queſt* means *inqueſt* or *enquiry*, ſurely *queſtion* conveys the ſame ſenſe.

[43] *Potatoes.*] If the reader ſhould be deſirous of any information why this vegetable is introduced on the preſent occaſion, he may ſee the ſubject very learnedly diſcuſſed in the Appendix to the laſt edition of Shakeſpeare. *R.*

At

At my making free o'th' company of horners [44].
There's the comfort; and a ſong too! He beckons for one.
Sure, 'tis no anthem, nor no borrowed rhymes
Out of the School of Virtue. I will liſten. [*A ſong.*
This was never penn'd at Geneva; the note's too ſprightly.
So, ſo, the muſic's paid for; and now what follows?
Oh, that monſieur Miramont would but keep his word,
Here were a feaſt to make him fat with laughter!
At the moſt, 'tis not ſix minutes riding from his houſe;
Nor will he break, I hope. Oh, are you come, Sir?

Enter Miramont.

The prey is in the net [45]; and we'll break in
Upon occaſion.

Mir. Thou ſhalt rule me, Andrew.
Oh, th' infinite fright that will aſſail this gentleman!
The quartans, tertians, and quotidians
That will hang, like ſerjeants, on his worſhip's ſhoulders!
The humiliation of the fleſh of this man,
This grave auſtere man, will be wonder'd at!
How will thoſe ſolemn looks appear to me,
And that ſevere face, that ſpake chains and ſhackles,
Now I take him in the nick, ere I have done with him?
He'd better have ſtood between two panes [46] of wainſcot,

[44] *My making free o'th' company of* horners.] This word muſt ſignify *planters* of *horns*, *cuckold-makers*; but this was not Andrew's caſe, he was to be dubb'd a *cuckold*; and therefore, conſequently, to be made free of the company of *born'd ones*. *Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald reads, *born'd ones*. This is one of the fineſt ſtrokes of verbal criticiſm we recollect. If Andrew had any kind of dealing with *horns*, he commenced *horner*.

[45] *The prey is in the net, and* will *break in Upon occaſion.*] If the prey was already in the net, where was it to break into? Andrew means, that he and Miramont would break in, and ſurprize it. Mr. Seward ſaw with me, that the ſlight alteration made, was quite neceſſary to the ſenſe. *Theobald.*

[46] *Two* panes *of wainſcot.*] Some of the old writers uſe *pane* and *pannel* indiſcriminately; both are deduced from the French word *paneau*. We ſtill ſay, '*pane* of glaſs.'

And

And made his recantation in the market,
Than hear me conjure him.
And. He muſt paſs this way,
To th' only bed I have. He comes; ſtand cloſe.

Enter Briſac and Lilly.

Bri. Well done, well done; give me my night-cap. So!
Quick, quick, untruſs me; I will truſs and trounce thee!
Come, wench, a kiſs between each point; kiſs cloſe;
It is a ſweet parentheſis.
Lil. You're merry, Sir.
Bri. Merry I will be anon, and thou ſhalt feel it,
Thou ſhalt, my Lilly.
Lil. Shall I air your bed, Sir?
Bri. No, no, I'll uſe no warming-pan but thine, girl;
That's all. Come, kiſs me again.
Lil. Ha' you done yet?
Bri. No; but I will do, and do wonders, Lilly.
Shew me the way.
Lil. You cannot miſs it, Sir.
You ſhall have a caudle in the morning, for
Your worſhip's breakfaſt.
Bri. How? i'th' morning, Lilly?
Thou'rt ſuch a witty thing, to draw me on.
Leave fooling, Lilly; I am hungry now,
And th'haſt another kickſhaw; I muſt taſte it.
Lil. 'Twill make you ſurfeit, I am tender of you;
You've all you're like to have.
And. Can this be earneſt?
Mir. It ſeems ſo, and ſhe honeſt.
Bri. Have I not
Thy promiſe, Lilly?
Lil. Yes; and I've perform'd
Enough to a man of your years: This is truth,
And you ſhall find, Sir. You have kiſs'd and tous'd me,
Handled my leg and foot: What would you more, Sir?

As

As for the reſt, it requires youth and ſtrength,
And the labour in an old man would breed aches [47],
Sciaticas, and cramps; you ſhall not curſe me,
For taking from you what you cannot ſpare, Sir.
Be good unto yourſelf; you've ta'en already
All you can take with eaſe; you are paſt threſhing,
It is a work too boiſterous for you; leave
Such drudgery to Andrew.

Mir. How ſhe jeers him?

Lil. Let Andrew alone with his own tillage;
He's tough, and can manure it.

Bri. You're a queen,
A ſcoffing jeering queen!

Lil. It may be ſo, but,
I'm ſure, I'll ne'er be yours.

Bri. Do not provoke me;
If thou doſt, I'll have my farm again, and turn
Thee out a-begging.

Lil. Though you have the will,
And want of honeſty, to deny your deed, Sir,
Yet, I hope, Andrew has got ſo much learning
From my young maſter, as to keep his own.

And. I warrant thee, wench.

Lil. At the worſt, I'll tell a ſhort tale to the judges,
For what grave ends you ſign'd your leaſe, and on
What terms you would revoke it.

Bri. Whore, thou dar'ſt not!
Yield, or I'll have thee whipp'd. How my blood boils,
As if 'twere o'er a furnace!

Mir. I ſhall cool it.

Bri. Yet, gentle Lilly, pity and forgive me!
I'll be a friend to you, ſuch a loving bountiful friend—

Lil. To avoid ſuits in law, I would grant a little;

[47] *And the labour in an old man would breed* agues.] But will labour in any caſe breed *agues*, unleſs a man gets a violent cold after it? *Aches*, which I have ſubſtituted, correſponds with the attendant words, *ſciaticas*, and *cramps*. So, in the Knight of Malta;

——— *Share her among ye!*
And may ſhe give you as many hurts as I have,
And twice as many aches!

But

But ſhould fierce Andrew know it, what would become
Of me?

And. A whore, a whore!

Bri. Nothing but well, wench:
I will put ſuch a ſtrong bit in his mouth,
As thou ſhalt ride him how thou wilt, my Lilly:
Nay, he ſhall hold the door, as I will work him,
And thank thee for the office.

Mir. Take heed, Andrew;
Theſe are ſhrewd temptations.

And. Pray you, know
Your cue, and ſecond me, Sir.—By your worſhip's favour!

Bri. Andrew!

And. I come in time to take poſſeſſion
Of th' office you aſſign me; hold the door!
Alas, 'tis nothing for a ſimple man
To ſtay without, when a deep, underſtanding
Holds conference within; ſay, with his wife:
A trifle, Sir. I know I hold my farm
In cuckold's tenure; you are lord o'th' ſoil, Sir:
Lilly is a weft, a ſtray; ſhe's yours to uſe, Sir,
I claim no intereſt in her.

Bri. Art thou ſerious?
Speak, honeſt Andrew, ſince thou haſt o'erheard us,
And wink at ſmall faults, man; I'm but a pidler,
A little will ſerve my turn; thou'lt find enough,
When I've my belly full: Wilt thou be private
And ſilent?

And. By all means; I'll only have
A ballad made of 't, ſung to ſome lewd tune,
And the name of it ſhall be the Juſtice Trap:
It will ſell rarely with your worſhip's name,
And Lilly's, on the top.

Bri. Seek not the ruin
O' my reputation, Andrew.

And. 'Tis for your credit;
Monſieur Briſac, printed in capital letters,
Then paſted upon all the poſts in Paris.

Bri. No mercy, Andrew?
And. Oh, it will proclaim you
From th' city to the court, and prove Sport-royal.
Bri. Thou ſhalt keep thy farm.
Mir. He does afflict him rarely.
And. You trouble me. Then his intent arriving,
The vizard of his hypocriſy pull'd off
To the judge criminal——
Bri. Oh, I am undone.
And. He's put out of commiſſion with diſgrace,
And held uncapable of bearing office
Ever hereafter. This is my revenge,
And this I'll put in practice.
Bri. Do but hear me.
And. To bring me back from my grammar to my horn-book!
It is unpardonable.
Bri. Do not play the tyrant;
Accept of compoſition.
Lil. Hear him, Andrew.
And. What compoſition?
Bri. I'll confirm thy farm,
And add unto't an hundred acres more,
Adjoining to it.
And. Hum! this mollifies.
But you're ſo fickle, and will again deny this,
There being no witneſs by.
Bri. Call any witneſs,
I'll preſently aſſure it.
And. Say you ſo?
Troth, there's a friend of mine, Sir, within hearing,
That is familiar with all that's paſt;
His teſtimony will be authentical.
Bri. Will he be ſecret?
And. You may tie his tongue up,
As you would do your purſe-ſtrings.
Bri. Miramont!
Mir. Ha, ha, ha!
And. This is my witneſs. Lord, how you are troubled!

Sure

Sure you've an ague, you ſhake ſo with choler.
He's your loving brother, Sir, and will tell nobody,
But all he meets, that you have eat a ſnake,
And are grown young, gameſome, and rampant.
Bri. Caught thus?
And. If he were one that would make jeſts of you,
Or plague you with making your religious gravity
Ridiculous to your neighbours, then you had
Some cauſe to be perplex'd.
Bri. I ſhall become
Diſcourſe for clowns and tapſters.
And. Quick, Lilly, quick!
He's now paſt kiſſing between point and point;
He ſwoons, fetch him ſome cordial. Now put in, Sir.
Mir. Who may this be? Sure, this is ſome miſtake.
Let me ſee his face; wears he not a falſe beard?
It cannot be Briſac, that worthy gentleman,
The pillar, and the patron, of his country;
He is too prudent, and too cautelous;
Experience hath taught him to avoid theſe fooleries.
He is the puniſher, and not the doer;
Beſides he's old and cold, unfit for women:
This is ſome counterfeit; he ſhall be whipp'd for't;
Some baſe abuſer of my worthy brother.
Bri. Open the doors! will y' impriſon me? Are ye my judges?
Mir. The man raves! This is not judicious Briſac.
Yet, now I think on't, a' has a kind of dog-look
Like my brother; a guilty hanging face.
Bri. I'll ſuffer bravely; do your worſt, do, do!
Mir. Why, it's manly in you.
Bri. Nor will I rail, nor curſe.
You ſlave, you whore, I will not meddle with you;
But all the torments that e'er fell on men
That fed on miſchief, fall heavily on you all! [*Exit.*
Lil. You have giv'n him a heat, Sir.
Mir. He will ride you the better, Lilly.
And. We'll teach him to meddle with us ſcholars.
Mir. He ſhall make good his promiſe t' encreaſe thy farm, Andrew,

Or I'll jeer him to death. Fear nothing, Lilly;
I am thy champion. This jeſt goes to Charles;
And then I'll hunt him out, and monſieur Euſtace,
The gallant courtier, and laugh heartily
To ſee 'em mourn together.

And. 'Twill be rare, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Euſtace, Egremont, and Cowſy.

Euſt. TURN'D out of doors, and baffled!

Egre. We ſhare with you
In the affront.

Cow. Yet bear it not like you,
With ſuch dejection.

Euſt. My coach and horſes made
The ranſom of our cowardice!

Cow. Piſh, that's nothing;
'Tis *damnum reparabile*, and ſoon recover'd.

Egre. It is but feeding a ſuitor with falſe hopes,
And after ſqueeze him with a dozen of oaths,
You are new rigg'd, and this no more remember'd.

Euſt. And does the court, that ſhould be the example
And oracle of the kingdom, read to us
No other doctrine?

Egre. None that thrives ſo well
As that, within my knowledge.

Cow. Flatt'ry rubs on[48];
But ſince great men learn to admire themſelves,
'Tis ſomething creſt-fallen.

Egre. To be of no religion

[48] ——*Flatt'ry rubs* out;] This is a ſlight typographical error, which turns into obſcurity a paſſage of great wit and humour. We muſt read, *on*; Flattery makes a ſhift to rub on at court; tho' it is ſomewhat creſt-fallen, ſince great men have learned to admire themſelves. *Seward.*

Argues

Argues a ſubtile moral underſtanding,
And it is often cheriſh'd.
Euſt. Piety then,
And valour, nor to do nor ſuffer wrong,
Are there no virtues?
Egre. Rather vices, Euſtace.
Fighting! what's fighting? It may be in faſhion
Among Provant ſwords, and buff-jerkin men:
But w' us, that ſwim in choice of ſilks and tiſſues,
Though in defence of that word *reputation*,
Which is, indeed, a kind of glorious nothing,
To loſe a drachm of blood muſt needs appear
As coarſe as to be honeſt.
Euſt. And all this you ſeriouſly believe?
Cow. It is a faith
That we will die in; ſince, from the blackguard
To the grim Sir in office, there are few
Hold other tenets.
Euſt. Now my eyes are open;
And I behold a ſtrong neceſſity,
That keeps me knave and coward.
Cow. You're the wiſer.
Euſt. Nor can I change my copy, if I purpoſe
To be of your ſociety?
Egre. By no means.
Euſt. Honour is nothing with you?
Cow. A meer bubble;
For, what's grown common is no more regarded.
Euſt. My ſword forc'd from me too, and ſtill detain'd,
You think, 's no blemiſh?
Egre. Get me a battoon;
'Tis twenty times more court-like, and leſs trouble.
Euſt. And yet you wear a ſword.
Cow. Yes, and a good one,
A Milan hilt, and a Damaſco blade;
For ornament, not uſe; the court allows it.
Euſt. Will't not fight of itſelf?
Cow. I ne'er try'd this.
Yet I have worn as fair as any man;

I'm ſure, I've made my cutler rich, and paid
For ſeveral weapons, Turkiſh and Toledos,
Two thouſand crowns; and yet could never light
Upon a fighting one.

Euſt. I'll borrow this;
I like it well.

Cow. 'Tis at your ſervice, Sir;
A lath in a velvet ſcabbard will ſerve my turn.

Euſt. And now I have it, leave me! Ye're infectious,
The plague and leproſy of your baſeneſs ſpreading
On all that do come near you; ſuch as you
Render the throne of majeſty, the court,
Suſpected and contemptible! You are ſcarabes[49],
That batten in her dung, and have no palates
To taſte her curious viands; and, like owls,
Can only ſee her night-deformities,
But, with the glorious ſplendor of her beauties,
You are ſtruck blind as moles, that undermine
The ſumptuous building that allow'd you ſhelter!
You ſtick, like running ulcers, on her face,
And taint the pureneſs of her native candor;
And, being bad ſervants, cauſe your maſter's goodneſs
To be diſputed of! Make you the court,
That is the abſtract of all academies
To teach and practiſe noble undertakings,
(Where Courage ſits triumphant, crown'd with laurel,
And Wiſdom, loaded with the weight of honour)
A ſchool of vices?

Egre. What ſudden rapture's this?

Euſt. A heav'nly one,
That, raiſing me from ſloth and ignorance,
(In which your converſation long hath charm'd me)
Carries me up into the air of action,
And knowledge of myſelf. Even now I feel,
But pleading only in the court's defence,

49 ——*You are* ſcarabes.] A ſpecies of *beetles*, bred in dung and corrupted filth. Subtle, in the Alchymiſt, quarrelling with Face, calls him *ſcarabe*; which he afterwards explains, by adding, 'Thou vermin, have I ta'en thee out of *dung*.' *R.*

Though

Though far ſhort of her merits and bright luſtre,
A happy alteration, and full ſtrength
To ſtand her champion againſt all the world
That throw aſperſions on her.
Cow. Sure, he'll beat us;
I ſee it in his eyes.
Egre. A ſecond Charles!
Pray look not, Sir, ſo furiouſly.
Euſt. Recant
What you have ſaid, ye mungrils! and lick up
The vomit you have caſt upon the court,
Where you, unworthily, have had warmth and breeding;
And ſwear that you, like ſpiders, have made poiſon
Of that which was a ſaving antidote!
Egre. We will ſwear any thing.
Cow. We honour the court
As a moſt ſacred place.
Egre. And will make oath,
If you enjoin us to't, nor knave, nor fool,
Nor coward, living in it.
Euſt. Except you two,
You raſcals!
Cow. Yes; we are all theſe, and more,
If you will have it ſo.
Euſt. And that, until
You are again reform'd, and grown new men,
You ne'er preſume to name the court, or preſs
Into the porter's lodge, but for a penance,
To be diſciplin'd for your roguery; and, this done,
With true contrition——
Both. Yes, Sir.
Euſt. You again
May eat ſcraps, and be thankful.
Cow. Here's a cold breakfaſt,
After a ſharp night's walking!
Euſt. Keep your oaths,
And without grumbling vaniſh.
Both. We are gone, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Euſt. May all the poorneſs of my ſpirit go with you!
The fetters of my thraldom are fil'd off,
And I at liberty to right myſelf;
And though my hope in Angellina's little,
My honour, unto which compar'd ſhe's nothing,
Shall, like the ſun, diſperſe thoſe low'ring clouds,
That yet obſcure and dim it. Not the name
Of Brother ſhall divert me, but from him,
That in the world's opinion ruin'd me,
I will ſeek reparation, and call him
Unto a ſtrict account. Ha! 'tis near day;
And if the muſe's friend, roſe-cheek'd Aurora,
Invite him to this ſolitary grove,
As I much hope ſhe will, he ſeldom miſſing
To pay his vows here to her, I ſhall hazard
To hinder his devotions. The door opens.

Enter Charles.

'Tis he, moſt certain; and by's ſide my ſword.
Bleſt opportunity!

Char. I have o'erſlept myſelf,
And loſt part of the morn; but I'll recover it.
Before I went to bed, I wrote ſome notes
Within my table-book, which I'll now conſider.
Ha! what means this? what do I with a ſword?
Learn'd Mercury needs not th' aid of Mars, and innocence
Is to itſelf a guard: Yet, ſince arms ever
Protect arts, I may juſtly wear and uſe it;
For, ſince 'twas made my prize, I know not how,
I'm grown in love with't, and cannot eat, nor ſtudy,
And much leſs walk, without it. But I trifle;
Matters of more weight aſk my judgment.

Euſt. None, Sir:
Treat of no other theme; I'll keep you to it;
And ſee y' expound it well.

Char. Euſtace!

Euſt. The ſame, Sir;
Your younger brother, who, as duty binds him,
Hath

Hath all this night (turn'd out of doors) attended,
To bid good-morrow t' you.
Char. This, not in ſcorn,
Commands me to return it. Would you aught elſe?
Euſt. Oh, much, Sir; here I end not, but begin.
I muſt ſpeak to you in another ſtrain
Than yet I ever us'd; and if the language
Appear in the delivery rough and harſh,
You, being my tutor, muſt condemn yourſelf,
From whom I learn'd it.
Char. When I underſtand,
Be't in what ſtyle you pleaſe, what's your demand
I ſhall endeavour, in the ſelf-ſame phraſe,
To make an anſwer to the point.
Euſt. I come not
To lay claim to your birth-right, 'tis your own,
And 'tis fit you enjoy it; nor aſk I from you
Your learning and deep knowledge: Tho' I am not
A ſcholar, as you are, I know them diamonds,
By your ſole induſtry, patience, and labour,
Forc'd from ſteep rocks, and with much toil attain'd,
And but to few, that prize their value, granted;
And therefore, without rival, freely wear them.
Char. Theſe not repin'd at, as you ſeem t' inform me,
The motion muſt be of a ſtrange condition,
If I refuſe to yield to't; therefore, Euſtace,
Without this tempeſt in your looks, propound it,
And fear not a denial.
Euſt. I require then,
(As from an enemy, and not a brother)
The reputation of a man, the honour,
Not by a fair war won when I was waking,
But in my ſleep of folly raviſh'd from me!
With theſe, the reſtitution of my ſword,
With large acknowledgment of ſatisfaction,
My coach, my horſes; I will part with life,
Ere loſe one hair of them; and, what concludes all,
My miſtreſs Angellina, as ſhe was
Before the muſical magic of thy tongue

Enchanted

Enchanted and ſeduc'd her. Theſe perform'd,
And with ſubmiſſion, and done publicly,
At my father's and my uncle's interceſſion,
(That I put in too) I, perhaps, may liſten
To terms of reconcilement; but if theſe
In every circumſtance are not ſubſcrib'd to,
To th' laſt gaſp I defy thee.

Char. Theſe are ſtrict
Conditions to a brother.

Euſt. My reſt is up[50],
Nor will I give leſs.

Char. I'm no gameſter, Euſtace;
Yet I can gueſs, your reſolution ſtands
To win or loſe all; I rejoice to find you
Thus tender of your honour, and that at length
You underſtand what a wretched thing you were;
How deeply wounded by yourſelf, and made
Almoſt incurable, in your own hopes;
The dead fleſh of pale cowardice grown over
Your feſter'd reputation, which no balm
Or gentle unguent ever could make way to.
And I am happy, that I was the ſurgeon,
That did apply thoſe burning corroſives,
That render you already ſenſible
O' th' danger you were plung'd in; teaching you,
And by a fair gradation, how far,
And with what curious reſpect and care
The peace and credit of a man within

[50] *My* reſt *is up.*] The word *reſt* is frequently employed by the old dramatic writers, and is commonly an alluſion to the manner of firing the *barquebuſs*. This, ſays Mr. Steevens, was ſo heavy a gun, that the ſoldiers were obliged to carry a ſupporter, called a *reſt*, which they fixed on the ground before they levelled to take aim. Decker uſes it in his comedy of Old Fortunatus, 1600. 'Set your heart at reſt; 'for I have *ſet up my reſt*, that unleſs you run ſwifter than a hart, home 'you go not.' See alſo Romeo and Juliet, act iv. ſc. v. *R.*

Reſt, in this place, ſeems to allude to ſome game, like the modern *hazard*. The ſpeech of Euſtace and anſwer of Charles cannot well bear any other ſenſe: *Nor will I* give leſs—*I'm no* gameſter—*Your reſolution ſtands to* win *or* loſe *all*. Some copies read, *Nor will I* go leſs.

(Which

(Which you ne'er thought 'till now) ſhould be preferr'd
Before a gaudy outſide. Pray you, fix here;
For ſo far I go with you.
Euſt. This diſcourſe
Is from the ſubject.
Char. I'll come to it, brother;
But if you think to build upon my ruins,
You'll find a falſe foundation: Your high offers,
Taught by the maſters of dependencies [51],
That, by compounding diff'rences 'tween others,
Supply their own neceſſities, with me
Will never carry't. As you are my brother,
I would diſpenſe a little, but no more
Than honour can give way to; nor muſt I
Deſtroy that in myſelf I love in you:
And therefore let not hopes nor threats perſuade you
I will deſcend to any compoſition,
For which I may be cenſur'd.
Euſt. You ſhall fight then.
Char. With much unwillingneſs with you; but if
There's no evaſion——
Euſt. None.
Char. Hear yet a word:
As for the ſword, and other fripperies,
In a fair way ſend for them, you ſhall have 'em;
But rather than ſurrender Angellina,
Or hear it again mention'd, I oppoſe
My breaſt unto loud thunder; caſt behind me
All ties of nature!
Euſt. She detain'd, I'm deaf
To all perſuaſion.
Char. Guard thyſelf then, Euſtace!
I uſe no other rhetoric.

[51] *Taught by the maſters of* dependencies.] Mr. Whalley, in his notes on Ben Jonſon, ſays, '*dependance*, when the fighting ſyſtem 'was in vogue, ſignified the ground or cauſe of quarrel. The 'reader may ſee the doctrine humourouſly explain'd in the Devil 'is an Aſs, act iii.' It is alſo mentioned in the New Inn, and Every Man in his Humour, by the ſame author; and is fully explained by Caranza, in his Treatiſe on Duelling. *R.*

Enter

Enter Miramont.

Mir. Claſhing of ſwords
So near my houſe! Brother oppos'd to brother!
Here is no fencing at half ſword. Hold, hold!
Charles! Euſtace!

Euſt. Second him, or call in more help.
Come not between us; I'll not know, nor ſpare you!
D'ye fight by th' book?

Char. 'Tis you that wrong me. Off, Sir!
And ſuddenly I'll conjure down the ſpirit
That I have raiſed in him.

Euſt. Never, Charles,
'Till thine, and in thy death, be doubled in me.

Mir. I'm out of breath; yet truſt not too much to't, boys;
For if you pauſe not ſuddenly, and hear reaſon——
Do, kill your uncle, do! But that I'm patient,
And not a choleric old teſty fool,
Like your father, I'd dance a mattachin with you [52],
Should make you ſweat your beſt blood for't; I would,
And it may be I will. Charles, I command thee;
And, Euſtace, I entreat thee! thou'rt a brave ſpark,
A true tough-metal'd blade, and I begin
To love thee heartily. Give me a fighting courtier,
I'll cheriſh him for example; in our age
They're not born every day.

Char. You of late, Sir,
In me lov'd learning.

Mir. True; but take me w'ye, Charles;
'Twas when young Euſtace wore his heart in's breeches,
And fought his battles in compliments and cringes;
When's underſtanding wav'd in a flaunting feather,
And his beſt contemplation look'd no further
Than a new-faſhion'd doublet. I confeſs, then,

[52] *I'd dance a* mattachin *with you.*] This was a dance, as Skinner tells us in his *Etymologicum*, of great rapidity, ſo call'd from the Italian word *matto*, a fool or madman: becauſe the performers of it uſed many frantic geſticulations: And Ferrarius, in his *Origines Linguæ Italicæ*, gives us much the ſame deſcription of it. *Theobald.*

The

The lofty noiſe your Greek made, only pleas'd me;
But, now he's turn'd an Oliver and a Rowland——
(Nay, the whole dozen of peers are bound up in him)
Let me remember! when I was of his years,
I did look very like him; and, did you ſee
My picture as I was then, you would ſwear
That gallant Euſtace (I mean, now he dares fight)
Was the true ſubſtance and the perfect figure.
Nay, nay, no anger; you ſhall have enough, Charles.

Char. Sure, Sir, I ſhall not need addition from him.

Euſt. Nor I from any; this ſhall decide my intereſt!
Though I am loſt to all deſerving men,
To all that men call good, for ſuff'ring tamely
Inſufferable wrongs, and juſtly ſlighted,
By yielding to a minute of delay
In my revenge, and from that made a ſtranger
Unto my father's houſe and favour, o'erwhelm'd
With all diſgraces; yet I will mount upward,
And force myſelf a fortune, though my birth
And breeding do deny it!

Char. Seek not, Euſtace,
By violence, what will be offer'd to you
On eaſier compoſition. Though I was not
Allied unto your weakneſs, you ſhall find me
A brother to your bravery of ſpirit;
And one that, not compell'd to't by your ſword,
(Which I muſt never fear) will ſhare with you
In all but Angellina.

Mir. Nobly ſaid, Charles;
And learn from my experience, you may hear reaſon,
And never maim your fighting. For your credit,
Which you think you have loſt, ſpare Charles; and ſwinge me,
And ſoundly, three or four walking velvet cloaks,
That wear not ſwords to guard 'em [53], yet deſerve it,
Thou

[53] ——— *Spare Charles, and ſwinge me,*
And ſoundly, three or four walking velvet cloaks,
That wear no *ſwords to guard 'em*] How would Euſtace give proof of his valour, by beating three or four beaux who had no ſwords to

Thou art made up again.

Euſt. All this is lip-ſalve.

Mir. It ſhall be heart's-eaſe, Euſtace, ere I have done.

As for thy father's anger, now thou dar'ſt fight,
Ne'er fear't; for I've the dowcets of his gravity
Faſt in a ſtring, and will ſo pinch and wring him,
That, ſpite of his authority, thou ſhalt make
Thine own conditions with him.

Euſt. I'll take leave
A little to conſider.

Char. Here comes Andrew.

Enter Andrew.

Mir. But without his comical and learned face.
What ſad diſaſter, Andrew?

And. You may read, Sir,
A tragedy in my face.

Mir. Art thou in earneſt?

And. Yes, by my life, Sir; and if now you help not,
And ſpeedily, by force or by perſuaſion,
My good old maſter (for now I pity him)
Is ruin'd for ever.

Char. Ha! my father?

And. He, Sir.

Mir. By what means? ſpeak.

And. At the ſuit of monſieur Lewis,
His houſe is ſeiz'd upon, and he in perſon

---

to defend themſelves with? The meaning undoubtedly is, who wear ſwords for ornament, and not for uſe, as Cowſy above ſays, he does; and that the court allows it. Put *not* for *no*, and it will give this ſenſe: Only it will ſtill remain capable of the former. I would therefore read,

That wear ſwords not *to guard them*, &c. *Seward.*

We believe Mr. *Seward* perfectly right in altering *no* to *not*; but why tranſpoſe? He ſeems deſirous of eſtabliſhing a *double entendre*; which his tranſpoſition entirely deſtroys. Our reading is nearer the old text; while, taken in either ſenſe, the meaning may be ſaid to be void of ambiguity:

That wear not *ſwords to guard them.*

Is

Is under guard (I ſaw it with theſe eyes, Sir)
To be convey'd to Paris, and there ſentenc'd.
Mir. Nay, then there is no jeſting.
Char. Do I live,
And know my father injur'd?
And. And what's worſe, Sir,
My lady Angellina——
Euſt. What of her?
And. She's carried away too.
Mir. How?
And. While you were abſent,
A crew of monſieur Lewis's friends and kinſmen
By force brake in at th' back part of the houſe,
And took her away by violence. Faithful Andrew
(As this can witneſs for him) did his beſt
In her defence; but 'twould not do.
Mir. Away,
And ſee our horſes ſaddled! 'tis no time
To talk, but do. Euſtace, you now are offer'd
A ſpacious field, and in a pious war,
To exerciſe your valour; here's a cauſe,
And ſuch a one, in which to fall is honourable,
Your duty and reverence due to a father's name
Commanding it: But theſe unnatural jars,
Ariſing between brothers, ſhould you proſper,
Would ſhame your victory.
Euſt. I would do much, Sir;
But ſtill, my reputation——
Mir. Charles ſhall give you
All decent ſatisfaction; nay, join hands,
And heartily. Why, this is done like brothers;
And old as I am, in this cauſe that concerns
The honour of our family, monſieur Lewis,
If reaſon cannot work, ſhall find and feel
There's hot blood in this arm; I'll lead you bravely.
Euſt. And if I follow not, a coward's name
Be branded on my forehead!
Char. This ſpirit makes you
A ſharer in my fortunes.

Mir.

Mir. And in mine;
Of which (Briſac once freed, and Angellina
Again in our poſſeſſion) you ſhall know
My heart ſpeaks in my tongue.
Euſt. I dare not doubt it, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lewis, Briſac, Angellina, Sylvia, and officers.

Lew. I'm deaf to all perſuaſion.
Bri. I uſe none;
Nor doubt I, though a while my innocence ſuffers,
But, when the king ſhall underſtand how falſely
Your malice hath inform'd him, he in juſtice
Muſt ſet me right again.
Ang. Sir, let not paſſion
So far tranſport you as to think in reaſon,
This violent courſe repairs, but rather ruins,
That honour you would build up: You deſtroy
What you would ſeem to nouriſh. If reſpect
Of my preferment, or my reputation,
May challenge your paternal love and care,
Why do you, now good fortune has provided
A better huſband for me than your hopes
Could ever fancy, ſtrive to rob me of him?
In what is my love Charles defective, Sir?
Unleſs deep learning be a blemiſh in him,
Or well-proportion'd limbs be mulcts in nature,
Or, what you only aim'd at, large revenues,
Are on the ſudden grown diſtaſteful to you,
Of what can you accuſe him?
Lew. Of a rape
Done to honour, which thy ravenous luſt
Made thee conſent to.
Syl. Her luſt! You are her father.
Lew. And you her bawd.
Syl. Were you ten lords, 'tis falſe;
The pureneſs of her chaſte thoughts entertains not
Such ſpotted inſtruments.

Ang.

Ang. As I have a ſoul, Sir——

Lew. I am not to be alter'd! To ſit down
With this diſgrace would argue me a peaſant,
And not born noble: All rigour that the law,
And that encreaſe of pow'r by favour yields,
Shall be with all ſeverity inflicted;
You have the king's hand for't; no bail will ſerve,
And therefore at your perils, officers, away with 'em.

Bri. This is madneſs.

Lew. Tell me ſo in open court,
And there I'll anſwer you.

Enter Miramont, Charles, Euſtace, and Andrew.

Mir. Well overtaken.

Char. Kill, if they dare reſiſt!

Euſt. He that advances
But one ſtep forward, dies.

Lew. Shew the king's writ.

Mir. Shew your diſcretion; 'twill become you better.

Char. You're once more in my power; and if again
I part with you, let me for ever loſe thee! [*To Angel.*

Euſt. Force will not do't, nor threats; accept this ſervice
From your deſpair'd-of Euſtace.

And. And beware,
Your reverend worſhip never more attempt
To ſearch my lilly-pot; you ſee what follows.

Lew. Is the king's pow'r contemn'd?

Mir. No, but the torrent
Of your wilful folly ſtopp'd. And for you, good Sir,
If you would but be ſenſible, what can you wiſh,
But the ſatisfaction of an obſtinate will,
That is not tender'd to you; rather than
Be croſs'd in what you purpos'd, you'll undo
Your daughter's fame, the credit of your judgment,
And your old fooliſh neighbour! make your ſtates,
And in a ſuit not worth a cardecue [54],
A prey to advocates, and their buckram ſcribes;

54 ——— *not worth a* cardecue] We have made an Engliſh word of this from a corruption of the French, *un quart d'écu*, i. e. the fourth part of a French crown. *Theobald.*

And after they have plum'd ye, return home,
Like a couple of naked fowls, without a feather.
Char. This is a moſt ſtrong truth, Sir.
Mir. No, no, monſieur,
Let us be right Frenchmen; violent to charge,
But, when our follies are repell'd by reaſon,
'Tis fit that we retreat, and ne'er come on more.
Obſerve my learn'd Charles; he'll get thee a nephew
On Angellina, ſhall diſpute in her belly,
And ſuck the nurſe by logick. And here's Euſtace;
He was an aſs, but now is grown an Amadis;
Nor ſhall he want a wife, if all my land
For a jointure can effect it. You're a good lord,
And of a gentle nature; in your looks
I ſee a kind conſent, and it ſhews lovely.
And, do you hear, old fool?
Bri. Your brother, Sir.
Mir. But I'll not chide;
Hereafter, like me, ever dote on learning;
The mere belief is excellent, 'twill ſave you.
And next, love valour; though you dare not fight
Yourſelf, or fright a fooliſh officer, young Euſtace
Can do it to a hair. And to conclude,
Let Andrew's farm b' increas'd, that is your penance,
You know for what; and ſee you rut no more,
You underſtand me. So, embrace on all ſides.
I'll pay thoſe billmen, and make large amends;
Provided we preſerve you ſtill our friends.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE EPILOGUE.

'TIS not the hands, or ſmiles, or common way
Of approbation to a well-lik'd play,
We only hope; but that you freely would,
To th' Author's memory, ſo far unfold,
And ſhew your loves and liking to his wit,
Not in your praiſe, but often ſeeing it;
That being the grand aſſurance, that can give
The poet and the player means to live.

THE

THE SPANISH CURATE.

J. J. Barrata del. J. Collyer sc.

Before the world I justify her goodness!
And turn that man, that dares but taint her virtues,
To my sword's point (that lying man, that base man)
Turn him but face to face, that I may know him! Act V.

THE

SPANISH CURATE.

A COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verſes by Gardiner and Lovelace attribute this Comedy wholly to Fletcher; but we ſee no more reaſon for aſſigning this Play to him excluſively, than any other publiſhed in the joint names of him and Beaumont. The folio of 1647 *contains the firſt printed copy. The Spaniſh Curate was revived at Drury-Lane Theatre in* 1749; *but it has not been performed for many years paſt. Dryden (in his Spaniſh Fryar) and Congreve (in his Old Batchelor) are greatly indebted to the Comedy now before us; and it ſeems very evident, that it afforded ſome material hints towards framing a muſical entertainment, of a modern date, called the Padlock.*

THE PROLOGUE.

TO tell ye, gentlemen, we have a play,
A new one too, and that 'tis launch'd to-day,
The name ye know, that's nothing to my ſtory;
To tell ye, 'tis familiar, void of glory,
Of ſtate, of bitterneſs—of wit, you'll ſay,
For that is now held wit that tends that way,
Which we avoid. To tell ye too, 'tis merry,
And meant to make you pleaſant, and not weary:
The ſtreams that guide ye, eaſy to attend:
To tell ye, that 'tis good, is to no end,
If you believe not. Nay, to go thus far,
To ſwear it, if you ſwear againſt, is war.
To aſſure you any thing, unleſs you ſee,
And ſo conceive, is vanity in me;
Therefore I leave it to itſelf; and pray,
Like a good bark, it may work out to day,
And ſtem all doubts; 'twas built for ſuch a proof,
And we hope highly: If ſhe lie aloof
For her own vantage, to give wind at will,
Why, let her work, only be you but ſtill,
And ſweet-opinion'd; and we are bound to ſay,
You're worthy judges, and you crown the play.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Don Henrique, *an uxorious lord, cruel to his brother.*
Don Jamie, *younger brother to don Henrique.*
Bartolus, *a covetous lawyer, husband to Amaranta.*
Leandro, *a gentleman who wantonly loves the lawyer's wife.*
Angelo [1],
Milanes, } *three gentlemen, friends to Leandro.*
Arsenio,
Ascanio, *son to don Henrique.*
Octavio, *supposed husband to Jacintha.*
Lopez, *the Spanish Curate.*
Diego, *his sexton.*
Assistant, *which we call a judge.*
Algaziers, *whom we call serjeants.*
Four Parishioners, Apparitor, Singers, Servants.

WOMEN.

Violante, *supposed wife to don Henrique.*
Jacintha, *formerly contracted to don Henrique.*
Amaranta, *wife to Bartolus.*
A Woman Moor, servant to Amaranta.

SCENE, SPAIN.

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[1] *Angelo.*] This character, Mr. Theobald, with a freedom unknown to any Editors but those of Beaumont and Fletcher's Works in 1750, expunges from the drama; and yet he suffers the name *Angelo* to remain to those speeches which are allotted to him in the play.

THE

THE

SPANISH CURATE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Angelo, Milanes, and Arſenio.

Arſenio. LEANDRO paid all.

Mil. 'Tis his uſual cuſtom,
And requiſite he ſhould. He has now put off
The funeral black your rich heir wears with joy,
When he pretends to weep for his dead father[2].
Your gathering ſires ſo long heap muck together,
That their kind ſons, to rid them of their care,
Wiſh them in Heav'n; or, if they take a taſte
Of Purgatory by the way, it matters not,
Provided they remove hence. What is befal'n
To his father in the other world, I aſk not;

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[2] ——————*He has now put off*
The funeral black (your rich heir wears with joy,
When he pretends to weep for his dead father.] This ſentiment is ſhadow'd out from one of the ſelect ſentences of Seneca, and Publ. Syrus.

Hæredis fletus *ſub* perſonâ riſus *eſt.*

Which Ben Jonſon has thus very cloſely tranſlated, in his Fox.

——————*Tut! forget, Sir.*
The weeping *of an* heir *ſhould ſtill be* laughter,
Under a viſor. *Theobald.*

I am ſure his prayer is heard. 'Would I could uſe
one
For mine, in the ſame method.
Arſ. Fy upon thee!
This is profane.
Mil. Good doctor, do not ſchool me
For a fault you are not free from. On my life,
Were all heirs in Corduba put to their oaths,
They would confeſs, with me, 'tis a ſound tenet:
I'm ſure Leandro does.
Arſ. He is the owner
Of a fair eſtate.
Mil. And fairly he deſerves it;
He's a royal fellow; yet obſerves a mean
In all his courſes, careful too on whom
He ſhowers his bounties. He that's liberal
To all alike, may do a good by chance,
But never out of judgment. This invites
The prime men of the city to frequent
All places he reſorts to, and are happy
In his ſweet converſe.
Arſ. Don Jamie, the brother
To the grandee don Henrique, appears much taken
With his behaviour.
Mil. There is ſomething more in't:
He needs his purſe, and knows how to make uſe on't.
'Tis now in faſhion for your Don, that's poor,
To vow all leagues of friendſhip with a merchant
That can ſupply his wants; and, howſoe'er
Don Jamie's noble born, his elder brother
Don Henrique rich, and his revenues long ſince
Encreas'd by marrying with a wealthy heir,
Call'd madam Violante, he yet holds
A hard hand over Jamie, allowing him
A bare annuity only.
Arſ. Yet, 'tis ſaid,
He hath no child; and, by the laws of Spain,
If he die without iſſue, don Jamie
Inherits his eſtate.

Mil.

Mil. Why, that's the reaſon
Of their ſo many jars. Though the young lord
Be ſick of th' elder brother, and in reaſon
Should flatter and obſerve him; he's of a nature
Too bold and fierce to ſtoop ſo, but bears up,
Preſuming on his hopes.

Arſ. What's the young lad
That all of 'em make ſo much of?

Mil. 'Tis a ſweet one,
And the beſt-condition'd youth I ever ſaw yet;
So humble, and ſo affable, that he wins
The love of all that know him; and ſo modeſt,
That, in deſpite of poverty, he would ſtarve
Rather than aſk a courteſy. He's the ſon
Of a poor caſt captain, one Octavio;
And ſhe, that once was call'd the fair Jacintha,
Is happy in being his mother. For his ſake,

Enter Jamie, Leandro, and Aſcanio.

Though in their fortunes fal'n, they are eſteem'd of
And cheriſh'd by the beſt. Oh, here they come.
I now may ſpare his character; but obſerve him,
He'll juſtify my report.

Jam. My good Aſcanio,
Repair more often to me; above women
Thou ever ſhalt be welcome.

Aſc. My lord, your favours
May quickly teach a raw untutor'd youth
To be both rude and ſaucy.

Lean. You cannot be
Too frequent, where you are ſo much deſir'd.
And give me leave, dear friend, to be your rival
In part of his affection; I will buy it
At any rate.

Jam. Stood I but now poſſeſs'd
Of what my future hope preſages to me,
I then would make it clear thou hadſt a patron,
That would not ſay, but do. Yet, as I am,
Be mine; I'll not receive thee as a ſervant,

But

But as my ſon; and, though I want myſelf,
No page attending in the court of Spain
Shall find a kinder maſter.
Aſc. I beſeech you,
That my refuſal of ſo great an offer
May make no ill conſtruction; 'tis not pride
(That common vice is far from my condition)
That makes you a denial to receive
A favour I ſhould ſue for; nor the faſhion
Which the country follows, in which to be a ſervant
In thoſe that groan beneath the heavy weight
Of poverty, is held an argument
Of a baſe and abject mind. I wiſh my years
Were fit to do you ſervice in a nature
That might become a gentleman (give me leave
To think myſelf one). My father ſerv'd the king,
As a captain in the field; and though his fortune
Return'd him home a poor man, he was rich
In reputation, and wounds fairly taken;
Nor am I by his ill ſucceſs deterr'd;
I rather feel a ſtrong deſire, that ſways me
To follow his profeſſion; and if Heav'n
Hath mark'd me out to be a man, how proud,
I' th' ſervice of my country, ſhould I be,
To trail a pike under your brave command!
There, I would follow you as a guide to honour,
Though all the horrors of the war made up
To ſtop my paſſage.
Jam. Thou'rt a hopeful boy,
And it was bravely ſpoken: For this anſwer,
I love thee more than ever.
Mil. Pity, ſuch ſeeds
Of promiſing courage ſhould not grow and proſper!
Ang. Whatever his reputed parents be,
He hath a mind that ſpeaks him right and noble.
Lean. You make him bluſh. It needs not, ſweet Aſcanio;
We may hear praiſes when they are deſerv'd,
Our modeſty unwounded. By my life,

I would

I would add ſomething to the building up
So fair a mind; and if, till you are fit
To bear arms in the field, you'll ſpend ſome years
In Salamanca, I'll ſupply your ſtudies
With all conveniences.

Aſc. Your goodneſs, Signiors,
And charitable favours, overwhelm me.
If I were of your blood, you could not be
More tender of me: What then can I pay,
A poor boy and a ſtranger, but a heart
Bound to your ſervice? With what willingneſs
I would receive, good Sir, your noble offer,
Heav'n can bear witneſs for me; but, alas,
Should I embrace the means to raiſe my fortunes,
I muſt deſtroy the lives of my poor parents,
To whom I owe my being; they in me
Place all their comforts, and, as if I were
The light of their dim eyes, are ſo indulgent,
They cannot brook one ſhort day's abſence from me;
And, what will hardly win belief, though young,
I am their ſteward and their nurſe: The bounties
Which others beſtow on me, ſerve to ſuſtain 'em;
And to forſake them in their age, in me
Were more than murder.

Enter Henrique.

Ang. This is a kind of begging
Would make a broker charitable.

Mil. Here, ſweetheart,
I wiſh that it were more.

Lean. When this is ſpent,
Seek for ſupply from me.

Jam. Thy piety
For ever be remember'd! Nay, take all,
Though 'twere my exhibition to a ryal
For one whole year.

Aſc. High Heav'ns reward your goodneſs!

Hen. So, Sir, is this a ſlip of your own grafting,
You are ſo prodigal?

Jam.

Jam. A ſlip, Sir?
Hen. Yes,
A ſlip; or call it by the proper name,
Your baſtard.
Jam. You're foul-mouth'd. Do not provoke me;
I ſhall forget your birth if you proceed,
And uſe you, as your manners do deſerve,
Uncivilly.
Hen. So brave! Pray you, give me hearing:
Who am I, Sir?
Jam. My elder brother: One,
That might have been born a fool, and ſo reputed,
But that you had the luck to creep into
The world a year before me.
Lean. Be more temperate.
Jam. I neither can nor will, unleſs I learn it
By his example. Let him uſe his harſh
Unſavoury reprehenſions upon thoſe
That are his hinds, and not on me. The land
Our father left to him alone, rewards him
For being twelve months elder: Let that be
Forgotten, and let his paraſites remember
One quality of worth or virtue in him,
That may authorize him to be a cenſurer
Of me, or of my manners, and I will
Acknowledge him for a tutor; till then, never.
Hen. From whom have you your means, Sir?
Jam. From the will
Of my dead father; I am ſure I ſpend not,
Nor give't, upon your purſe.
Hen. But will it hold out
Without my help?
Jam. I am ſure it ſhall; I'll ſink elſe;
For ſooner I will ſeek aid from a whore,
Than a courteſy from you.
Hen. 'Tis well; you are proud of
Your new exchequer; when you have cheated him,
And worn him to the quick, I may be found
In the liſt of your acquaintance.

Lean.

Lean. Pray you, hold;
And give me leave, my lord, to ſay thus much,
And in mine own defence; I am no gull
To be wrought on by perſuaſion, nor no coward
To be beaten out of my means, but know to whom
And why I give or lend, and will do nothing
But what my reaſon warrants. You may be
As ſparing as you pleaſe; I muſt be bold
To make uſe of my own, without your licence.
Jam. 'Pray thee let him alone; he's not worth thy anger.
All that he does, Leandro, 's for my good:
I think, there's not a gentleman of Spain
That has a better ſteward, than I have of him.
Hen. Your ſteward, Sir?
Jam. Yes, and a provident one.
Why, he knows I'm giv'n to large expence,
And therefore lays up for me: Could you believe elſe,
That he, that ſixteen years hath worn the yoke
Of barren wedlock, without hope of iſſue,
His coffers full, his lands and vineyards fruitful,
Could be ſo ſold to baſe and ſordid thrift,
As almoſt to deny himſelf the means
And neceſſaries of life? Alas, he knows
The laws of Spain appoint me for his heir;
That all muſt come to me, if I outlive him,
Which ſure I muſt do, by the courſe of nature,
And the aſſiſtance of good mirth and ſack,
However you prove melancholy.
Hen. If I live,
Thou dearly ſhalt repent this.
Jam. When thou'rt dead,
I am ſure, I ſhall not.
Mil. Now they begin to burn
Like oppos'd meteors.
Arſ. Give them line and way;
My life for don Jamie.
Jam. Continue ſtill
The excellent huſband, and join farm to farm;

Suffer

Suffer no lordſhip, that in a clear day
Falls in the proſpect of your covetous eye,
To be another's; forget you are a grandee;
Take uſe upon uſe, and cut the throats of heirs
With coz'ning mortgages; rack your poor tenants,
Till they look like ſo many ſkeletons
For want of food; and when that widows' curſes,
The ruins of ancient families, tears of orphans,
Have hurried you to the devil, ever remember
All was rak'd up for me, your thankful brother,
That will dance merrily upon your grave,
And, perhaps, give a double piſtolet
To ſome poor needy friar, to ſay a maſs
To keep your ghoſt from walking.
Hen. That the law
Should force me to endure this!
Jam. Verily,
When this ſhall come to paſs, as ſure it will,
If you can find a loop-hole, though in hell,
To look on my behaviour, you ſhall ſee me
Ranſack your iron cheſts; and, once again,
Pluto's flame-colour'd daughter ſhall be free
To domineer in taverns, maſques, and revels,
As ſhe was us'd, before ſhe was your captive.
Methinks, the mere conceit of it ſhould make you
Go home ſick and diſtemper'd; if it does,
I'll ſend you a doctor of mine own, and after
Take order for your funeral.
Hen. You have ſaid, Sir:
I will not fight with words, but deeds, to tame you;
Reſt confident, I will; and thou ſhalt wiſh,
This day thou hadſt been dumb! [*Exit.*
Mil. You have giv'n him a heat,
But with your own diſtemper.
Jam. Not a whit;
Now he is from mine eye, I can be merry,
Forget the cauſe and him: All plagues go with him!
Let's talk of ſomething elſe. What news is ſtirring?
Nothing to paſs the time?

Mil.

Mil. 'Faith, it is ſaid,
That the next ſummer will determine much
Of that we long have talk'd of, touching the wars.
Lean. What have we to do with them? Let us diſcourſe
Of what concerns ourſelves. 'Tis now in faſhion,
To have your gallants ſet down, in a tavern,
What the arch-duke's purpoſe is the next ſpring, and what
Defence my lords the States prepare, what courſe
The emperor takes againſt the encroaching Turk,
And whether his moony ſtandards are deſign'd
For Perſia or Polonia: And all this
The wiſer ſort of ſtate-worms ſeem to know
Better than their own affairs. This is diſcourſe
Fit for the council it concerns: We are young,
And if that I might give the theme, 'twere better
To talk of handſome women.
Mil. And that's one
Almoſt as general.
Arſ. Yet none agree
Who are the faireſt.
Lean. Some prefer the French,
For their conceited dreſſings; ſome the plump
Italian *bona-roba's*; ſome the ſtate
That ours obſerve; and I have heard one ſwear,
A merry friend of mine, that once in London
He did enjoy the company of a gameſter,
A common gameſter too, that in one night
Met him th' Italian, French, and Spaniſh ways,
And ended in the Dutch; for, to cool herſelf,
She kiſs'd him drunk i'th' morning.
Jam. We may ſpare
The travel of our tongues in foreign nations,
When in Corduba, if you dare give credit
To my report (for I have ſeen her, gallants)
There lives a woman, of a mean birth too,
And meanly match'd, whoſe all-excelling form
Diſdains compariſon with any ſhe

That

That puts in for a fair one; and tho' you [3] borrow
From every country of the earth the beſt
Of thoſe perfections which the climate yields,
To help to make her up, if put in balance,
This will weigh down the ſcale.

Lean. You talk of wonders.

Jam. She is, indeed, a wonder, and ſo kept;
And, as the world deſerv'd not to behold
What curious Nature made without a pattern,
Whoſe copy ſhe hath loſt too, ſhe's ſhut up,
Sequeſter'd from the world.

Lean. Who is the owner
Of ſuch a gem? I am fir'd.

Jam. One Bartolus,
A wrangling advocate.

Arſ. A knave on record.

Mil. I am ſure, he cheated me of the beſt part
Of my eſtate.

Jam. Some buſineſs calls me hence,
And of importance, which denies me leiſure
To give you his full character: In few words,
Though rich, he's covetous beyond expreſſion;
And to encreaſe his heap will dare the devil,
And all the plagues of darkneſs; and, to theſe,
So jealous, as, if you would parallel
Old Argus to him, you muſt multiply

[3] ——— *and tho' you borrow*, &c.] This deſcription comes in very ſtrongly in ſupport of a parallel one of Shakeſpeare in his Cymbeline, which has been unneceſſarily tamper'd with.

And that ſhe hath all courtly parts more exquiſite
Than lady, ladies, woman; *from each one*
The beſt ſhe hath, and ſhe, of all compounded,
Outſells *them all.*

I cannot ſee any impenetrable nonſenſe in this, unleſs o'er-weaning critics will labour to expound it into ſuch. The poet's text is a juſt climax; *ſcil.* 'She hath all courtly parts more exquiſite than any 'ſingle lady whoever; ay, than many ladies; nay, than the whole 'ſex put together.' Ferdinand ſpeaking of his miſtreſs Miranda, ſays almoſt the ſame thing in the Tempeſt:

——— *But you, O you,*
So perfect *and ſo* peerleſs, *are* created
Of ev'ry creature's beſt. *Theobald.*

His

His eyes an hundred times: Of theſe none ſleep:
He, that would charm the heavieſt lid, muſt hire
A better Mercury than Jove made uſe of.
Bleſs yourſelves from the thought of him and her,
For 'twill be labour loſt! So, farewell, Signiors. [*Exit.*

Arſ. Leandro! In a dream? Wake man, for ſhame.

Mil. Trained into a fool's paradiſe, with a tale
Of an imagin'd form?

Lean. Jamie is noble,
And with a forg'd tale would not wrong his friend;
Nor am I ſo much fir'd with luſt as envy,
That ſuch a churl as Bartolus ſhould reap
So ſweet a harveſt: Half my ſtate to any,
To help me to a ſhare!

Arſ. Tuſh, do not hope for
Impoſſibilities.

Lean. I muſt enjoy her;
And my prophetic love tells me I ſhall,
Lend me but your aſſiſtance.

Arſ. Give it o'er.

Mil. I would not have thee fool'd.

Lean. I have ſtrange engines
Faſhioning here, and Bartolus on the anvil;
Diſſuade me not, but help me.

Mil. Take your fortune;
If you come off well, praiſe your wit; if not,
Expect to be the ſubject of our laughter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Octavio and Jacintha.

Jac. You met don Henrique?

Oct. Yes.

Jac. What comfort bring you?
Speak chearfully: How did my letter work
On his hard temper? I am ſure, I wrote it
So feelingly, and with the pen of ſorrow,
That it muſt force compunction.

Oct. You are cozen'd:

Can you with one hand prop a falling tower,
Or with the other ſtop the raging main,
When it breaks in on the uſurped ſhore,
Or any thing that is impoſſible?
And then conclude, that there is ſome way left
To move him to compaſſion.

Jac. Is there a juſtice,
Or thunder, my Octavio, and he
Not ſunk unto the centre?

Oct. Good Jacintha,
With your long-practis'd patience bear afflictions;
And, by provoking, call not on Heav'n's anger.
He did not only ſcorn to read your letter,
But, moſt inhuman as he is, he curs'd you,
Curs'd you moſt bitterly.

Jac. The bad man's charity!
Oh, that I could forget there were a tie
In me upon him! or the relief I ſeek,
If given, were bounty in him, and not debt,
Debt of a dear account!

Oct. Touch not that ſtring,
'Twill but encreaſe your ſorrow; and tame ſilence,
The balm of the oppreſs'd, which hitherto
Hath eas'd your griev'd ſoul, and preſerv'd your fame,
Muſt be your ſurgeon ſtill.

Jac. If the contagion
Of my misfortunes had not ſpread itſelf
Upon my ſon Aſcanio, though my wants
Were centuplied upon myſelf, I could be patient:
But he is ſo good, I ſo miſerable,
His pious care, his duty, and obedience,
And all that can be wiſh'd for from a ſon,
Diſcharg'd to me, and I barr'd of all means
To return any ſcruple of the debt
I owe him as a mother, is a torment
Too painful to be borne.

Oct. I ſuffer with you
In that; yet find in this aſſurance comfort,
High Heav'n ordains, whoſe purpoſes cannot alter,

Children,

Children, that pay obedience to their parents,
Shall never beg their bread.

Enter Aſcanio.

Jac. Here comes our joy.
Where has my deareſt been?
Aſc. I have made, mother,
A fortunate voyage, and brought home rich prize,
In a few hours: The owners too contented,
From whom I took it. See, here's gold; good ſtore too;
Nay, pray you take it.
Jac. Mens' charities are ſo cold,
That, if I knew not thou wert made of goodneſs,
'Twould breed a jealouſy in me, by what means
Thou cam'ſt by ſuch a ſum.
Aſc. Were it ill got,
I am ſure, it could not be employ'd ſo well
As to relieve your wants. Some noble friends,
Rais'd by Heav'n's mercy to me, not my merits,
Beſtow'd it on me.
Oct. It were a ſacrilege
To rob thee of their bounty, ſince they gave it
To thy uſe only.
Jac. Buy thee brave clothes with it,
And fit thee for a fortune, and leave us
To our neceſſities. Why doſt thou weep?
Aſc. Out of my fear I have offended you;
For, had I not, I'm ſure you are too kind
Not to accept the offer of my ſervice,
In which I am a gainer. I have heard
My tutor ſay, of all aerial fowl
The ſtork's the emblem of true piety;
Becauſe, when age hath ſeiz'd upon his dam,
And made unfit for flight, the grateful young one
Takes her upon his back, provides her food,
Repaying ſo her tender care of him
Ere he was fit to fly, by bearing her.
Shall I then, that have reaſon and diſcourſe,

That tell me, all I can do is too little,
Be more unnatural than a ſilly bird?
Or feed or clothe myſelf ſuperfluouſly,
And know, nay, ſee you want? Holy ſaints keep me[4]!

Jac. Can I be wretched,
And know myſelf the mother to ſuch goodneſs?

Oct. Come, let us dry our eyes; we'll have a feaſt,
Thanks to our little ſteward.

Jac. And, in him,
Believe that we are rich.

Aſc. I'm ſure I am,
While I have power to comfort you, and ſerve you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Henrique and Violante.

Viol. Is it my fault, don Henrique, or my fate?
What's my offence? I came young to your bed,
I had a fruitful mother, and you met me
With equal ardour in your May of blood;
And why then am I barren?

Hen. 'Tis not in man
To yield a reaſon for the will of Heav'n,
Which is inſcrutable.

Viol. To what uſe ſerve
Full fortunes, and the meaner ſort of bleſſings,
When that, which is the crown of all our wiſhes,
The period of human happineſs,
One only child, that may poſſeſs what's ours,
Is cruelly deny'd us?

---

[4] *Holy Saints keep me.*] Aſcanio's ſpeech ends with an imperfect ſentence, and the natural ſenſe which ſupplies it, exactly fills up the hemiſtich which follows. So that it is very probable it was an accidental omiſſion, which one may venture to fill up without danger of adding what is not our Author's. *Seward.*

Mr. Sewards reads,

——— *Holy ſaints keep me*
From ſuch impiety!

but the ſenſe is ſo perfect as the paſſage ſtands, and the diction ſo nervous, that we think any addition totally unneceſſary.

Hen.

Hen. 'Tis the curſe
Of great eſtates, to want thoſe pledges, which
The poor are happy in: They in a cottage,
With joy, behold the models of their youth;
And, as their root decays, thoſe budding branches
Sprout forth and flouriſh, to renew their age.
But this is the beginning, not the end
Of miſery to me, that, 'gainſt my will,
Since Heav'n denies us iſſue of our own,
Muſt leave the fruit of all my care and travel
To an unthankful brother, that inſults
On my calamity.

Viol. I will rather chooſe
A baſtard from the hoſpital, and adopt him,
And nouriſh him as mine own.

Hen. Such an evaſion,
My Violante, is forbid to us.
Happy the Roman ſtate, where it was lawful,
If our own ſons were vicious, to chooſe one
Out of a virtuous ſtock, though of poor parents,
And make him noble. But the laws of Spain,
Intending to preſerve all ancient houſes,
Prevent ſuch free elections; with this my brother's
Too well acquainted, and this makes him bold
To reign o'er me, as a maſter.

Viol. I will fire
The portion I brought with me, ere he ſpend
A ryal of it! No quirk left, no quiddit,
That may defeat him?

Hen. Were I but confirm'd
That you would take the means I uſe with patience,
As I muſt practiſe it with my diſhonour,
I could lay level with the earth his hopes,
That ſoar above the clouds with expectation
To ſee me in my grave.

Viol. Effect but this,
And our revenge ſhall be to us a ſon,
That ſhall inherit for us.

Hen. Do not repent,

When 'tis too late.

Viol. I fear not what may fall,
He diſpoſſeſs'd, that does uſurp on all. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Leandro[5], *Milanes, and Arſenio.*

Mil. Can any thing but wonder——

Lean. Wonder on;
I am as ye ſee; and what will follow, gentlemen——

Arſ. Why doſt thou put on this form? what can this do?
Thou look'ſt moſt ſillily.

Mil. Like a young clerk,
A half-pin'd puppy, that would write for a ryal.
Is this a commanding ſhape to win a beauty?
To what uſe, what occaſion?

Lean. Peace! ye are fools,
More ſilly than my out-ſide ſeems; ye are ignorant,
They that pretend to wonders, muſt weave cunningly.

Arſ. What manner of acceſs can this get? or, if gotten,
What credit in her eyes?

Lean. Will ye but leave me?

Mil. Methinks, a young man, and a handſome gentleman,
(But, ſure, thou art lunatic) methinks, a brave man,
That would catch cunningly the beams of beauty,
And ſo diſtribute 'em unto his comfort,
Should like himſelf appear, young, high, and buxom,
And in the brighteſt form.

Lean. Ye are cozen'd, gentlemen;
Neither do I believe this, nor will follow it:
Thus as I am, I will begin my voyage.

---

[5] *Enter Leandro*, with a letter writ out.] This is a ſtage direction, tranſcrib'd from the Prompter's book; and a memorandum to him only, that Leandro ſhould go on furniſh'd with ſuch a letter, to deliver to Lopez the Curate. *Theobald.*

When

When you love, launch it out in ſilks and velvets;
I'll love in ſerge, and will out-go your ſattins.
To get upon my great horſe, and appear
The ſign of ſuch a man, and trot my meaſures,
Or fiddle out whole froſty nights, my friends,
Under the window, while my teeth keep tune[6],
I hold no handſomeneſs. Let me get in,
There trot, and fiddle, where I may have fair play.

Arſ. But how get in?

Lean. Leave that to me; your patience;
I have ſome toys here that I dare well truſt to:
I have ſmelt a vicar out, they call him Lopez.
You are ne'er the nearer now.

Mil. We do confeſs it.

Lean. Weak ſimple men! this vicar to this lawyer
Is the moſt inward Damon.

Arſ. What can this do?

Mil. We know the fellow, and he dwells there.

Lean. So.

Arſ. A poor, thin thief. He help? he? hang the vicar!
Can reading of an homily prefer thee[7]?
Thou art dead ſick in love, and he'll pray for thee.

Lean. Have patience, gentlemen. I ſay, this vicar,
This thing, I ſay, is all one with the cloſe Bartolus,
For ſo they call the lawyer! on his nature[8],
(Which I have ſtudied by relation,
And make no doubt I ſhall hit handſomely)
Will I work cunningly, and home: Underſtand me.

---

6 ——— *whilſt my teeth keep* tune.] Mr. Theobald, we think very unneceſſarily, alters *tune* to *time*.

7 ——— *hang the vicar*;
Can reading of an ——— *prefer thee?*] 'Tis ſtrange, that none of all the editions ſhould be able to furniſh out the intermediate word to fill up the *hiatus* of this verſe. As they are talking of the vicar, it is demonſtrable it muſt have been, *homily*; which makes both the metre and ſenſe complete. *Theobald.*

8 ——or *his nature*, &c.] Mr. Theobald's edition ſays, on *his nature*, which reading we have adopted. Probably, however, the original lection was, o'er *his nature*.

Enter Lopez and Diego.

Next, I pray, leave me, leave me to my fortun;
Difficilia pulchra, that's my motto, gentlemen:
I'll win this diamond from the rock, and wear ier,
Or ——

Mil. Peace; the vicar. Send you a full ſail, Sir.

Arſ. There's your confeſſor; but what ſhall be your penance?

Lean. A fool's head, if I fail; and ſo forſake me.
You ſhall hear from me daily.

Mil. We will be ready. [*Exeunt Mil. Arſ.*

Lop. Thin world, indeed.

Lean. I'll let him breath, and mark him. —
No man would think, a ſtranger, as I am,
Should reap any great commodity from his pigbelly.

Lop. Poor ſtirring for poor vicars.

Die. And poor ſextons.

Lop. We pray, and pray, but to no purpoſe;
Thoſe, that enjoy our lands, choke our devotions;
Our poor thin ſtipends make us arrant dunces.

Die. If you live miſerably, how ſhall we do, maſter,
That are fed only with the ſound of prayers?
We riſe and ring the bells to get good ſtomachs,
And muſt be fain to eat the ropes with reverence.

Lop. When was there a chriſt'ning, Diego?

Die. Not this ten weeks:
Alas, they have forgot to get children, maſter.
The wars, the ſeas, and uſury undo us;
Takes off our minds, our edges, blunts our ploughſhares.
They eat nothing here, but herbs, and get nothing but green ſauce:
There are ſome poor labourers, that, perhaps,
Once in ſeven years, with helping one another,
Produce ſome few pin'd butter-prints, that ſcarce hold
The chriſt'ning neither.

Lop. Your gallants, they get honour,
A ſtrange fantaſtical birth, to defraud the vicar;

And

And the camp christens their issues, or the courtezans;
'Tis a lewd time.

Die. They are so hard-hearted here too,
They will not die; there's nothing got by burials.

Lop. Diego, the air's too pure; they cannot perish.
To have a thin stipend, and an everlasting parish,
Lord, what a torment 'tis!

Die. Good sensible master,
You are allow'd to pray against all weathers,
Both foul, and fair, as you shall find occasion;
Why not against all airs?

Lop. That's not i' th' canons:
I would it had; 'tis out of our way forty pence.

Die. 'Tis strange; they are starv'd too, yet they will not die here,
They will not earth. A good stout plague amongst 'em,
Or half a dozen new fantastical fevers,
That would turn up their heels by whole-sale, master,
And take the doctors too, in their grave counsels,
That there might be no natural help for money,
How merrily would my bells go then?

Lop. Peace, Diego;
The doctors are our friends; let's please them well;
For, though they kill but slow, they are certain, Diego.
We must remove into a muddy air,
A most contagious climate.

Die. We must, certain;
An air that is the nursery of agues;
Such agues, master, that will shake mens' souls out,
Ne'er stay for posset, nor good old wives' plaisters.

Lop. Gouts and dead palsies.

Die. The dead does well at all times,
Yet gouts will hang an arse a long time, master.
The pox, or English surfeits, if we had 'em;
Those are rich marle, they make a church-yard fat;
And make the sexton sing; they never miss, Sir.

Lop. Then wills and funeral sermons come in season,
And feasts that make us frolick.

Die. Would I could see 'em.

Lop.

Lop. And tho' I weep i' th' pulpit for my brother,
Yet, Diego, here I laugh.
Die. The cauſe requires it.
Lop. Since people left to die, I am a dunce, Diego.
Die. 'Tis a ſtrange thing, I have forgot to dig too.
Lean. A precious pair of youths! I muſt make toward 'em.
Lop. Who's that? Look out; it ſeems, he would ſpeak to us.
I hope a marriage, or ſome will to make, Diego.
Die. My friend, your buſineſs?
Lean. 'Tis to that grave gentleman.
Bleſs your good learning, Sir!
Lop. And bleſs you alſo!
He bears a promiſing face; there's ſome hope toward.
Lean. I have a letter to your worſhip.
Lop. Well, Sir,
From whence, I pray you?
Lean. From Nova Hiſpania, Sir,
And from an ancient friend of yours.
Lop. 'Tis well, Sir;
'Tis very well.—The devil a one I know there.
Die. Take heed of a ſnap, Sir; h' has a cozening countenance.
I do not like his way.
Lop. Let him go forward.
Cantabit vacuus[9]; they that have nothing, fear nothing.
All I have to loſe, Diego, is my learning;
And, when he has gotten that, he may put it in a nut-ſhell[10]. [*Reads the letter.*]

[9] *Cantabit vacuus* ——] This hemiſtich is the beginning of a verſe in Juvenal's Satyres.

Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator. *Theobald.*

[10] *And, when he has gotten that, he may put it in a nut ſhell.*] Mr. Seward preſcribes taking theſe words from *Lopez*, and giving them to *Diego*; becauſe he thinks it 'out of character for Lopez to joke upon himſelf in this place.' But as Lopez is merry with himſelf through the whole ſcene, we have no doubt of the old copies being right.—If this line was not intended for him, it would come with more propriety from *Leandro* than Diego; he making ſeveral ſatirical remarks, *aſide*, upon the converſation of the Curate and Sexton.

Signior

Signior Lopez, ſince my arrival from Cordova to theſe parts, I have written divers letters unto you, but as yet receiv'd no anſwer of any—Good, and very good—*And although ſo great a forgetfulneſs might cauſe a want in my due correſpondence, yet the deſire I have ſtill to ſerve you muſt more prevail with me*—Better and better: The devil a man know I yet—*and therefore, with the preſent occaſion offered, I am willing to crave a continuance of the favours which I have heretofore receiv'd from you, and do recommend my ſon Leandro, the bearer, to you; with requeſt that he may be admitted in that univerſity, till ſuch time as I ſhall arrive at home; his ſtudies he will make you acquainted withal. This kindneſs ſhall ſupply the want of your ſlackneſs: And ſo, Heaven keep you. Yours, Alonzo Tiveria.*

Alonzo Tiveria! Very well.
A very ancient friend of mine, I take it;
For, till this hour, I never heard his name yet.

Lean. You look, Sir, as if you had forgot my father.

Lop. No, no, I look, as I would remember him;
For that I never remember'd I cannot forget, Sir.
Alonzo Tiveria?

Lean. The ſame, Sir.

Lop. And now i' th' Indies?

Lean. Yes.

Lop. He may be any where,
For aught that I conſider.

Lean. Think again, Sir;
You were ſtudents both at one time in Salamanca,
And, as I take it, chamber-fellows.

Lop. Ha?

Lean. Nay, ſure, you muſt remember.

Lop. 'Would I could!

Lean. I have heard him ſay, you were goſſips too.

Lop. Very likely;
You did not hear him ſay to whom? for we ſtudents
May oft-times over-reach our memories.
Doſt thou remember, Diego, this ſame Signior?
Thou haſt been mine theſe twenty years.

Die.

Die. Remember?
Why, this fellow would make ye mad. Nova Hiſpania?
And Signior Tiveria? What are theſe?
He may as well name ye friends out of Cataya.
Take heed, I beſeech your worſhip. Do you hear, my friend,
You have no letters for me?
Lean. Not any letter;
But I was charg'd to do my father's love
To the old honeſt ſexton Diego. Are you he, Sir?
Die. Ha! have I friends, and know 'em not? My name is Diego;
But if either I remember you or your father,
Or Nova Hiſpania (I was never there, Sir,)
Or any kindred that you have—For heav'n-ſake, maſter,
Let's caſt about a little, and conſider;
We may dream out our time.
Lean. It ſeems I am deceiv'd, Sir:
Yet, that you are don Lopez all men tell me,
The curate here, and have been ſome time, Sir;
And you the ſexton Diego, ſuch I am ſent to,
The letter tells as much. May be, they are dead,
And you of the like names ſucceed. I thank ye, gentlemen;
Ye have done honeſtly in telling truth;
I might have been forward elſe; for to that Lopez,
That was my father's friend, I had a charge,
A charge of money to deliver, gentlemen;
Five hundred ducats, a poor ſmall gratuity.
But ſince you are not he——
Lop. Good Sir, let me think;
I pray ye be patient; pray ye, ſtay a little:
Nay, let me remember; I beſeech you ſtay, Sir.
Die. An honeſt noble friend, that ſends ſo lovingly;
An old friend too; I ſhall remember, ſure, Sir[11].
Lop. Thou ſay'ſt true, Diego.

[11] I ſhall *remember, ſure, Sir.*] Mr. Theobald's edition robs this paſſage of great part of its humour, by reading, you will *remember*; but without noticing the variation.

Die.

Die. 'Pray ye conſider quickly;
Do, do, by any means. Methinks, already,
A grave ſtaid gentleman comes to my memory.
Lean. He's old indeed, Sir.
Die. With a goodly white beard
(For now he muſt be ſo; I know he muſt be)
Signior Alonzo, maſter.
Lop. I begin to have him.
Die. H' has been from hence about ſome twenty years, Sir.
Lean. Some five and twenty, Sir.
Die. You ſay moſt true, Sir;
Juſt to an hour, 'tis now juſt five and twenty.
A fine ſtraight-timber'd man, and a brave ſoldier.
He married—let me ſee——
Lean. De Caſtro's daughter.
Die. The very ſame.
Lean. Thou art a very raſcal! [*Aſide.*
De Caſtro is the Turk to thee, or any thing.
The money rubs 'em into ſtrange remembrances;
For as many ducats more they would remember Adam.
Lop. Give me your hand; you are welcome to your country;
Now I remember plainly, manifeſtly,
As freſhly as if yeſterday I had ſeen him.
Moſt heartily welcome! Sinful that I am,
Moſt ſinful man! why ſhould I loſe this gentleman?
This loving old companion? We had all one ſoul, Sir.
He dwelt here hard by, at a handſome——
Lean. Farm, Sir;
You ſay moſt true.
Lop. Alonzo Tiveria!
Lord, Lord, that time ſhould play the treacherous knave thus!
Why, he was the only friend I had in Spain, Sir.
I knew your mother too, a handſome gentlewoman;
She was married very young: I married 'em.
I do remember now the maſques and ſports then,
The fire-works, and the fine delights. Good faith, Sir,

Now

Now I look in your face—whoſe eyes are thoſe, Diego?
Nay, if he be not juſt Alonzo's picture——
Lean. Lord, how I bluſh for theſe two impudents!
[*Aſide.*
Die. Well, gentleman, I think your name's Leandro.
Lean. It is, indeed, Sir.
Gra'-mercy, letter; thou hadſt never known elſe. [*Aſide.*
Die. I have dandled you, and kiſs'd you, and play'd with you,
A hundred and a hundred times, and danc'd you,
And ſwung you in my bell-ropes—you lov'd ſwinging.
Lop. A ſweet boy.
Lean. Sweet lying knaves!
What would theſe do for thouſands? [*Aſide.*
Lop. A wondrous ſweet boy then it was. See now,
Time, that conſumes us, ſhoots him up ſtill ſweeter.
How does the noble gentleman? how fares he?
When ſhall we ſee him? when will he bleſs his country?
Lean. Oh, very ſhortly, Sir. 'Till his return,
He has ſent me over to your charge.
Lop. And welcome;
Nay, you ſhall know you are welcome to your friend, Sir.
Lean. And to my ſtudy, Sir, which muſt be the law.
To further which, he would entreat your care
To plant me in the favour of ſome man
That's expert in that knowledge: For his pains
I have three hundred ducats more; for my diet,
Enough, Sir, to defray me; which I am charged
To take ſtill, as I uſe it, from your cuſtody:
I have the money ready, and I am weary.
Lop. Sit down, ſit down; and, once more, you're moſt welcome.
The law you have hit upon moſt happily;
Here is a maſter in that art, Bartolus,
A neighbour by; to him I will preſer you;
A learned man, and my moſt loving neighbour.
I'll do you faithful ſervice, Sir.
Die. He's an aſs,

And

And ſo we'll uſe him; he ſhall be a lawyer!

Lop. But, if ever he recover this money again——
Before, Diego,
And get ſome pretty pittance; my pupil's hungry.

Lean. Pray you, Sir, unlade me.

Lop. I'll refreſh you, Sir:
When you want, you know your exchequer.

Lean. If all this get me but acceſs, I am happy.

Lop. Come; I am tender of you.

Lean. I'll go with ye.
To have this fort betray'd, theſe fools muſt fleece me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Bartolus and Amaranta.

Bar. My Amaranta, a retir'd ſweet life,
Private, and cloſe, and ſtill, and houſewifely,
Becomes a wife, ſets off the grace of woman.
At home to be believ'd both young and handſome,
As lillies that are cas'd in cryſtal glaſſes,
Makes up the wonder; ſhew it abroad, 'tis ſtale,
And ſtill, the more eyes cheapen it, 'tis more ſlubber'd.
And what need windows open to inviting,
Or ev'ning terraces, to take opinions [12],
When the moſt wholeſome air, my wife, blows inward,
When good thoughts are the nobleſt companions,
And old chaſte ſtories, wife, the beſt diſcourſes?
But why do I talk thus, that know thy nature?

Ama. You know your own diſeaſe, diſtruſt and jealouſy!

[12] *And what need windows open to inviting,*
Or ev'ning terraces, to take opinions?] Mr. Sympſon reads, *to take* in minions. *To take* opinions, is very good ſenſe, and, rightly underſtood, not an inelegant expreſſion. It does not ſignify, as in the preſent ſtyle of converſation, and as Mr. Sympſon ſeems to conſtrue it, *to take a perſon's opinion* on any thing, but to *captivate their fancies*, and (as he explains his unauthorized reading) *to attract admirers*. To *take in* (meaning *to deceive*) alſo is a mere modern barbariſm; and the whole of this variation from the old copies is, we think, as weak as it is unprecedented.

And

And thoſe two give theſe leſſons, not good meaning.
What trial is there of my honeſty,
When I am mew'd at home? To what end, huſband,
Serve all the virtuous thoughts, and chaſte behaviours,
Without their uſes? Then they are known moſt excellent,
When by their contraries they are ſet off and burniſh'd.
If you both hold me fair, and chaſte, and virtuous [13];
Let me go fearleſs out, and win that greatneſs:
Theſe ſeeds grow not in ſhades, and conceal'd places:
Set 'em i' th' heat of all, then they riſe glorious.

Bar. Peace; you are too loud.

Ama. You are too covetous;
If that be rank'd a virtue, you have a rich one.
Set me, like other lawyers' wives, off handſomely,
Attended as I ought, and, as they have it,
My coach, my people, and my handſome women,
My will in honeſt things.

Bar. Peace, Amaranta!

Ama. They have content, rich clothes, and that ſecures 'em;
Binds to their careful huſbands their obſervance;
They are merry, ride abroad, meet, laugh.

Bar. Thou ſhalt too.

Ama. And freely may converſe with proper gentlemen,
Suffer temptations daily to their honour.

Enter Woman Moor.

Bar. You are now too far again: Thou ſhalt have any thing,
Let me but lay up for a handſome office,
And then, my Amaranta——

[13] *If you both hold me fair, &c.*] Mr. Seward reads,

If ye both hold me fair, and chaſte, *and virtuous,*
Let me go fearleſs out, and win that chaſteneſs.

We ſhall not comment upon the impropriety, and conſequent tautology, of this alteration; they are too glaring to eſcape the notice of the moſt inattentive.

Ama.

Ama. Here's a thing now,
You place as pleaſure to me; all my retinue,
My chambermaid, my kitchenmaid, my friend;
And what ſhe fails in I muſt do myſelf.
A foil to ſet my beauty off; I thank you.
You will place the devil next for a companion.

Bar. No more ſuch words, good wife. What would you have, maid?

Moor. Maſter Curate, and the Sexton, and a ſtranger, Sir,
Attend to ſpeak with your worſhip.

Bar. A ſtranger?

Ama. You had beſt to be jealous of the man you know not.

Bar. 'Pray thee, no more of that.

Ama. 'Pray you, go out to 'em;
That will be ſafeſt for you, I am well here;
I only love your peace, and ſerve like a ſlave for it.

Bar. No, no, thou ſhalt not; 'tis ſome honeſt client,
Rich, and litigious, the Curate has brought to me.
Prithee, go in, my duck; I'll but ſpeak to 'em,
And return inſtantly.

Ama. I am commanded.
One day you will know my ſufferance. [*Exit.*

Bar. And reward it.
So, ſo; faſt bind, faſt find. Come in, my neighbours;
My loving neighbours, pray ye come in; ye are welcome.

Enter Lopez, Leandro, and Diego.

Lop. Bleſs your good reverence!

Bar. Good day, good maſter Curate,
And neighbour Diego, welcome. What's your buſineſs?
And, 'pray ye, be ſhort, good friends; the time is precious:
Welcome, good Sir.

Lop. To be ſhort then with your maſterſhip,
For, I know, your ſeveral hours are full of buſineſs,
We have brought you this young man, of honeſt parents,

And of an honeſt face——
Bar. It ſeems ſo, neighbours:
But to what end?
Lop. To be your pupil, Sir;
Your ſervant, if you pleaſe.
Lean. I have travell'd far, Sir,
To ſeek a worthy man.
Bar. Alas, good gentleman,
I am a poor man, and a private too,
Unfit to keep a ſervant of your reckoning;
My houſe a little cottage, and ſcarce able
To hold myſelf, and thoſe poor few live under it.
Beſides, you muſt not blame me, gentlemen,
If I were able to receive a ſervant,
To be a little ſcrupulous of his dealing;
For in theſe times——
Lop. Pray let me anſwer that, Sir:
Here are five hundred ducats, to ſecure him;
He cannot want, Sir, to make good his credit,
Good gold, and coin.
Bar. And that's an honeſt pledge;
Yet, ſure, that needs not, for his face and carriage
Seem to declare an in-bred honeſty.
Lean. And (for I have a ripe mind to the law, Sir,
In which, I underſtand, you live a maſter)
The leaſt poor corner in your houſe, poor bed, Sir,
(Let me not ſeem intruding to your worſhip)
With ſome books to inſtruct me, and your counſel,
Shall I reſt moſt content with: Other acquaintance
Than your grave preſence, and the grounds of law,
I dare not covet, nor I will not ſeek, Sir;
For, ſurely, mine own nature deſires privacy.
Next, for your monthly pains, to ſhew my thanks,
I do proportion out ſome twenty ducats;
As I grow riper, more: Three hundred now, Sir,
To ſhew my love to learning, and my maſter;
My diet I'll defray too, without trouble.

Lop.

Lop. Note but his mind to learning[14].
Bar. I do ſtrangely;
Yes, and I like it too—Thanks to his money.
Die. 'Would he would live with me, and learn to dig too.
Lop. A wondrous modeſt man, Sir.
Bar. So it ſeems.
His dear love to his ſtudy muſt be nouriſh'd,
Neighbour: He's like to prove——
Lop. With your good counſel,
And with your diligence, as you will ply him.
His parents, when they know your care——
Bar. Come hither.
Die. An honeſter young man your worſhip ne'er kept;
But he is ſo baſhful——
Bar. Oh, I like him better.
Say, I ſhould undertake you, which, indeed, Sir,
Will be no little ſtraitneſs to my living,
Conſidering my affairs, and my ſmall houſe, Sir,
(For I ſee ſome promiſes, that pull me to you)
Could you content yourſelf, at firſt thus meanly,
To lie hard, in an out-part of my houſe, Sir?
For I have not many lodgings to allow you,
And ſtudy ſhould be ſtill remote from company;
A little fire ſometimes too, to refreſh you,
A ſtudent muſt be frugal; ſometimes lights too,
According to your labour.
Lean. Any thing, Sir,

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[14] *Note but his mind to learning.*
Bar. *I do ſtrangely, yes, and I like it too, thanks to his money.*
Die. *Would, he would live with me, and learn to dig too.*]
Both the meaſure and humour are greatly injur'd by this corrupt reading. I doubt not, but the original run thus.
Lop. *Note but his mind to learning.*
Bar. ——*I do ſtrangely;*
Yes, and I like it too.
Die. ——*Thanks to his money.*—
'Would, he would live with me, &c. *Seward.*
Mr. Seward's regulation of the meaſure is obviouſly right; but his varying the interlocutors is, in our opinion, as erroneous as it is arbitrary.

That's dry, and wholeſome. I am no bred wanton.
Bar. Then I receive you: But I muſt deſire you
To keep within your confines.
Lean. Ever, Sir;
(There's the gold) and ever be your ſervant.
(Take it, and give me books) May I but prove, Sir,
According to my wiſh, and theſe ſhall multiply!
Lop. Do, ſtudy hard. Pray you take him in, and ſettle him;
He's only fit for you. Shew him his cell, Sir.
Die. Take a good heart; and, when you are a cunning lawyer,
I'll ſell my bells, and you ſhall prove it lawful.
Bar. Come, Sir, with me. Neighbours, I thank your diligence.
Lop. I'll come ſometimes, and crack a caſe with you.
Bar. Welcome. [*Exeunt Bart. and Leandro.*
Lop. Here's money got with eaſe! here, ſpend that jovially,
And pray for the fool, the founder.
Die. Many more fools,
I heartily pray, may follow his example!
Lawyers, or lubbers, or of what condition,
And many ſuch ſweet friends in Nova Hiſpania!
Lop. It will do well: Let 'em but ſend their monies,
Come from what quarter of the world, I care not,
I'll know 'em inſtantly; nay, I'll be akin to 'em;
I cannot miſs a man that ſends me money.
Let him law there! 'Long as his ducats laſt, boy,
I'll grace him, and prefer him.
Die. I'll turn trade, maſter,
And now live by the living; let the dead ſtink,
'Tis a poor ſtinking trade.
Lop. If the young fool now
Should chance to chop upon his fair wife, Diego?
Die. And handle her caſe, maſter; that's a law-point,
A point would make him ſtart, and put on his ſpectacles;
A hidden point, were worth the canvaſſing.
Lop. Now, ſurely, ſurely, I ſhould love him, Diego,

And

And love him heartily: Nay, I ſhould love myſelf,
Or any thing that had but that good fortune;
For, to ſay truth, the lawyer is a dog-bolt,
An arrant worm; and though I call him worſhipful,
I wiſh him a canoniz'd cuckold, Diego.
Now, if my youth do dub him——

Die. He is too demure, Sir.

Lop. If he do ſting her home——

Die. There's no ſuch matter,
The woman was not born to ſo much bleſſedneſs,
He has no heat; ſtudy conſumes his oil, maſter.

Lop. Let's leave it to the will of fate, and preſently,
Over a cup of luſty ſack, let's propheſy.
I am like a man that dream'd he was an emperor.
Come, Diego, hope! and, while he laſts, we'll lay it on.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Jamie, Milanes, Arſenio, and Angelo.

Jam. Angelo, Milanes, did you ſee this wonder[15]?
Mil.

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[15] Jam. Angelo, *Milanes, did you ſee this wonder?*
Mil. *Yes, yes.* Jam. *And you, Arſenio?*
Arſ. *Yes,* he's *gone, Sir,*
Strangely diſguis'd, he's ſet upon his voyage.
Love guide his thoughts! &c.] *Angelo* makes his appearance in the firſt ſcene of the firſt act, but he ſpeaks but four lines there; and nothing but what Arſenio might full as well have ſaid: And he has nothing to do here, but to ſpoil the verſe. As he is quite an unneceſſary perſon in the play, I fancy, he has intruded into it by ſome error of the players. However, it is neceſſary to ſtrike him out from this paſſage. The latter part of *Arſenio*'s ſpeech ought, I believe, to be given to *Jamie*; it is perfectly in his character. I would read therefore;

Jam. Milanes, *did you ſee this wonder?* Mil. *Yes, yes.*
Jam. *And you, Arſenio?* Arſ. *Yes,* he is *gone, Sir,*
Strangely diſguis'd; He's ſet upon his voyage.
Jam. *Love guide his thoughts!* &c. *Seward.*

I will only add to Mr. Seward's obſervation, that as *Angelo* is no where elſe ſpoke of, or to, throughout the whole play; as he is no manner of a character, nor any ways conducive to carrying on the plot;

Mil. Yes, yes.

Jam. And you, Arſenio?

Arſ. Yes; he's gone, Sir,
Strangely diſguis'd! he's ſet upon his voyage.

Jam. Love guide his thoughts! He's a brave honeſt fellow.
Sit cloſe, don lawyer! Oh, that arrant knave now,
How he will ſtink, will ſmoke again, will burſt!
He's the moſt arrant beaſt——.

Mil. He may be more beaſt.

Jam. Let him bear ſix, and ſix, that all may blaze him!
The villany he has ſowed into my brother,
And, from his ſtate, the revenue he has reach'd at!
Pay him, my good Leandro! Take my prayers!

Arſ. And all our wiſhes! Plough with his fine white heifer!

Jam. Mark him, my dear friend, for a famous cuckold!
Let it out-live his books, his pains, and, hear me,
The more he ſeeks to ſmother it with juſtice,

Enter a Servant.

Let it blaze out the more! What news, Andrea?

And. News I am loth to tell you; but I am charg'd, Sir.
Your brother lays a ſtrict command upon you,

---

no ways aſſiſtant in making Diego's will, nor comprehended in Bartolus's reſentment, I have ventured to expunge him quite out of the drama. *Theobald.*

It is true, the character of *Angelo* is very inconſiderable; but that could not give theſe gentlemen authority to drive *him* out of this play, as they did the *old crone* out of Philaſter. Mr. Seward ſays, the inſertion of *Angelo*'s name in this place, ſpoils the verſe; but it is juſt the contrary; ſince, notwithſtanding Mr. Seward alters *he's* to *he is*, in the ſecond line, the verſe halts ſhockingly;

And you, Ar-ſe-ni-O—*Yes*, he is *gone*, *Sir*.

That the players ſhould add a character is a ſtrange ſuppoſition; their companies, formerly, we believe, ſeldom were ſo numerous, that they ſhould think it neceſſary to create employment! It is much more probable, that *Angelo*'s part was at firſt more conſiderable, and that the players, for want of hands, intended ſtriking it wholly out; but caſually overlooked the ſpeeches ſtill remaining to his name.

No more to know his houſe, upon your danger.
I am ſorry, Sir.

Jam. Faith, never be: I am glad on't.
He keeps the houſe of pride and foolery:
I mean to ſhun it; ſo return my anſwer:
'Twill ſhortly ſpew him out. Come, let's be merry,
And lay our heads together carefully,
How we may help our friend; and let's lodge near him,
Be ſtill at hand. I would not for my patrimony,
But he ſhould crown his lawyer a learn'd monſter!
Come, let's away; I'm ſtark mad 'till I ſee him. [*Exe.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Bartolus and Amaranta.

Ama. Why will you bring men in, and yet be jealous?
Why will you lodge a young man, a man able,
And yet repine?

Bar. He ſhall not trouble thee, ſweet;
A modeſt poor ſlight thing! Did I not tell thee
He was only given to the book, and for that
How royally he pays? finds his own meat too.

Ama. I will not have him here: I know your courſes,
And what fits you will fall into of madneſs.

Bar. 'Faith, I will not, wife.

Ama. I will not try you.

Bar. He comes not near thee, ſhall not dare to tread
Within thy lodgings: In an old out-room,
Where logs and coals were laid——

Ama. Now you lay fire;
Fire to conſume your quiet.

Bar. Didſt thou know him,
Thou wouldſt think as I do, He diſquiet thee!
Thou may'ſt wear him next thy heart, and yet not warm him.
His mind, poor man, 's o'th' law; how to live after,
And not on, lewdneſs. On my conſcience,
He knows not how to look upon a woman,
More than by reading, of what ſex ſhe is.

Ama. I do not like it, Sir.

Bar. Doſt thou not ſee, fool,
What preſents he ſends hourly in his gratefulneſs?
What delicate meats?

Ama. You had beſt truſt him at your table;
Do, and repent it, do!

Bar. If thou be'ſt willing,
By my troth, I think he might come; he's ſo modeſt,
He never ſpeaks. There's part of that he gave me;
He'll eat but half a dozen bits, and riſe immediately;
Ev'n as he eats, he ſtudies; he'll not diſquiet thee.
Do as thou pleaſeſt, wife.

Ama. What means this woodcock? [*Knock within.*

Bar. Retire, ſweet; there's one knocks! Come in.
Your buſineſs?

Enter Servant.

Ser. My lord don Henrique would entreat you, Sir,
To come immediately, and ſpeak with him;
He has buſineſs of ſome moment.

Bar. I'll attend him.
I muſt be gone: I prithee, think the beſt, wife;
At my return, I'll tell thee more. Good morrow!
Sir, keep you cloſe, and ſtudy hard: An hour hence
I'll read a new caſe to you. [*Exit.*

Lean. (within) I'll be ready.

Ama. So many hundred ducats, to lie ſcurvily,
And learn the pelting law? This ſounds but ſlenderly,
But very poorly. I would ſee this fellow,
Very fain ſee him, how he looks: I will find
To what end, and what ſtudy——There's the place:
I'll go o' th' other ſide, and take my fortune.
I think there is a window. [*Exit.*

Enter Leandro.

Lean. He's gone out.
Now, if I could but ſee her! She is not this way.
How naſtily he keeps his houſe? My chamber,
If I continue long, will choke me up,

It

It is ſo damp. I ſhall be mortified
For any woman, if I ſtay a month here.
I'll in, and ſtrike my lute; that ſound may call her. [*Ex.*

Enter Amaranta.

Ama. He keeps very cloſe. Lord, how I long to ſee him!
A lute ſtruck handſomely! a voice too! I'll hear that.
[*Lute and ſong* [16].
Theſe verſes are no law, they ſound too ſweetly.
Now I am more deſirous. [*Leandro peeping.*

Lean. 'Tis ſhe, certain.

Ama. What's that, that peeps?

Lean. Oh, admirable face!

Ama. Sure, 'tis the man.

Lean. I will go out a little.

Ama. He looks not like a fool; his face is noble.
How ſtill he ſtands!

Lean. I am ſtrucken dumb with wonder:
Sure, all the excellence of earth dwells here!

Ama. How pale he looks! yet, how his eyes, like torches,
Fling their beams round! How manly his face ſhews!
He comes on: Surely, he will ſpeak. He is made moſt handſomely.
This is no clerk behaviour. Now I have ſeen you,

[16] *Song.*] The following ſong not appearing in the firſt copy of this Comedy, we do not look upon it as the production of our Poets, and have therefore removed it from the text.

I. Deareſt, do not you delay me,
Since, thou know'ſt, I muſt be gone;
Wind and tide, 'tis thought, doth ſtay me,
But 'tis wind that muſt be blown
From that breath, whoſe native ſmell
Indian odours doth excel.

II. Oh, then ſpeak, thou faireſt fair,
Kill not him that vows to ſerve thee;
But perfume this neighbouring air,
Elſe dull ſilence, ſure, will ſtarve me:
'Tis a word that's quickly ſpoken,
Which being reſtrain'd, a heart is broken.

I'll

I'll take my time! Huſband, you have brought home tinder. [*Exit. She drops her glove.*

Lean. Sure ſhe has transform'd me; I had forgot my tongue clean.
I never ſaw a face yet, but this rare one,
But I was able boldly to encounter it,
And ſpeak my mind; my lips were look'd up here;
This is divine, and only ſerv'd with reverence!
Oh, moſt fair cover of a hand far fairer,
Thou bleſſed innocence, that guards that whiteneſs,
Live next my heart! I am glad I have got a relick;
A relick, when I pray to it, may work wonders.
[*A noiſe within.*
Hark, there's ſome noiſe! I muſt retire again.
This bleſſed apparition makes me happy:
I'll ſuffer, and I'll ſacrifice my ſubſtance,
But I'll enjoy. Now, ſoftly to my kennel. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Henrique and Bartolus.

Hen. YOU know my cauſe ſufficiently?

Bar. I do, Sir.

Hen. And though it will impair my honeſty,
And ſtrike deep at my credit, yet, my Bartolus,
There being no other evaſion left to free me
From the vexation of my ſpiteful brother,
That moſt inſultingly reigns over me,
I muſt and will go forward.

Bar. Do, my lord,
And look not after credit; we ſhall cure that;
Your bended honeſty we ſhall ſet right, Sir;
We ſurgeons of the law do deſperate cures, Sir;
And you ſhall ſee how heartily I'll handle it:
Mark, how I'll knock it home. Be of good cheer, Sir;
You give good fees, and thoſe beget good cauſes;
The prerogative of your crowns will carry the matter,

Carry

Carry it ſheer. The aſſiſtant ſits to-morrow,
And he's your friend. Your monied men love naturally,
And as your loves are clear, ſo are your cauſes.
Hen. He ſhall not want for that.
Bar. No, no, he muſt not;
Line your cauſe warmly, Sir; (the times are aguiſh)
That holds a plea in heart. Hang the penurious!
Their cauſes, like their purſes, have poor iſſues.
Hen. That way, I was ever bountiful.
Bar. 'Tis true, Sir;
That makes you fear'd, forces the ſnakes to kneel to you [17].
Live full of money, and ſupply the lawyer,
And take your choice of what man's lands you pleaſe, Sir,
What pleaſures, or what profits, what revenges;
They are all your own. I muſt have witneſſes
Enough, and ready.
Hen. You ſhall not want, my Bartolus.
Bar. Subſtantial, fearleſs ſouls, that will ſwear ſuddenly,
That will ſwear any thing.
Hen. They ſhall ſwear truth too.
Bar. That's no great matter: For variety,
They may ſwear truth; elſe 'tis not much look'd after.
I will ſerve proceſs, preſently, and ſtrongly,

[17] ——— *forces the* ſnakes *to kneel to you.*] *Snakes* ſeems evidently a corrupted reading. For if by *ſnakes* we might underſtand the pettyfoggers of the law, or don Henrique's enemies, or any other ſet of men, yet our Authors would hardly uſe ſo ill-jointed a metaphor as that of *ſnakes kneeling*. The words, that ſeem moſt like it, are *ſtakes*, *jacks*, and *knaves*; the latter bids faireſt to have been the original. *Seward.*

I have not diſturb'd the text, becauſe our Authors, perhaps by a bold metaphor may mean poor ſervile wretches that creep like *ſnakes:* And when the ſnake erects its creſt a *little*, and trails its hinder parts on the ground, it in ſome ſort reſembles the poſture of kneeling. *Theobald.*

After all, we cannot help ſuſpecting a corruption of the text, tho' we are entirely at a loſs how to remedy it.

Upon

Upon your brother, and Octavio,
Jacintha, and the boy. Provide your proofs, Sir,
And ſet 'em fairly off; be ſure of witneſſes;
Tho' they coſt money, want no ſtore of witneſſes:
I have ſeen a handſome cauſe ſo foully loſt, Sir,
So beaſtly caſt away, for want of witneſſes——

Hen. There ſhall want nothing.

Bar. Then begone, be provident,
Send to the judge a ſecret way: You have me?
And let him underſtand the heart——

Hen. I ſhall, Sir.

Bar. And feel the pulſes ſtrongly beat. I'll ſtudy,
And at my hour, but mark me! Go; be happy;
Go, and believe i' th' law!

Hen. I hope 'twill help me, [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lopez, Diego, four Pariſhioners, and Singers.

Lop. Ne'er talk to me, I will not ſtay amongſt ye;
Debauch'd and ignorant lazy knaves I found ye,
And fools I leave ye. I have taught theſe twenty years,
Preach'd ſpoon-meat to ye, that a child might ſwallow;
Yet ye are blockheads ſtill. What ſhould I ſay to ye?
Ye have neither faith, nor money, left to ſave ye:
Am I a fit companion for ſuch beggars?

1 *Par.* If the ſhepherd will ſuffer the ſheep to be ſcabb'd, Sir——

Lop. No, no, ye are rotten.

Die. 'Would they were, for my ſake!

Lop. I have 'nointed ye, and tarr'd ye with my doctrine,
And yet the murrain ſticks to ye, yet ye are mangy!
I will avoid ye.

2 *Par.* Pray you, Sir, be not angry,
In the pride of your new caſſock; do not part with us.
We do acknowledge you a careful Curate,
And one that ſeldom troubles us with ſermons:

A ſhort

A ſhort ſlice of a reading ſerves us, Sir.
We do acknowledge you a quiet teacher;
Before you'll vex your audience, you'll ſleep with 'em;
And that's a loving thing.

3 *Par.* We grant you, Sir,
The only benefactor to our bowling,
To all our merry ſports the firſt provoker;
And, at our feaſts, we know there is no reaſon
But you, that edify us moſt, ſhould eat moſt.

Lop. I will not ſtay, for all this; ye ſhall know me
A man born to a more beſeeming fortune,
Than ringing all-in to a rout of dunces.

4 *Par.* We will encreaſe your tithes; you ſhall have eggs too,
Tho' they may prove moſt dangerous to our iſſues.

1 *Par.* I am a ſmith; yet thus far, out of my love,
You ſhall have the tenth horſe I prick, to pray for:
I am ſure, I prick five hundred in a year, Sir.

2 *Par.* I am a cook, a man of a dry'd conſcience,
Yet thus far I relent: You ſhall have tithe pottage.

3 *Par.* Your ſtipend ſhall be rais'd too, good neighbour Diego.

Die. Would ye have me ſpeak for ye? I am more angry,
Ten times more vex'd; not to be pacified!
No, there be other places for poor ſextons,
Places of profit, friends, fine ſtirring places,
And people that know how to uſe our offices,
Know what they were made for. I ſpeak for ſuch capons!
Ye ſhall find the key o' th' church under the door, neighbours;
Ye may go in, and drive away the daws.

Lop. My ſurplice, with one ſleeve, ye ſhall find there,
For to that dearth of linen ye have driven me;
And the old cutwork cope, that hangs by geometry:
'Pray ye turn 'em carefully, they are very tender.
The remnant of the books lie where they did, neighbours,

Half

Half puff'd away with the church-wardens' pipings,
Such ſmoky zeals they have againſt hard places.
The poor-man's box is there too: If ye find any thing
Beſide the poſy, and that half rubb'd out too,
For fear it ſhould awake too much charity,
Give it to pious uſes; that is, ſpend it.
Die. The bell-ropes, they are ſtrong enough to hang ye,
So we bequeath ye to your deſtiny.
1 *Par.* 'Pray ye be not ſo haſty.
Die. I'll ſpeak a proud word to ye:
Would ye have us ſtay?
2 *Par.* We do moſt heartily pray ye.
3 *Par.* I'll draw as mighty drink, Sir——
Lop. A ſtrong motive;
The ſtronger ſtill, the more ye come unto me.
3 *Par.* And I'll ſend for my daughter.
Lop. This may ſtir too:
The maiden is of age, and muſt be edified.
4 *Par.* You ſhall have any thing. Loſe our learned vicar?
And our moſt conſtant friend, honeſt, dear Diego?
Die. Yet all this will not do. I'll tell ye, neighbours,
And tell ye true: If ye will have us ſtay,
If ye will have the comforts of our companies,
Ye ſhall be bound to do us right in theſe points;
Ye ſhall be bound, and this the obligation:
Die when 'tis fit, that we may have fit duties[18],
And do not ſeek to draw out our undoings.
Marry try'd women, that are free, and fruitful;
Get children in abundance, for your chriſt'nings,
Or ſuffer to be got, 'tis equal juſtice.
Lop. Let weddings, chriſt'nings, churchings, funerals,
And merry goſſipings, go round, go round ſtill;
Round as a pig, that we may find the profit.

[18] *Die when 'tis fit, that we may have fit* duties.] Mr. Sympſon alters *duties* to *ducs*, we think injudiciouſly; certainly, arbitrarily.

Die.

Die. And let your old men fall ſick handſomely,
And die immediately; their ſons may ſhoot up.
Let women die o' th' ſullens too; 'tis natural:
But be ſure their daughters be of age firſt,
That they may ſtock us ſtill. Your queazy young wives,
That periſh undeliver'd, I am vex'd with,
And vex'd abundantly; it much concerns me;
There's a child's burial loſt; look that be mended.

Lop. Let 'em be brought to-bed, then die when they pleaſe.
Theſe things conſider'd, countrymen, and ſworn to——

2 *Par.* All theſe, and all our ſports again, and gambols.

3 *Par.* We muſt die, and we muſt live, and we'll be merry;
Every man ſhall be rich by one another.

2 *Par.* We are here to-morrow, and gone to-day. For my part,
If getting children can befriend my neighbours,
I'll labour hard but I will fill your font, Sir.

1 *Par.* I have a mother now, and an old father;
They are as ſure your own, within theſe two months—

4 *Par.* My ſiſter muſt be pray'd for too; ſhe is deſperate,
Deſperate in love.

Die. Keep deſperate men far from her,
Then 'twill go hard. Do ye ſee how melancholy?
Do ye mark the man? Do ye profeſs ye love him,
And would do any thing to ſtay his fury,
And are ye unprovided to refreſh him?
To make him know your loves? Fy, neighbours!

2 *Par.* We'll do any thing.
We have brought muſic to appeaſe his ſpirit;
And the beſt ſong we'll give him.

Die. Pray you ſit down, Sir;
They know their duties now, and they ſtand ready
To tender their beſt mirth.

Lop. 'Tis well. Proceed, neighbours!
I am glad I have brought ye to underſtand good manners;

Ye

Ye had Puritan hearts awhile, ſpurn'd at all paſtimes;
But I ſee ſome hope now.

Die. We are ſet. Proceed, neighbours! [*Song* [19].

Enter Arſenio and Milanes.

Arſ. What ails this prieſt? how highly the thing takes it?

Mil. Lord, how it looks? Has he not bought ſome prebend?
Leandro's money makes the raſcal merry,
Merry at heart. He ſpies us.

Lop. Begone, neighbours;
Here are ſome gentlemen. Begone, good neighbours,
Begone, and labour to redeem my favour.
No more words, but begone. Theſe two are gentlemen;
No company for cruſty-handed fellows.

Die. We will ſtay for a year or two, and try ye.

Lop. Fill all your hearts with joy; we will ſtay with ye.

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[19] *Song.*] For the ſame reaſon as is urg'd in p. 233, we have removed the following ſong from the text.

I. Let the bells ring, and let the boys ſing,
The young laſſes ſkip and play;
Let the cups go round, 'till round goes the ground,
Our learned old vicar will ſtay.

II. Let the pig turn merrily, merrily, ah,
And let the fat gooſe ſwim;
For verily, verily, verily, ah,
Our vicar this day ſhall be trim.

III. The ſtew'd cock ſhall crow, cock-a-loodle-loo,
A loud cock-a-loodle ſhall he crow;
The duck and the drake ſhall ſwim in a lake
Of onions and claret below.

IV. Our wives ſhall be neat, to bring in our meat
To thee our moſt noble adviſer;
Our pains ſhall be great, and bottles ſhall ſweat,
And we ourſelves will be wiſer.

V. We'll labour and ſwink, we'll kiſs and we'll drink,
And tithes ſhall come thicker and thicker;
We'll fall to our plow, and get children enow,
And thou ſhalt be learned old vicar.

Begone;

Begone; no more! I take your paſtimes graciouſly.
[*Exeunt Pariſhioners.*
Would ye with me, my friends?
Arſ. We would look upon you;
For, methinks, you look lovely.
Lop. You have no letters?
Nor any kind remembrances?
Mil. Remembrances?
Lop. From Nova Hiſpania, or ſome part remote, Sir;
You look like travel'd men. May be, ſome old friends,
That happily I have forgot; ſome ſigniors
In China or Cataya; ſome companions——
Die. In the Mogul's court, or elſewhere.
Arſ. They are mad, ſure.
Lop. You came not from Peru? Do they look, Diego;
As if they had ſome myſtery about 'em?
Another don Alonzo now!
Die. Ay, marry,
And ſo much money, Sir, from one you know not;
Let it be who it will!
Lop. They have gracious favours.
Would ye be private?
Mil. There's no need on't, Sir;
We come to bring you a remembrance from a merchant.
Lop. 'Tis very well; 'tis like I know him.
Arſ. No, Sir,
I do not think you do.
Lop. A new miſtake, Diego;
Let's carry it decently.
Arſ. We come to tell you,
You have receiv'd great ſums from a young factor
They call Leandro, that has robb'd his maſter,
Robb'd him and run away.
Die. Let's keep cloſe, maſter;
This news comes from a cold country.
Lop. By my faith, it freezes.
Mil. Is not this true? Do you ſhrink now, goodman Curate?

Do I not touch you?
Lop. We have a hundred ducats
Yet left; we do beſeech you, Sir——
Mil. You'll hang, both!
Lop. One may ſuffice.
Die. I will not hang alone, maſter;
I had the leaſt part, you ſhall hang the higheſt,
Plague o' this Tiveria, and the letter!
The devil ſent it poſt, to pepper us,
From Nova Hiſpania! we ſhall hang at home now.
Arſ. I ſee ye are penitent, and I have compaſſion;
Ye are ſecure both, do but what we charge ye;
Ye ſhall have more gold too, and he ſhall give it,
Yet ne'er endanger ye.
Lop. Command us, maſter,
Command us preſently, and ſee how nimbly——
Die. And if we do not handſomely endeavour——
Arſ. Go home, and, 'till ye hear more, keep ye private;
'Till we appear again, no words, good vicar!
There's ſomething added.
Mil. For you too.
Lop. We are ready.
Mil. Go, and expect us hourly: If ye falter,
Though ye had twenty lives——
Die. We are fit to loſe 'em.
Lop. 'Tis moſt expedient, that we ſhould hang both.
Die. If we be hang'd, we cannot blame our fortune.
Mil. Farewell, and be your own friends.
Lop. We expect ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A bar: A table-book, two chairs, paper, and ſtandiſh ſet out.

Enter Octavio, Jacintha, and Aſcanio.

Oct. We cited to the court!
Jac. It is my wonder.
Oct. But not our fear, Jacintha. Wealthy men,

That

That have eſtates to loſe, whoſe conſcious thoughts
Are full of inward guilt, may ſhake with horror
To have their actions ſifted, or appear
Before the judge: But we, that know ourſelves
As innocent as poor, that have no fleece
On which the talons of the griping law
Can take ſure hold, may ſmile with ſcorn on all
That can be urg'd againſt us.

Jac. I am confident,
There is no man ſo covetous, that deſires
To raviſh our wants from us; and leſs hope,
There can be ſo much juſtice left on earth,
Though ſued, and call'd upon, to eaſe us of
The burden of our wrongs.

Oct. What thinks Aſcanio?
Should we be call'd in queſtion, or accus'd
Unjuſtly, what would you do to redeem us
From tyrannous oppreſſion?

Aſc. I could pray
To him that ever has an open ear
To hear the innocent, and right their wrongs;
Nay, by my troth, I think I could out-plead
An advocate, and ſweat as much as he
Does for a double fee, ere you ſhould ſuffer
In an honeſt cauſe.

Enter Jamie and Bartolus.

Oct. Happy ſimplicity!

Jac. My deareſt and my beſt one! Don Jamie!

Oct. And the advocate, that caus'd us to be ſummon'd.

Aſc. My lord is mov'd; I ſee it in his looks:
And that man, in the gown, in my opinion
Looks like a progging knave[20].

Jac.

[20] *Looks like a* proaguing *knave.*] I never knew, nor am acquainted with this word: it muſt certainly be, *progging*; i. e. an hungry, ſcraping, hoarding up raſcal. *Prog* is a cant word for *proviſions*. *Theobald.*

Jac. Peace, give them leave.
Jam. Serve me with proceſs?
Bar. My lord, you are not lawleſs.
Jam. Nor thou honeſt;
One, that not long ſince was the buckram ſcribe,
That would run on mens' errands for an aſper [21];
And from ſuch baſeneſs, having rais'd a ſtock
To bribe the covetous judge, call'd to the bar.
So poor in practice too, that you would plead
A needy client's cauſe, for a ſtarv'd hen,
Or half a little loin of veal, tho' fly-blown;
And theſe the greateſt fees you could arrive at
For juſt proceedings: But, ſince you turn'd raſcal—
Bar. Good words, my lord.
Jam. And grew my brother's bawd
In all his vicious courſes, ſoothing him
In his diſhoneſt practices, you are grown
The rich and eminent knave! In the devil's name,
What am I cited for?
Bar. You ſhall know anon;
And then too late repent this bitter language,
Or I'll miſs of my ends.
Jam. Were't not in court,
I would beat that fat of thine, rais'd by the food
Snatch'd from poor clients' mouths, into a jelly:
I would, my man of law, but I am patient,
And would obey the judge.
Bar. 'Tis your beſt courſe.
'Would every enemy I have would beat me:
I would wiſh no better action.
Oct. 'Save your lordſhip.
Aſc. My humble ſervice.
Jam. My good boy, how doſt thou?
Why art thou call'd into the court?

In the ſong of Autolycus, Winter's Tale, act iv. ſc. ii. the words *pugging tooth* occur; which both Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton alter to *progging tooth*; and Dr. Thirlby obſerved, that this was the cant of gypſies. *Theobald.*

[21] —— *on mens' errands for an* aſper.] An *aſper* is a Turkiſh coin, in value about three farthings. *R.*

Enter

Enter Aſſiſtant, Henrique, Officer, and Witneſſes.

Aſc. I know not,
But 'tis my lord the aſſiſtant's pleaſure
I ſhould attend here.
Jam. He will ſoon reſolve us.
Offi. Make way there for the judge.
Jam. How? my kind brother?
Nay, then, 'tis rank, there is ſome villany towards.
Aſſiſt. This ſeſſions, purchas'd at your ſuit, don Henrique,
Hath brought us hither, to hear and determine
Of what you can prefer.
Hen. I do beſeech
The honourable court, I may be heard
In my advocate.
Aſſiſt. 'Tis granted.
Bar. Hum! hum!
Jam. That preface,
If left out in a lawyer, ſpoils the cauſe,
Tho' ne'er ſo good and honeſt.
Bar. If I ſtood here
To plead in the defence of an ill man,
Moſt equal judge, or to accuſe the innocent,
(To both which I profeſs myſelf a ſtranger)
It would be requiſite I ſhould deck my language
With tropes and figures, and all flouriſhes
That grace a rhetorician; 'tis confeſs'd,
Adulterate metals need the goldſmith's art
To ſet 'em off; what in itſelf is perfect
Contemns a borrow'd gloſs. This lord, my client,
Whoſe honeſt cauſe, when 'tis related truly,
Will challenge juſtice, finding in his conſcience
A tender ſcruple of a fault long ſince
By him committed, thinks it not ſufficient
To be abſolv'd of't by his confeſſor,
If that in open court he publiſh not
What was ſo long conceal'd.
Jam. To what ends this?

Bar. In his young years (it is no miracle
That youth and heat of blood ſhould mix together)
He look'd upon this woman, on whoſe face
The ruins yet remain of excellent form;
He look'd on her, and lov'd her.
Jac. Ye good angels,
What an impudence is this?
Bar. And us'd all means
Of ſervice, courtſhip, preſents, that might win her
To be at his devotion: But in vain;
Her maiden fort, impregnable, held out
Until he promis'd marriage; and before
Theſe witneſſes a ſolemn contract paſs'd,
To take her as his wife.
Aſſiſt. Give them their oath.
Jam. They are incompetent witneſſes, his own creatures,
And will ſwear any thing for half a ryal.
Offi. Silence!
Aſſiſt. Proceed.
Bar. Upon this ſtrong aſſurance,
He did enjoy his wiſhes to the full;
Which ſatisfied, and then, with eyes of judgment,
Hood-wink'd with luſt before, conſidering duly
The inequality of the match, he being
Nobly deſcended and allied, but ſhe
Without a name, or family, ſecretly
He purchas'd a divorce, to diſannul
His former contract, marrying openly
The lady Violante.
Jac. As you ſit here
The deputy of the great king, who is
The ſubſtitute of that impartial judge,
With whom, or wealth, or titles, prevail nothing,
Grant to a much-wrong'd widow, or a wife,
Your patience, with liberty to ſpeak
In her own cauſe; and let me, face to face
To this bad man, deliver what he is:
And if my wrongs, with his ingratitude balanc'd,

Move

Move not compaſſion; let me die unpitied!
His tears, his oaths, his perjuries, I paſs o'er;
To think of them is a diſeaſe; but death,
Should I repeat them. I dare not deny,
(For innocence cannot juſtify what's falſe)
But all the advocate hath alledg'd concerning
His falſhood, and my ſhame, in my conſent,
To be moſt true. But now I turn to thee,
To thee, don Henrique! and, if impious acts
Have left thee blood enough to make a bluſh,
I'll paint it on thy cheeks! Was not the wrong
Sufficient, to defeat me of mine honour,
To leave me full of ſorrow as of want,
The witneſs of thy luſt left in my womb,
To teſtify thy falſhood, and my ſhame?
But, now ſo many years I had conceal'd
Thy moſt inhuman wickedneſs, and won
This gentleman to hide it from the world,
To father what was thine (for yet, by Heav'n,
Though in the city he paſs'd for my huſband,
He never knew me as his wife)——

Aſſiſt. 'Tis ſtrange!
Give him an oath.

Oct. I gladly ſwear, and truly.

Jac. After all this, I ſay, when I had borne
Theſe wrongs with ſaint-like patience, ſaw another
Freely enjoy what was in juſtice mine,
Yet ſtill ſo tender of thy reſt and quiet,
I never would divulge it, to diſturb
Thy peace at home; yet thou, moſt barbarous,
To be ſo careleſs of me, and my fame,
(For all reſpect of thine, in the firſt ſtep
To thy baſe luſt, was loſt) in open court
To publiſh my diſgrace; and, on record,
To write me up an eaſy-yielding wanton,
I think, can find no precedent! In my extremes,
One comfort yet is left, that though the law
Divorce me from thy bed, and made free way
To the unjuſt embraces of another,

It cannot yet deny that this my ſon
(Look up, Aſcanio, ſince it is come out)
Is thy legitimate heir.
Jam. Confederacy!
A trick, my lord, to cheat me! Ere you give
Your ſentence, grant me hearing.
Aſſiſt. New chimeras?
Jam. I am, my lord, ſince he is without iſſue,
Or hope of any, his undoubted heir:
And this, forg'd by the advocate, to defeat me
Of what the laws of Spain confer upon me,
A mere impoſture, and conſpiracy
Againſt my future fortunes.
Aſſiſt. You are too bold.
Speak to the cauſe, don Henrique.
Hen. I confeſs
(Tho' the acknowledgment muſt wound my honour)
That all the court hath heard touching this cauſe,
Or with me, or againſt me, is moſt true;
The latter part, my brother urg'd, excepted.
For what I now do is not out of ſpleen,
As he pretends, but from remorſe of conſcience,
And to repair the wrong that I have done
To this poor woman: And I beſeech your lordſhip
To think, I have not ſo far loſt my reaſon,
To bring into my family, to ſucceed me,
The ſtranger iſſue of another's bed [22],
By proof, this is my ſon; I challenge him,
Accept him, and acknowledge him, and deſire,
By a definitive ſentence of the court,
He may be ſo recorded; and full pow'r
To me, to take him home.
Jac. A ſecond rape
To the poor remnant of content that's left me,

[22] *The* ſtranger——*iſſue of another's bed*;] It is very frequent both with Shakeſpeare and our Poets to uſe the ſubſtantive *ſtranger* adjectively, prefix'd to another ſubſtantive: In the acceptation of, *foreign*. In confirmation of which it would be needleſs to amaſs inſtances. *Theobald.*

If

If this be granted; and all my former wrongs
Were but beginnings to my miſeries,
But this the height of all! Rather than part
With my Aſcanio, I'll deny my oath,
Profeſs myſelf a ſtrumpet, and endure
What puniſhment ſoe'er the court decrees
Againſt a wretch that hath forſworn herſelf,
Or play'd the impudent whore!

Aſſiſt. This taſtes of paſſion,
And that muſt not divert the courſe of juſtice.
Don Henrique, take your ſon, with this condition,
You give him maintenance as becomes his birth;
And 'twill ſtand with your honour to do ſomething
For this wrong'd woman: I will compel nothing,
But leave it to your will. Break up the court!
It is in vain to move me; my doom's paſs'd,
And cannot be revok'd. [*Exit.*

Hen. There's your reward.

Bar. More cauſes, and ſuch fees. Now to my wife;
I have too long been abſent. Health to your lordſhip.
[*Exit.*

Aſc. You all look ſtrangely, and, I fear, believe
This unexpected fortune makes me proud;
Indeed, it does not: I ſhall ever pay you
The duty of a ſon, and honour you
Next to my father. Good my lord, for yet
I dare not call you uncle, be not ſad:
I never ſhall forget thoſe noble favours
You did me, being a ſtranger; and if ever
I live to be the maſter of a fortune,
You ſhall command it.

Jam. Since it was determin'd
I ſhould be cozen'd, I am glad the profit
Shall fall on thee. I am too tough to melt;
But ſomething I will do.

Hen. 'Pray you, take leave
O' your ſteward, gentle brother, the good huſband
That takes up all for you.

Jam. Very well, mock on!
It is your turn: I may have mine. [*Exit.*

Oct. But do not
Forget us, dear Aſcanio.
Aſc. Do not fear it:
I ev'ry day will ſee you; ev'ry hour
Remember you in my pray'rs.
Jac. My grief's too great
To be expreſs'd in words!
Hen. Take that, and leave us; [*Gives money to Jac.*
Leave us without reply. Nay, come back, ſirrah;
[*Exit Jac. Aſc. offers to follow.*
And ſtudy to forget ſuch things as theſe,
As are not worth the knowledge.
Aſc. Oh, good Sir,
Theſe are bad principles!
Hen. Such as you muſt learn
Now you are mine; for wealth and poverty
Can hold no friendſhip: And what is my will
You muſt obſerve and do, tho' good or ill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Bartolus.

Bar. Where is my wife? 'Fore Heav'n, I have done wonders,
Done mighty things to-day. My Amaranta!
My heart rejoices at my wealthy gleanings.
A rich litigious lord I love to follow,
A lord that builds his happineſs on brawlings:
Oh, 'tis a bleſſed thing to have rich clients.
Why, wife, I ſay! How fares my ſtudious pupil?
Hard at it ſtill? You are too violent;
All things muſt have their reſts, they will not laſt elſe;
Come out and breathe.
Lean. (within) I do beſeech you, pardon me;
I am deeply in a ſweet point, Sir.
Bar. I'll inſtruct you:

Enter Amaranta.

I ſay, take breath; ſeek health firſt, then your ſtudy.
Oh,

Oh, my ſweet ſoul, I have brought thee golden birds home,
Birds in abundance: I have done ſtrange wonders!
There's more a-hatching too.
Ama. Have you done good, huſband?
Then 'tis a good day ſpent.
Bar. Good enough, chicken.
I have ſpread the nets o' th' law, to catch rich booties,
And they come fluttering in. How does my pupil,
My modeſt thing? Haſt thou yet ſpoken to him?
Ama. As I paſs'd by his chamber, I might ſee him;
But he's ſo bookiſh——
Bar. And ſo baſhful too;
I'faith, he is; before he'll ſpeak, he'll ſtarve there.
Ama. I pity him a little.
Bar. So do I too.
Ama. And if he pleaſe to take the air o'th' gardens,
Or walk i'th' inward rooms, ſo he moleſt not——
Bar. He ſhall not trouble thee; he dare not ſpeak to thee.
Bring out the cheſs-board! Come, let's have a game, wife;

Enter Moor, with a cheſs-board.

I'll try your maſtery; you ſay you're cunning.
Ama. As learned as you are, Sir, I ſhall beat you.

Enter Leandro.

Bar. Here he ſteals out; put him not out of countenance;
Prithee, look another way, he will be gone elſe.
Walk and refreſh yourſelf; I'll be with you preſently.
Lean. I'll take the air a little. [*Play at cheſs.*
Bar. 'Twill be healthful.
Ama. Will you be there? Then, here, I'll ſpare you that man.
Lean. 'Would I were ſo near too, and a mate fitting.
Ama. What think you, Sir, to this? Have at your knight now.

Bar.

Bar. 'Twas ſubtly play'd. Your queen lies at my ſervice.
Prithee, look off, he is ready to pop in again;
Look off, I ſay; doſt thou not ſee how he bluſhes?

Ama. I do not blaſt him.

Lean. But you do, and burn too!
What killing looks ſhe ſteals?

Bar. I have you now cloſe;
Now for a mate.

Lean. You are a bleſſed man, that may ſo have her.
Oh, that I might play with her! [*Knock within.*

Bar. Who's there? I come. You cannot ſcape me now, wife.
I come, I come. [*Knock.*

Lean. Moſt bleſſed hand, that calls him.

Bar. Play quickly, wife.

Ama. 'Pray ye, give leave to think, Sir.

Enter Moor.

Moor. An honeſt neighbour that dwells hard by, Sir,
Would fain ſpeak with your worſhip about buſineſs.

Lean. The devil blow him off.

Bar. Play.

Ama. I will ſtudy:
For if you beat me thus, you will ſtill laugh at me.
[*Knock.*

Bar. He knocks again; I cannot ſtay. Leandro,
'Pray thee come near.

Lean. I am well, Sir, here.

Bar. Come hither:
Be not afraid, but come.

Ama. Here's none will bite, Sir.

Lean. God forbid, lady!

Ama. 'Pray, come nearer.

Lean. Yes, forſooth.

Bar. 'Prithee obſerve theſe men, juſt as they ſtand here,
And ſee this lady do not alter 'em;
And be not partial, pupil.

Lean.

Lean. No, indeed, Sir.

Bar. Let her not move a pawn; I'll come back preſently.
Nay, you ſhall know I am a conqueror.
Have an eye, pupil! [*Exit.*

Ama. Can you play at cheſs, Sir?

Lean. A little, lady.

Ama. But you cannot tell me
How to avoid this mate, and win the game too?
(H' has noble eyes!) You dare not friend me ſo far?

Lean. I dare do any thing that's in man's pow'r, lady,
To be a friend to ſuch a noble beauty.

Ama. This is no lawyer's language! I pray you tell me
Whither may I remove (you ſee I am ſet round)
T'avoid my huſband?

Lean. I ſhall tell you happily;
But happily you will not be inſtructed.

Ama. Yes, and I'll thank you too; ſhall I move this man?

Lean. Thoſe are unſeemly: Move one can ſerve you,
Can honour you, can love you,

Ama. 'Pray you tell quickly;
He will return, and then——

Lean. I'll tell you inſtantly:
Move me, and I'll move any way to ſerve you;
Move your heart this way, lady.

Ama. How?

Lean. 'Pray you hear me.
Behold the ſport of love, when he's imperious;
Behold the ſlave of love!

Ama. Move my queen this way?
(Sure he's ſome worthy man) Then, if he hedge me,
Or here to open him——

Lean. Do but behold me;
If there be pity in you, do but view me!
But view the miſery I have undertaken
For you, the poverty——

Ama.

Ama. He will come preſently.
Now play your beſt, Sir: Tho' I loſe this rook here,
Yet I get liberty.
Lean. I'll ſeize your fair hand,
And warm it with a hundred, hundred kiſſes!
The god of love warm your deſires but equal!
That ſhall play my game now.
Ama. What do you mean, Sir?
Why do you ſtop me?
Lean. That you may intend me.
The time has bleſt us both: Love bids us uſe it,
I am a gentleman nobly deſcended,
Young to invite your love, rich to maintain it.
I bring a whole heart to you; thus I give it,
And to thoſe burning altars thus I offer,
And thus, divine lips, where perpetual ſpring grows—
Ama. Take that; you are too ſaucy!
[*Strikes him with the cheſs-board, and throws down the men.*
Lean. How, proud lady?
Strike my deſerts?
Ama. I was to blame.

Enter Bartolus.

Bar. What, wife, there!
Heav'n keep my houſe from thieves!
Lean. I am wretched!
Open'd, diſcover'd, loſt to all my wiſhes!
I ſhall be hooted at.
Bar. What noiſe was this, wife?
Why doſt thou ſmile?
Lean. This proud thing will betray me.
Bar. Why theſe lie here? What anger, dear?
Ama. Why, none Sir,
Only a chance; your pupil ſaid he play'd well,
And ſo, indeed, he does; he undertook for you,
Becauſe I would not ſit ſo long time idle:
I made my liberty, avoided your mate,
And he again as cunningly endanger'd me;

Indeed,

Indeed, he put me ſtrangely to't. When preſently,
Hearing you come, and having broke his ambuſh too,
Having the ſecond time brought off my queen fair,
I roſe o' th' ſudden ſmilingly to ſhew you;
My apron caught the cheſs-board and the men,
And there the noiſe was.

Bar. Thou art grown a maſter;
For all this I ſhall beat you.

Lean. Or I you, lawyer;
For now I love her more! 'Twas a neat anſwer,
And by it hangs a mighty hope; I thank her;
She gave my pate a ſound knock, that it rings yet,
But you ſhall have a ſounder if I live, lawyer!
My heart akes yet; I would not be in that fear——

Bar. I am glad you are a gameſter, Sir; ſometimes,
For recreation, we two ſhall fight hard at it.

Ama. He will prove too hard for me,

Lean. I hope he ſhall do;
But your cheſs-board is too hard for my head; line that, good lady.

Bar. I have been atoning two moſt wrangling neighbours;
They had no money, therefore I made even.
Come, let's go in and eat; truly, I'm hungry.

Lean. I have eaten already; I muſt entreat your pardon.

Bar. Do as you pleaſe, we ſhall expect y' at ſupper.
He has got a little heart now; it ſeems handſomely.

Ama. You'll get no little head, if I don't look to you.

Lean. If ever I do catch thee again, thou vanity—

Ama. I was to blame to be ſo raſh; I'm ſorry! [*Exe.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter don Henrique, Violante, and Aſcanio.

Hen. HEAR but my reaſons!

Vio. Oh, my patience! hear 'em?
Can cunning falſhood colour an excuſe

With

With any ſeeming ſhape of borrow'd truth,
T' extenuate this wilful wrong, not error[24]?
Hen. You gave conſent, that, to defeat my brother,
I ſhould take any courſe.
Vio. But not to make
The cure more loathſome than the foul diſeaſe.
Was't not enough you took me to your bed,
Tir'd with looſe dalliance, and with empty veins,
All thoſe abilities ſpent before and waſted,
That could confer the name of mother on me,
But that (to perfect my account of ſorrow
For my long barrenneſs) you muſt heighten it
By ſhewing to my face, that you were fruitful,
Hugg'd in the baſe embraces of another?
If ſolitude, that dwelt beneath my roof,
And want of children, was a torment to me,
What end of my vexation, to behold
A baſtard to upbraid me with my wants,
And hear the name of father paid to you,
Yet know myſelf no mother? What can you ſay[25]?
Hen. Shall I confeſs my fault, and aſk your pardon?
Will that content you?
Vio. If it could make void
What is confirm'd in court. No, no, don Henrique,
You ſhall know, that I find myſelf abus'd;
And add to that, I have a woman's anger;
And, while I look upon this baſiliſk,
Whoſe envious[26] eyes have blaſted all my comforts,

[24] *Extenuate this* woſull *wrong, not error?*] The poets are robb'd, I dare ſay, of the *antitheſis* here required to ſupport the vivacity of their meaning. Henrique has moſt plainly been excuſing his conduct, and calling the ſteps he has taken erroneous: Upon which Violante would ſay, *Do you think to colour out an excuſe with cunning falſhood, and extenuate the guilt of your proceedings by calling that* error, *which is a* wilful wrong? And to this tenour I have ventured to amend the text. *Theobald.*

[25] *What can* I *ſay?*] The anſwer plainly ſhews that it ſhould be *you.* *Seward.*

[26] *Whoſe* envious *eyes.*] For *envious*, Mr. Seward ſubſtitutes *venomous*; but we ſee no need of alteration, *envious* being both ſenſe and poetry.

Reſt

Reſt confident, I'll ſtudy my dark ends,
And not your pleaſures.
Aſc. Noble lady, hear me;
Not as my father's ſon, but as your ſervant,
Vouchſafe to hear me; for ſuch in my duty
I ever will appear: And far be it from
My poor ambition ever to look on you,
But with that reverence which a ſlave ſtands bound
To pay a worthy miſtreſs. I have heard
That dames of higheſt place, nay queens themſelves,
Diſdain not to be ſerv'd by ſuch as are
Of meaneſt birth; and I ſhall be moſt happy,
To be employ'd when you pleaſe to command me,
Even in the coarſeſt office? As your page
I can wait on your trencher, fill your wine,
Carry your pantofles, and be ſometimes bleſs'd
In all humility to touch your feet:
Or if that you eſteem that too much grace,
I can run by your coach, obſerve your looks,
And hope to gain a fortune by my ſervice,
With your good favour; which now, as a ſon,
I dare not challenge.
Vio. As a ſon?
Aſc. Forgive me!
I will forget the name; let it be death
For me to call you mother.
Vio. Still upbraided?
Hen. No way left t' appeaſe you?
Vio. None. Now hear me;
Hear what I vow before the face of Heav'n,
And, if I break it, all plagues in this life,
And thoſe that after death are fear'd, fall on me!
While that this baſtard ſtays under my roof,
Look for no peace at home, for I renounce
All offices of a wife.
Hen. What am I fall'n to?
Vio. I will not eat, nor ſleep with you; and thoſe hours
Which I ſhould ſpend in prayers for your health

Shall be employ'd in curſes!

Hen. Terrible!

Vio. All the day long, I'll be as tedious to you
As ling'ring fevers, and I'll watch the nights,
To ring aloud your ſhame, and break your ſleeps;
Or, if you do but ſlumber, I'll appear
I'th' ſhape of all my wrongs, and like a fury
Fright you to madneſs: And, if all this fail
To work out my revenge, I've friends and kinſmen,
That will not ſit down tame with the diſgrace
That's offer'd to our noble family
In what I ſuffer.

Hen. How am I divided
Between the duties I owe as a huſband,
And piety of a parent?

Aſc. I am taught, Sir,
By the inſtinct of nature, that obedience
Which bids me to prefer your peace of mind
Before thoſe pleaſures that are deareſt to me:
Be wholly hers, my lord; I quit all parts
That I may challenge. May you grow old together,
And no diſtaſte e'er find you; and before
The characters of age are printed on you,
May you ſee many images of yourſelves,
Though I, like ſome falſe glaſs, that's never look'd in,
Am caſt aſide and broken! From this hour,
Unleſs invited, which I dare not hope for,
I never will ſet my forbidden feet
Over your threſhold; only give me leave,
Though caſt off to the world, to mention you
In my devotions, it is all I ſue for;
And ſo I take my laſt leave!

Hen. Though I am
Devoted to a wife, nay almoſt ſold
A ſlave to ſerve her pleaſures, yet I cannot
So part with all humanity, but I muſt
Shew ſomething of a father; thou ſhalt not go
Unfurniſh'd and unfriended too: Take that
To guard thee from neceſſities. May thy goodneſ-

Meet

Meet many favours, and thine innocence
Deſerve to be the heir [27] of greater fortunes
Than thou wert born to! Scorn me not, Violante;
This baniſhment is a kind of civil death;
And now, as it were at his funeral,
To ſhed a tear or two is not unmanly;
And ſo, farewell for ever! One word more;
Though I muſt never ſee thee, my Aſcanio,
When this is ſpent, for ſo the judge decreed,
Send to me for ſupply. Are you pleas'd now?
[*Exit Aſcanio.*

Vio. Yes; I have cauſe, to ſee you howl and blubber
At th' parting of my torment, and your ſhame.
'Tis well! proceed; ſupply his wants; do, do!
Let the great dow'r I brought, ſerve to maintain
Your baſtard's riots; ſend my clothes and jewels
T' your old acquaintance, your dear dame, his mother:
Now you begin to melt, I know 'twill follow.

Hen. Is all I do miſconſtru'd?

Vio. I will take
A courſe to right myſelf, a ſpeeding one;
By the bleſs'd ſaints, I will! If I prove cruel,
The ſhame to ſee thy fooliſh pity, taught me
To loſe my natural ſoftneſs. Keep off from me!
Thy flatteries are infectious, and I'll flee thee
As I would do a leper.

Hen. Let not fury

---

[27] ——— and *thine innocence*
Deſerve *to be the heir.*] Aſcanio has ſhew'd ſo many inſtances of innocence, that the occaſion here ſeems only to require a prayer that his innocence may be rewarded. It ſhould ſeem therefore that either the word *deſerve* ſhould be chang'd to *arrive*, or the whole be turn'd into an affirmation, as I have ventured to make it. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

——— *may thy goodneſs*
Meet many favours, for *thine innocence*
Deſerves *to be the heir*, &c.

which alterations ſurely are unneceſſary; the meaning being obviouſly, 'May your goodneſs be rewarded, and *a continuance in your preſent innocent ſtate* render you deſerving of greater fortunes than your birth entitles you to.'

Tranſport you ſo; you know I am your creature;
All love, but to yourſelf, with him, hath left me.
I'll join with you in any thing.

Vio. In vain;
I'll take mine own ways, and will have no partners.

Hen. I will not croſs you.

Vio. Do not! They ſhall find,
That, to a woman of her hopes beguil'd,
A viper trod on, or an aſpick, 's mild. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lopez, Milanes, and Arſenio.

Lop. Sits the game there? I have you. By mine order,
I love Leandro for't.

Mil. But you muſt ſhew it
In lending him your help, to gain him means
And opportunity.

Lop. He ſhall want nothing.
I know my advocate to a hair, and what
Will fetch him from his pray'rs, if he uſe any.
I am honey'd with the project! I would have him horn'd
For a moſt precious beaſt.

Arſ. But you loſe time.

Lop. I am gone. Inſtruct you Diego; you will find him
A ſharp and ſubtile knave; give him but hints,
And he will amplify. See all things ready.
I'll fetch him with a vengeance! [*Exit.*

Arſ. If he fail now,
We'll give him over too.

Mil. Tuſh, he is fleſh'd,
And knows what vein to ſtrike for his own credit.

Arſ. All things are ready.

Mil. Then we ſhall have a merry ſcene, ne'er fear it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Amaranta, with a note, and Moor.

Ama. Is thy maſter gone out?
Moor. Even now; the Curate fetch'd him,
About a ſerious buſineſs, as it ſeem'd,
For he ſnatch'd up his cloak, and bruſh'd his hat ſtraight,
Set his band handſomely, and out he gallop'd.
Ama. 'Tis well, 'tis very well; he went out, Egla,
As luckily as one would ſay, 'go, huſband!'
He was call'd by providence. Fling this ſhort paper
Into Leandro's cell, and waken him;
He is monſtrous vex'd, and muſty, at my cheſs-play;
But this ſhall ſupple him, when he has read it.
Take your own recreation for two hours,
And hinder nothing.
Moor. If I do, I'll hang for't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Octavio and Jacintha.

Oct. If that you lov'd Aſcanio for himſelf,
And not your private ends, you rather ſhould
Bleſs the fair opportunity, that reſtores him
To his birth-right, and the honours he was born to,
Than grieve at his good fortune.
Jac. Grieve, Octavio?
I would reſign my eſſence, that he were
As happy as my love could faſhion him,
Though every bleſſing that ſhould fall on him
Might prove a curſe to me! My ſorrow ſprings
Out of my fear and doubt he is not ſafe.
I am acquainted with don Henrique's nature,
And I have heard too much the fiery temper
Of madam Violante: Can you think
That ſhe, that almoſt is at war with Heav'n

For being barren, will with equal eyes
Behold a ſon of mine?

Oct. His father's care,
That, for the want of iſſue, took him home,
Though with the forfeiture of his own fame,
Will look unto his ſafety.

Jac. Stepmothers
Have many eyes, to find a way to miſchief,
Though blind to goodneſs.

Enter Jamie and Aſcanio.

Oct. Here comes don Jamie,
And with him our Aſcanio.

Jam. Good youth, leave me;
I know thou art forbid my company,
And, only to be ſeen with me, will call on
Thy father's anger.

Aſc. Sir, if that to ſerve you
Could loſe me any thing, as indeed it cannot,
I ſtill would follow you. Alas, I was born
To do you hurt, but not to help myſelf!
I was, for ſome particular end, took home,
But am caſt off again.

Jam. Is't poſſible?

Aſc. The lady, whom my father calls his wife,
Abhors my ſight, is ſick of me, and forc'd him
To turn me out of doors.

Jac. By my beſt hopes,
I thank her cruelty; for it comes near
A ſaving charity!

Aſc. I am only happy
That yet I can relieve you; 'pray you, ſhare!
My father's wondrous kind, and promiſes
That I ſhould be ſupplied: But ſure the lady
Is a malicious woman, and I fear
Means me no good.

Enter Servant.

Jam. I am turn'd a ſtone with wonder,
And know not what to think.

Ser. From my lady,
Your private ear, and this——
Jam. New miracles?
Ser. She ſays, if you dare make yourſelf a fortune,
She will propoſe the means. My lord don Henrique
Is now from home, and ſhe alone expects you:
If you dare truſt her, ſo; if not, deſpair of
A ſecond offer. [*Exit.*
Jam. Though there were an ambuſh
Laid for my life, I'll on, and ſound this ſecret.
Retire thee, my Aſcanio, with thy mother;
But ſtir not forth; ſome great deſign's on foot.
Fall what can fall, if, ere the ſun be ſet,
I ſee you not, give me for dead.
Aſc. We will expect you,
And thoſe bleſs'd angels that love goodneſs guard you!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Lopez and Bartolus.

Bar. Is't poſſible he ſhould be rich?
Lop. Moſt poſſible;
He hath been long, though he'd but little gettings,
Drawing together, Sir.
Bar. Accounted a poor ſexton;
Honeſt, poor Diego.
Lop. I aſſure you, a cloſe fellow;
Both cloſe and ſcraping, and that fills the bags, Sir.
Bar. A notable good-fellow too[28].
Lop. Sometimes, Sir;
When he hop'd to drink a man into a ſurfeit,
That he might gain by his grave.
Bar. So many thouſands?
Lop. Heav'n knows what.
Bar. 'Tis ſtrange,

[28] *A notable* Good-fellow *too.*] *Good-fellow*, in this place, means a *boon companion*, a *bottle-friend*, as the anſwer demonſtrates.

'Tis very ſtrange. But, we ſee, by endeavour,
And honeſt labour——

Lop. Milo, by continuance,
Grew, from a ſilly calf (with your worſhip's reverence)
To carry a bull. From a penny to a pound, Sir,
And from a pound to many: 'Tis the progreſs.

Bar. You ſay true; but he lov'd to feed well alſo,
And that, methinks——

Lop. From another man's trencher, Sir,
And there he found it ſeaſon'd with ſmall charge;
There he would play the tyrant, and would devour you
More than the graves he made; At home he liv'd
Like a cameleon, ſuck'd the air of miſery,
[*Table ſet out, ſtandiſh, paper, and ſtools.*
And grew fat by the brewis of an egg-ſhell;
Would ſmell a cook's ſhop, and go home and ſurfeit,
And be a month in faſting out that fever.

Bar. Theſe are good ſymptoms. Does he lie ſo ſick, ſay you?

Lop. Oh, very ſick.

Bar. And choſen me executor?

Lop. Only your worſhip.

Bar. No hope of his amendment?

Lop. None, that we find.

Bar. He hath no kinſmen neither?

Lop. 'Truth, very few.

Bar. His mind will be the quieter.
What doctors has he?

Lop. There's none, Sir, he believes in.

Bar. They are but needleſs things, in ſuch extremities.
Who draws the good man's will?

Lop. Marry that do I, Sir;
And to my grief.

Bar. Grief will do little now, Sir;
Draw it to your comfort, friend, and as I counſel you.
An honeſt man; but ſuch men live not always.
Who are about him?

Lop. Many, now he is paſſing,

That

That would pretend t' his love, yes, and ſome gentlemen
That would fain counſel him, and be of his kindred;
Rich men can want no heirs, Sir.
Bar. They do ill,
Indeed they do, to trouble him; very ill, Sir.
But we ſhall take a care.

Enter, with Diego in a bed, Milanes, Arſenio, and Pariſhioners.

Lop. Will you come near, Sir?
'Pray you bring him out. Now you may ſee in what ſtate——
Give him freſh air.
Bar. I am ſorry, neighbour Diego,
To find you in ſo weak a ſtate.
Die. You're welcome;
But I am fleeting, Sir.
Bar. Methinks he looks well;
His colour freſh, and ſtrong; his eyes are chearful.
Lop. A glimmering before death; 'tis nothing elſe, Sir,
Do you ſee how he fumbles with the ſheet[29]? do you note that?
Die. My learned Sir, 'pray you ſit. I am bold to ſend for you,
To take a care of what I leave.
Lop. Do you hear that?
Arſ. Play the knave finely!
Die. So I will, I warrant you, } *Apart.*
And carefully.
Bar. 'Pray ye do not trouble him;
You ſee he's weak, and has a wand'ring fancy.
Die. My honeſt neighbours, weep not; I muſt leave ye,
I cannot always bear ye company.

[29] *Do you ſee how he fumbles with the ſheet.*] This appears to be an impotent attack on the deſcription of Falſtaffe's death, in Shakeſpeare's Henry V.

We

We muſt drop ſtill; there is no remedy.
'Pray ye, maſter Curate, will you write my teſtament,
And write it largely, it may be remember'd?
And be witneſs to my legacies, good gentlemen.
Your worſhip I do make my full executor;
[*To Bartolus.*
You are a man of wit and underſtanding.
Give me a cup of wine to raiſe my ſpirits,
For I ſpeak low. I would, before theſe neighbours,
Have you to ſwear, Sir, that you'll ſee it executed,
And what I give let equally be render'd,
For my ſoul's health.

Bar. I vow it truly, neighbours;
Let not that trouble you; before all theſe,
Once more I give my oath.

Die. Then ſet me higher,
And pray ye come near me all.

Lop. We're ready for you.

Mil. Now ſpur the aſs, and get our friend time!
[*Apart.*

Die. Firſt then,
After I have given my body to the worms
(For they muſt be ſerv'd firſt, they're ſeldom cozen'd)——

Lop. Remember your pariſh, neighbour.

Die. You ſpeak truly;
I do remember it, a lewd vile pariſh,
And pray it may be mended: To the poor of it,
Which is to all the pariſh, I give nothing;
For nothing unto nothing is moſt natural;
Yet leave as much ſpace as will build an hoſpital,
Their children may pray for me.

Bar. What do you give to it?

Die. Set down two thouſand ducats.

Bar. 'Tis a good gift,
And will be long remember'd.

Die. To your worſhip,
Becauſe you muſt take pains to ſee all finiſh'd,
I give two thouſand more—it may be three, Sir—
A poor

A poor gratuity for your pains-taking.

Bar. Theſe are large ſums.

Lop. Nothing to him that has 'em.

Die. To my old maſter Vicar I give five hundred;
Five hundred and five hundred are too few, Sir,
But there be more to ſerve.

Bar. This fellow coins ſure.

Die. Give me ſome more drink. Pray ye buy books, buy books,
You have a learned head, ſtuff it with libraries,
And underſtand 'em when ye have done, 'tis juſtice.
Run not the pariſh mad with controverſies,
Nor preach up abſtinence to longing women,
'Twill purge the bottoms of their conſciences.
I'd give the church new organs, but I propheſy
The churchwardens would quickly pipe 'em out o' th' pariſh.
Two hundred ducats more to mend the chancel,
And to paint true orthography, as many
They write *ſunt* with a *c*, which is abominable:
'Pray you ſet that down. To poor maidens' marriages——

Lop. Ay, that's well thought of; what's your will in that point?
A meritorious thing.

Bar. No end of this will?

Die. I give *per annum* two hundred ells of lockram[30],
That there be no ſtrait dealings in their linens,
But the ſails cut according to their burdens.
To all bell-ringers I bequeath new ropes,
And let them uſe 'em at their own diſcretions.

Arſ. You may remember us.

[30] *Two hundred ells of* lockram.] *Lockram* was a kind of linen. It is mentioned by Shakeſpeare in Coriolanus, act ii. and, in confirmation of this explanation, the laſt Editor of that Author hath produced the following examples: Greene, in his Viſion, deſcribing the dreſs of a man, ſays, 'His ruffe was of fine *lockram*, ſtiched 'very fair with Coventry blue.' And in Glapthorne's Wit in a Conſtable, 1639, 'Thou thought'ſt, becauſe I did wear *lockram* ſhirts, 'I had no wit.' *R.*

Die.

Die. I do, good gentlemen;
And I bequeath ye both good careful ſurgeons,
A legacy ye have need of more than money;
I know ye want good diets, and good lotions,
And, in your pleaſures, good take-heed.
Lop. He raves now;
But 'twill be quickly off.
Die. I do bequeath ye
Commodities of pins, brown papers, packthreads,
Roaſt pork, and puddings, gingerbread, and jews-trumps,
Of penny pipes, and mouldy pepper, take 'em,
Take 'em even where you pleaſe, and be cozen'd with 'em;
I ſhould bequeath ye executions alſo,
But thoſe I'll leave to th' law.
Lop. Now he grows temperate.
Bar. You'll give no more?
Die. I am loth to give more from you,
Becauſe I know you'll have a care to execute.
Only, to pious uſes, Sir, a little.
Bar. If he be worth all theſe, I'm made for ever.
Die. I give to fatal dames, that ſpin mens' threads out,
And poor diſtreſſed damſels, that are militant
As members of our own afflictions,
A hundred crowns to buy warm tubs to work in.
I give five hundred pounds to buy a church-yard,
A ſpacious church-yard, to lay thieves and knaves in;
Rich men and honeſt men take all the room up.
Lop. Are you not weary?
Die. Never of well-doing.
Bar. Theſe are mad legacies.
Die. They were got as madly;
My ſheep, and oxen, and my moveables,
My plate, and jewels, and five hundred acres;
I have no heirs.
Bar. This cannot be; 'tis monſtrous.
Die. Three ſhips at ſea too.

Bar.

Bar. You have made me full executor?
Die. Full, full, and total; would I had more to give you;
But theſe may ſerve an honeſt mind.
Bar. You ſay true,
A very honeſt mind, and make it rich too;
Rich, wondrous rich! But, where ſhall I raiſe theſe monies?
About your houſe, I ſee no ſuch great promiſes [31].
Where ſhall I find theſe ſums?
Die. Ev'n where you pleaſe, Sir;
You're wiſe and provident, and know buſineſs.
Ev'n raiſe 'em where you ſhall think good; I'm reaſonable.
Bar. Think good? will that raiſe thouſands?
What do you make me?
Die. You have ſworn to ſee it done; that's all my comfort.
Bar. Where I pleaſe? This is pack'd ſure to diſgrace me!
Die. You're juſt, and honeſt, and I know you'll do it;
Ev'n where you pleaſe, for you know where the wealth is.
Bar. I am abus'd, betray'd! I'm laugh'd at, ſcorn'd,
Baffled, and boor'd, it ſeems!
Arſ. No, no; you are fool'd.
Lop. Moſt finely fool'd, and handſomely, and neatly;
Such cunning maſters muſt be fool'd ſometimes, Sir,
And have their worſhips' noſes wip'd; 'tis healthful.
We are but quit: You fool us of our monies,
In every cauſe, in every quiddit wipe us.
Die. Ha, ha, ha, ha! ſome more drink, for my heart, gentlemen.
This merry lawyer—Ha, ha, ha, ha! this ſcholar—
I think this fit will cure me! This executor——
I ſhall laugh out my lungs!

[31] ——*Such great promiſes*;] Mr. Sympſon conjectures that the lawyer would naturally uſe the word *premiſes*, but ſeems unwilling to diſturb the text.

Bar.

Bar. This is deriſion above ſuff'rance; villany
Plotted and ſet againſt me!

Die. Faith, 'tis knavery;
In troth, I muſt confeſs thou art fool'd indeed, lawyer.

Mil. Did you think, had this man been rich——

Bar. 'Tis well, Sir.

Mil. He would have choſen ſuch a wolf, a canker,
A maggot, rat, to be his whole executor[32]?

Lop. A lawyer, that entangles all mens' honeſties,
Lives like a ſpider in a cobweb lurking,
And catching at all flies that paſs his pit-falls,
Puts powder to all ſtates, to make 'em caper,
Would he truſt you? Do you deſerve——

Die. I find, gentlemen,
This cataplaſm of a well-cozen'd lawyer
Laid to my ſtomach, lenifies my fever:
Methinks I could eat now, and walk a little.

Bar. I am aſham'd to feel how flat I'm cheated;
How groſsly, and maliciouſly, made a may-game!
A damned trick! My wife, my wife! Some raſcal——
My credit, and my wife! Some luſtful villain,
Some bawd, ſome rogue——

Arſ. Some craftſman, fool, has found you[33]:
This 'tis, Sir, to teach you to be too buſy,
To covet all the gains, and all the rumours,
To have a ſtirring oar in all mens' actions.

Lop. We did this but to vex your fine officiouſneſs.

Bar. Good yield you, and good thank you! I am
fool'd, gentlemen!

---

[32] *A* maggot pate, *to be his whole executor?*] Whimſical idle ſhatter brain'd people are frequently called *maggot-pated:* but this is by no means the lawyer's character, nor does it ſuit with the two former titles, which both imply villany and eating into other mens eſtates. My conjecture is near the trace of the letters, and will, I hope, be allow'd. *Seward.*

[33] *Some* crafty fool *has found you:*] It cannot be ſuppoſed that Arſenio would call Leandro a *fool*, and the reading therefore is probably corrupt; mine is very near it, and is not liable to the ſame objection; and tho' I do not remember the word *craftſman* in our Authors, yet it is uſed in the ſame ſenſe by Fairfax in his excellent tranſlation of Taſſo. *Seward.*

The

The lawyer is an aſs, I do confeſs it,
A weak, dull, ſhallow aſs! Good even to your worſhips!
Vicar, remember, vicar! Raſcal, remember,
Thou notable rich raſcal!

Die. I do remember, Sir.
'Pray you ſtay a little; I have ev'n two legacies,
To make your mouth up, Sir.

Bar. Remember, varlets,
Quake, and remember, rogues, I have brine for your buttocks! [*Exit.*

Lop. Oh, how he frets, and fumes now, like a dunghill!

Die. His gall contains fine ſtuff now to make poiſons,
Rare damned ſtuff!

Arſ. Let's after him, and ſtill vex him,
And take my friend off. By this time he has proſper'd;
He cannot loſe this dear time, 'tis impoſſible.

Mil. Well, Diego, thou haſt done.

Lop. Haſt done it daintily.

Mil. And ſhalt be as well paid, boy.

Arſ. Go; let's crucify him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Amaranta and Leandro.

Lean. I've told you all my ſtory, and how deſperately——

Ama. I do believe. Let's walk on; time is precious,
Not to be ſpent in words; here no more wooing,
The open air's an enemy to lovers.
Do as I tell you.

Lean. I'll do any thing:
I am ſo over-joy'd, I'll fly to ſerve you.

Ama. Take your joy moderately, as 'tis miniſter'd,
And as the cauſe invites: That man's a fool,
That, at the ſight o' th' bond, dances and leaps;
Then is the true joy, when the money comes.

Lean.

Lean. You cannot now deny me.
Ama. Nay, you know not;
Women have crotchets, and ſtrange fits.
Lean. You ſhall not.
Ama. Hold you to that, and ſwear it confidently,
Then I ſhall make a ſcruple to deny you.
'Pray you let's ſtep in, and ſee a friend of mine;
The weather's ſharp: We'll ſtay but half an hour,
We may be miſs'd elſe: A private fine houſe 'tis, Sir,
And we may find many good welcomes.
Lean. Do, lady;
Do, happy lady!
Ama. All your mind's of doing!
You muſt be modeſter.
Lean. I will be any thing. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Bartolus.

Bar. Open the doors, and give me room to chafe in,
Mine own room, and my liberty! Why, maid, there!
Open I ſay, and do not anger me!
I'm ſubject to much fury. When, you diſh-clout,
When do you come? Aſleep, you lazy hell-hound?
Nothing intended but your eaſe, and eating?
Nobody here? Why, wife! why, wife! why, jewel!
No tongue to anſwer me? Prithee, good pupil,
Diſpenſe a little with thy careful ſtudy,
And ſtep to th' door, and let me in. Nor he neither?
Ha! not at's ſtudy? nor aſleep? nor nobody?
I'll make ye hear! The houſe of ignorance!
No ſound inhabits here. I have a key yet,
That commands all. I fear I'm metamorphos'd! [*Exit.*

Enter Lopez, Arſenio, Milanes, and Diego.

Lop. He keeps his fury ſtill, and may do miſchief.
Mil. He ſhall be hang'd firſt; we'll be ſticklers there, boys.

Die.

Die. The hundred thouſand dreams now that poſſeſs him,
Of jealouſy, and frailty; of revenge,
Of drawing bills againſt us, and petitions!
Lop. And caſting what his credit ſhall recover.
Mil. Let him caſt 'till his maw come up; we care not.
You ſhall be ſtill ſecur'd. [*A great noiſe within.*
Die. We'll pay him home then.
Hark, what a noiſe he keeps within.
Lop. Certain,
H' has ſet his chimnies o' fire, or the devil roars there.
Die. The codixes o' th' law are broke looſe, gentlemen.
Arſ. He's fighting, ſure.
Die. I'll tell you that immediately. [*Exit.*
Mil. Or doing ſome ſtrange outrage on himſelf.
Arſ. Hang him, he dares not be ſo valiant.

Enter Diego.

Die. There's nobody at home, and he chafes like a lion,
And ſtinks withal! [*Noiſe ſtill.*
Lop. Nobody?
Die. Not a creature;
Nothing within, but he and his law-tempeſt!
The ladles, diſhes, kettles, how they fly all!
And how the glaſſes through the rooms.

Enter Bartolus.

Arſ. My friend ſure
Has got her out, and now h' has made an end on't.
Lop. See where the ſea comes! how it foams and bruſtles[14]?

The

[14] —*bruſtles?*] Not knowing this word, I have ventured to ſtrike out the *r*; *briſtles* would make an inconſiſtent metaphor with the ſea. *Seward.*

I ſuppoſe the line once to have run in this manner,

See where the ſeal *comes.*

The ſeal, i. e. *ſea-calf*, an appellation ſevere enough in all conſcience and

The great leviathan o' th' law, how it tumbles?

Bar. Made ev'ry way an aſs? abus'd on all ſides?
And from all quarters people come to laugh at me?
Riſe like a comet, to be wonder'd at?
A horrid comet, for boys' tongues, and ballads?
I will run from my wits!

Enter Amaranta and Leandro.

Arſ. Do, do, good lawyer,
And from thy money too; then thou wilt be quiet.

Mil. Here ſhe comes home! Now mark the ſalutations.
How like an aſs my friend goes?

Arſ. She has pull'd his ears down.

Bar. Now, what ſweet voyage? to what garden, lady?
Or to what couſin's houſe?

Ama. Is this my welcome?
I cannot go to church, but thus I am ſcandal'd;
Uſe no devotion for my ſoul, but, gentlemen——

Bar. To church?

Ama. Yes; and you keep ſweet youths to wait upon me,
Sweet bred-up youths, to be a credit to me!
There's your delight again; pray take him to you;
He never comes near me more to debaſe me.

Bar. How's this? how's this? Good wife, how has he wrong'd you?

Ama. I was fain to drive him like a ſheep before me:
I bluſh to think how people ſleer'd, and ſcorn'd me.
Others have handſome men, that know behaviour,
Place, and obſervance; this ſilly thing knows nothing,
Cannot tell ten, let every raſcal juſtle me;

---

and reaſon; and how clearly does the remaining part of the line eſtabliſh this reading,

See where the ſeal *comes, how he ſomes and bruſtles.*

i. e. briſtles. *Sympſon.*

We do not think the word *ſeal* ſo proper as *ſea*, nor ſo likely to be the right reading as the old and received one. *Bruſtles* might, however, be *genuine*; it is expreſſive, tho', perhaps, in no dictionary.

And

And ſtill I puſh'd him on, as he had been coming[35].

Bar. Ha! did you puſh him on? is he ſo ſtupid?

Ama. When others were attentive to the prieſt,
Good devout gentleman, then fell he faſt,
Faſt, ſound aſleep: Then firſt began the bagpipes,
The ſeveral ſtops on's noſe made a rare muſick,
A rare and loud, and thoſe play'd many an anthem.
Put out of that, he fell ſtraight into dreaming.

Arſ. As cunning as ſhe's ſweet! I like this carriage.

Bar. What did he then?

Ama. Why, then he talk'd in's ſleep too.
Nay, I'll divulge your moral virtues, ſheeps-face!
And talk'd aloud, that ev'ry ear was fix'd to him:
Did not I ſuffer, do you think, in this time?
Talk of your bawling law, of appellations,
Of declarations, and excommunications,
Warrants, and executions, and ſuch devils,
That drove all th' gentlemen out o' th' church, by hurries,
With execrable oaths they'd ne'er come there again.
Thus am I ſerv'd and man'd!

Lean. I pray you forgive me;
I muſt confeſs I am not fit to wait upon you.

---

35 *As he had been* coming.] As neither Mr. Sympſon nor I can affix any idea to this reading, I have been forc'd to take an unuſual liberty, rather than leave nonſenſe in the text. I have, however, known ſeveral corrupt readings that have departed more from what was demonſtrably the original, than my correction ſuppoſes this to have done; and as the ſenſe I give ſeems perfectly natural, it is probable it might have been the Authors'. It muſt be obſerved that in moſt countries abroad, it is the cuſtom for ſervants to walk before, not after their miſtreſſes; it is, I know, in Italy, and I ſuppoſe our Authors knew it to be ſo in Spain. She ſays therefore, inſtead of clearing the way for me, I was forc'd to puſh him forwards, or he would have lag'd behind me, as if he had been the woman. Since I wrote this note, a friend to whom I ſhew'd it, hit off another reading which I think full as probable as my own. He would read, *And ſtill I puſh'd him on. Was that becoming?* *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, *And ſtill I puſh'd him on as* he'd been the woman. We have followed the old reading, becauſe we confeſs ourſelves utterly at a loſs what word to ſubſtitute in the place of *comming*, which is probably a corruption.

Alas, I was brought up——
Ama. To be an aſs,
A lawyer's aſs, to carry books, and buckrams!
Bar. But what did you at church?
Lop. At church, did you aſk her?
Do you hear, gentlemen? do you mark that queſtion?
Becauſe you're half an heretic yourſelf, Sir,
Would you breed her too? This ſhall to th' Inquiſition.
A pious gentlewoman reprov'd for praying!
I'll ſee this fil'd; and you ſhall hear further, Sir.
Arſ. You have an ill heart.
Lop. It ſhall be found out, gentlemen;
There be thoſe youths will ſearch it.
Die. You are warm, ſignior,
But a faggot will warm you better: We are witneſſes.
Lop. Enough to hang him, do not doubt.
Mil. Nay certain,
I do believe h'has rather no religion.
Lop. That muſt be known too. Becauſe ſhe goes to church, Sir!
O, monſtrum informe ingens!
Die. Let him go on, Sir;
His wealth will build a nunnery, a fair one,
And this good lady, when he's hang'd and rotten,
May there be abbeſs.
Bar. You are cozen'd, honeſt gentlemen!
I do not forbid the uſe, but the form, mark me.
Lop. Form? what do you make of form?
Bar. They will undo me;
Swear, as I oft have done, and ſo betray me!
I muſt make fair way, and hereafter—Wife,
You're welcome home, and henceforth take your pleaſure;
Go when you ſhall think fit, I will not hinder you;
My eyes are open now, and I ſee my error—
My ſhame, as great as that, but I muſt hide it:
The whole conveyance now I ſmell; but, *baſta*[16]!
Another time muſt ſerve—You ſee us friends now,

[16] Baſta.] *It is enough*. Spanish. *R.*

Heartily

Heartily friends, and no more chiding, gentlemen;
I have been too fooliſh, I confeſs; no more words,
No more, ſweet wife.
Ama. You know my eaſy nature.
Bar. Go, get you in: You ſee ſhe has been angry:
Forbear her ſight a while, and time will pacify;
And learn to be more bold.
Lean. I would I could;
I will do all I am able. [*Exit.*
Bar. Do, Leandro.
We will not part, but friends of all hands.
Lop. Well ſaid;
Now you are reaſonable, we can look on you.
Bar. Ye have jerkt me; but for all that I forgive ye,
Forgive ye heartily, and do invite ye
To-morrow to a breakfaſt, I make but ſeldom;
But now we will be merry.
Arſ. Now you are friendly,
Your doggedneſs and niggardize flung from you,
And now we will come to you.
Bar. Give me your hands, all!
You ſhall be welcome heartily.
Lop. We will be,
For we'll eat hard.
Bar. The harder, the more welcome;
And, till the morning, farewell! I have buſineſs. [*Exit.*
Mil. Farewell, good bountiful Bartolus! 'Tis a brave wench,
A ſudden witty thief, and worth all ſervice.
Go, we'll all go, and crucify the lawyer.
Die. I'll clap four tier of teeth into my mouth more,
But I will grind his ſubſtance.
Arſ. Well, Leandro,
Thou haſt had a ſtrange voyage, but I hope
Thou rid'ſt now in ſafe harbour.
Mil. Let's go drink, friends,
And laugh aloud at all our merry may-games.
Lop. A match, a match! 'twill whet our ſtomachs better. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Violante and Servant.

Ser. MADAM, he's come. [*Chair and ſtools out.*
Viol. 'Tis well. How did he look
When he knew from whom you were ſent? Was he not ſtartled?
Or confident or fearful?
Ser. As appear'd,
Like one that knew his fortune at the worſt,
And car'd not what could follow.
Viol. 'Tis the better.
Reach me a chair. So; bring him in; be careful
That none diſturb us. I will try his temper;
And, if I find him apt for my employments,
I'll work him to my ends; if not, I ſhall
Find other engines.

Enter Jamie and Servant.

Ser. There's my lady.
Viol. Leave us.
Jam. You ſent for me?
Viol. I did: And does the favour,
Your preſent ſtate conſider'd, and my power,
Deſerve no greater ceremony?
Jam. Ceremony?
I uſe to pay that where I do owe duty,
Not to my brother's wife: I cannot fawn;
If you expect it from me, you are cozen'd;
And ſo farewell.
Viol. He bears up ſtill; I like it. [*Aſide.*
Pray you a word.
Jam. Yes; I will give you hearing
On equal terms, and ſit by you as a friend,
But not ſtand as a ſuitor? Now, your pleaſure.

Viol.

Viol. You're very bold.

Jam. 'Tis fit, ſince you are proud:
I was not made to feed that fooliſh humour,
With flatt'ry and obſervance.

Viol. Yet, with your favour,
A little form, join'd with reſpect, to her
That can add to your wants, or free you from 'em,
Nay, raiſe you to a fate beyond your hopes,
Might well become your wiſdom.

Jam. It would rather
Write me a fool, ſhould I but only think
That any good to me could flow from you,
Whom for ſo many years I've found and prov'd
My greateſt enemy. I am ſtill the ſame;
My wants have not transform'd me: I dare tell you,
To your new-cerus'd face, what I have ſpoken
Freely behind your back, what I think of you!
You are the proudeſt thing, and have the leaſt
Reaſon to be ſo, that I ever read of.
In ſtature you're a gianteſs; and your taylor
Takes meaſure of you with a Jacob's ſtaff,
Or he can never reach you: This by the way,
For your large ſize. Now, in a word or two,
To treat of your complexion were decorum [37]:
You are ſo far from fair, I doubt your mother
Was too familiar with the Moor that ſerv'd her.
Your limbs and features I paſs briefly over,
As things not worth deſcription; and come roundly
To your ſoul, if you have any; for 'tis doubtful.

Viol. I laugh at this! Proceed.

Jam. This ſoul I ſpeak of,
Or rather ſalt to keep this heap of fleſh
From being a walking ſtench, like a large inn
Stands open, for the entertainment of

[37] *To treat of your complexion* were *decorum.*] Mr. Sympſon reads, *to treat of your complexion* with *decorum.* We think his variation exceedingly improper; the Author's meaning appearing to be, 'Having treated of your ſtature, I ſhall, *with propriety*, mention your complexion, which is *ſo far from fair*, &c.'

All impious practices: But there's no corner
An honeſt thought can take up. And, as it were not
Sufficient in yourſelf to comprehend
All wicked plots, you've taught the fool my brother,
By your contagion, almoſt to put off
The nature of the man, and turn'd him devil,
Becauſe he ſhould be like you; and I hope
You'll march to Hell together. I have ſpoken;
And if the limning you in your true colours
Can make the painter gracious, I ſtand ready
For my reward; or if my words diſtaſte you,
I weigh it not, for though your grooms were ready
To cut my throat for't, be aſſur'd I cannot
Uſe other language.

Viol. You think you have ſaid now
Like a brave fellow. In this woman's war
You ever have been train'd; ſpoke big, but ſuffer'd
Like a tame aſs; and, when moſt ſpurr'd and gall'd,
Were never maſter of the ſpleen or ſpirit
That could raiſe up the anger of a man,
And force it into action.

Jam. Yes, vile creature,
Wert thou a ſubject worthy of my ſword,
Or that thy death, this moment, could call home
My baniſh'd hopes, thou now wert dead; dead, woman!
But, being as thou art, it is ſufficient
I ſcorn thee, and contemn thee!

Viol. This ſhews nobly,
I muſt confeſs it: I am taken with it;
For had you kneel'd, and whin'd, and ſhew'd a baſe
And low dejected mind, I had deſpis'd you.
This bravery, in your adverſe fortune, conquers
And does command me; and, upon the ſudden,
I feel a kind of pity growing in me,
For your misfortunes: Pity, ſome ſay, 's the parent
Of future love; and I repent my part
So far in what you've ſuffer'd, that I could
(But you are cold) do ſomething to repair

What

What your baſe brother (ſuch, Jamie, I think him)
Hath brought to ruin.

Jam. Ha?

Viol. Be not amaz'd:
Our injuries are equal in his baſtard!
You are familiar with what I groan for;
And though the name of huſband holds a tie
Beyond a brother, I, a poor weak woman,
Am ſenſible and tender of a wrong;
And, to revenge it, would break through all lets,
That durſt oppoſe me.

Jam. Is it poſſible?

Viol. By this kiſs! Start not. Thus much, as a ſtranger,
You may take from me; but, if you were pleas'd,
I ſhould ſelect you as a boſom friend;
I would print 'em thus, and thus.

Jam. Keep off.

Viol. Come near,
Nearer[38], into the cabinet of my counſels!
Simplicity and patience dwell with fools,
And let them bear thoſe burdens, which wiſe men
Boldly ſhake off! Be mine, and join with me;
And when that I have rais'd you to a fortune,
(Do not deny yourſelf the happy means)
You'll look on me with more judicious eyes,
And ſwear I am moſt fair.

Jam. What would this woman?
The purpoſe of theſe words? Speak not in riddles;
And when I underſtand what you would counſel,
My anſwer ſhall be ſudden.

Viol. Thus then, Jamie:
The objects of our fury are the ſame;
For young Aſcanio, whom you ſnake-like hugg'd
(Frozen with wants to death) in your warm boſom,
Lives to ſupplant you in your certain hopes,
And kills in me all comfort.

[38] *Near into.*] This is one of Mr. Theobald's marginal corrections, which both reſtores the verſe and heightens the ſentiment. *Seward.*

Jam.

Jam. Now 'tis plain;
I apprehend you: And, were he remov'd——
Viol. You, once again, were the undoubted heir.
Jam. 'Tis not to be deny'd: I was ice before,
But now you've fir'd me.
Viol. I'll add fuel to it:
And, by a nearer cut, do you but ſteer
As I direct you, we'll bring our bark into
The port of happineſs.
Jam. How?
Viol. By Henrique's death!
But, you'll ſay, he's your brother: In great fortunes,
Which are epitomes of ſtates and kingdoms,
The politic brook no rivals.
Jam. Excellent!
For ſure I think, out of a ſcrupulous fear,
To feed in expectation, when I may,
Diſpenſing but a little with my conſcience,
Come into full poſſeſſion, would not argue
One that deſir'd to thrive.
Viol. Now you ſpeak like
A man that knows the world.
Jam. I needs muſt learn,
That have ſo good a tut'reſs. And what think you,
(Don Henrique and Aſcanio cut off)
That none may live that ſhall deſire to trace us
In our black paths, if that Octavio,
His foſter-father, and the ſad Jacintha,
(Faith, pity her, and free her from her ſorrows)
Should fall companions with 'em? When we're red
With murder, let us often bathe in blood;
The colour will be ſcarlet.
Viol. And that's glorious,
And will protect the fact.
Jam. Suppoſe this done:
If undiſcover'd, we may get for money
(As that, you know, buys any thing in Rome)
A diſpenſation.
Viol. And be married?

Jam.

Jam. True.
Or, if it be known, truſs up our gold and jewels,
And fly to ſome free ſtate, and there with ſcorn——
Viol. Laugh at the laws of Spain. 'Twere admirable!
Jam. We ſhall beget rare children. I am rapt with
The mere imagination!
Viol. Shall it be done?
Jam. Shall? 'tis too tedious. Furniſh me with means
To hire the inſtruments, and to yourſelf
Say it is done already. I will ſhew you,
Ere the ſun ſet, how much you've wrought upon me;
Your province is only to uſe ſome means
To ſend my brother to the grove, that's neighbour
To the weſt port o' th' city; leave the reſt
To my own practice. I have talk'd too long,
But now will do! This kiſs, with my confeſſion,
To work a fell revenge a man's a fool,
If not inſtructed in a woman's ſchool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Bartolus, Alguazils, and an Apparitor. The table ſet out, and ſtools.

Bar. Ye are well enough diſguis'd; furniſh the table;
Make no ſhow what ye are, till I diſcover:
Not a ſoul knows you here: Be quick and diligent.
Theſe youths I have invited to a breakfaſt,
But what the ſauce will be——I am of opinion
I ſhall take off the edges of their appetites,
And greaſe their gums for eating heartily
This month or two. They have play'd their prizes with me,
And with their ſeveral flirts they've lighted dangerouſly[39];
But ſure I ſhall be quit! I hear 'em coming.

Go

[39] *And with their ſeveral flurts they've lighted* dangerouſly.] I can ſcarce affix any idea to the old reading, nor am I ſatisfied with my

Go off, and wait the bringing-in your ſervice,
And do it handſomely: You know where to have it.

Enter Milanes, Arſenio, Lopez, and Diego.

Welcome, i' faith.

Arſ. That's well ſaid, honeſt lawyer.

Lop. Said like a neighbour.

Bar. Welcome, all! All's over [40],
And let's be merry.

Mil. To that end we came, Sir;
An hour of freedom's worth an age of juglings.

Die. I am come too, Sir, to ſpecify my ſtomach
A poor retainer to your worſhip's bounty.

Bar. And thou ſhalt have it fill'd, my merry Diego,
My liberal, and my bonny bounteous Diego;
Even fill'd till it groan again.

Die. Let it have fair play,
And if it founder, then——

Bar. I'll tell ye, neighbours;
Tho' I were angry yeſterday with ye all,
And very angry, for methought ye bobb'd me——

Lop. No, no, by no means.

Bar. No, when I conſider'd
It was a jeſt, and carried off ſo quaintly,
It made me merry, very merry, gentlemen.
I do confeſs I could not ſleep to think on't;
The mirth ſo tickled me, I could not ſlumber.

Lop. Good mirth does always work ſo, honeſt mirth,
Now, ſhould we've meant in earneſt——

---

my own conjecture [ſubſtituting *dangers* for *dangerouſly*]; it only ſeems the beſt of four that occurred, *viz. they've ſlighted me*, or *they've ſlighted dangers*, or *lighted anger*. *Seward.*

Lighted we underſtand to mean *trifled*; and Bartolus to ſay, 'theſe ſeveral flirts, or affronts, they have put on me, they think 'light'ly of, but they ſhall find that they have *trifled dangerouſly*.

[40] *Welcome all: all over,*
And let's be merry.] The pointing of the firſt line muſt be wrong, if he only reiterates their welcome; but by the inſertion I have made, the ſenſe is quite different, and I think much better; *viz.* All affronts are forgot, and let's be merry. *Sympſon.*

Bar.

Bar. You ſay true, neighbour.

Lop. It might have bred ſuch a diſtaſte and ſourneſs,
Such fond imaginations in your brains, Sir,
For things thruſt home in earneſt——

Bar. Very certain;
But I know ye all for merry wags, and ere long
Ye ſhall know me too in another faſhion;
Tho' ye're pamper'd, ye ſhall bear part o' th' burden.

Enter Amaranta and Leandro.

Come, wife; come, bid 'em welcome; come, my jewel!
And, pupil, you ſhall come too. Ne'er hang backward;
Come, come, the woman's pleas'd, her anger's over;
Come, be not baſhful.

Ama. What does he prepare here?
Sure there's no meat i' th' houſe, at leaſt not dreſs'd.
Does he mean to mock 'em? Or ſome new-bred crotchet
Come o'er his brains? I do not like his kindneſs;
But ſilence beſt becomes me. If he mean foul play,
Sure they're enough to right themſelves; and let 'em;
I'll ſit by, ſo they beat him not to powder.

Bar. Bring in the meat there, hoa! Sit down, dear neighbour;
A little meat needs little compliment;
Sit down, I ſay.

Ama. What do you mean by this, Sir?

Bar. Convey away their weapons handſomely.

Ama. You know there's none i' th' houſe to anſwer you,
But the poor girl; you know there's no meat neither.

Bar. Peace, and be quiet; I ſhall make you ſmoke elſe:
There's men and meat enough. Set it down formally.

Enter Alguazils, with diſhes.

Ama. I fear ſome lewd trick, yet I dare not ſpeak on't.

Bar. I have no dainties for ye, gentlemen,
Nor loads of meat, to make the room ſmell of 'em:
Only

Only a diſh to every man I've dedicated;
And, if I've pleas'd his appetite——
Lop. Oh, a capon,
A bird of grace, an't be thy will; I honour it.
Die. For me ſome forty pound of lovely beef,
Plac'd in a mediterranean ſea of brewis.
Bar. Fall to, fall to, that we may drink and laugh after.
Wait diligently, knaves!
Mil. What rare bit's this?
An execution! bleſs me!
Bar. Nay, take it to you,
There's no avoiding it; 'tis ſomewhat tough, Sir,
But a good ſtomach will endure it eaſily;
The ſum is but a thouſand ducats, Sir.
Arſ. A capias from my ſurgeon, and my ſilk-man!
Bar. Your careful makers [41]; but they have marr'd your diet.
Stir not; your ſwords are gone; there's no avoiding me;
And theſe are alguazils. Do you hear that paſſing-bell?
Lop. A ſtrong citation! bleſs me!
Bar. Out with your beads, Curate;
The devil's in your diſh: Bell, book, and candle!
Lop. A warrant to appear before the judges!
I muſt needs riſe, and turn to th' wall.
Bar. You need not;
Your fear, I hope, will make you find your breeches.
All. We are betray'd!

[41] *Your careful makers,*] As Mr. Sympſon thinks this obſcure, it may probably need explanation. The debauchees, who, in the next play, are ſaid to be *daily mending like Dutch watches, and plaiſtering like old walls*, may properly call their ſurgeon their *maker*; their bodies are *made up* by him, and to him they owe their preſent being. I have myſelf heard one boaſt, that his laſt ſalivation *new-made him*. It is likewiſe very common, both in Shakeſpeare and our Authors, to call taylors and ſilk-men the *makers* of fops. Thus Kent, in King Lear, tells the foppiſh ſteward, that a *taylor made him*. 'Tis a nervous expreſſion, that ſeems to annihilate both the ſoul and body, and to allow no worth or even exiſtence to the fop, but in his clothes. *Seward.*

Bar.

Bar. Invited! do not wrong me.
Fall to, good gueſts; ye have diligent men about ye;
Ye ſhall want nothing that may perſecute ye;
Theſe will not ſee ye ſtart. Have I now found ye?
Have I requited ye? Ye fool'd the lawyer,
And thought it meritorious to abuſe him,
A thick ram-headed knave! Ye rid, ye ſpurr'd him,
And glorified your wits, the more ye wrong'd him!
Within this hour ye ſhall have all your creditors,
A ſecond diſh of new debts, come upon ye,
And new invitements to the whip, don Diego,
And excommunications for the learned Curate;
A maſque of all your furies ſhall dance to ye!
Arſ. You dare not uſe us thus?
Bar. Ye ſhall be bobb'd, gentlemen.
Stir, and, as I have a life, ye go to priſon,
To priſon, without pity inſtantly;
Before ye ſpeak another word, to priſon.
I have a better guard without, that waits!
Do you ſee this man, don Curate? 'tis a 'paritor[42],
That comes to tell you a delightful ſtory
Of an old whore you have, and then to teach you
What is the penalty. Laugh at me now, Sir!
What legacy would you bequeath me now,
(And pay it on the nail) to fly my fury?
Lop. Oh, gentle Sir!
Bar. Doſt thou hope I will be gentle,
Thou fooliſh unconſiderate Curate?
Lop. Let me go, Sir.
Bar. I'll ſee thee hang firſt.
Lop. And, as I am a true vicar——
Hark in your ear, hark ſoftly!
Bar. No, no bribery;
I'll have my ſwinge upon thee. Sirrah! raſcal!
You lenten-chaps! you that lay ſick, and mock'd me;
Mock'd me abominably, abus'd me lewdly,
I'll make thee ſick at heart, before I leave thee,

[42] *'Tis a* paratour.] An *apparitor* (which is obviouſly meant here) is an officer that ſummons offenders, and ſerves the proceſs, in the ſpiritual court.

And

And groan, and die indeed, and be worth nothing,
Not worth a bleſſing, nor a bell to knell for thee,
A ſheet to cover thee, but that thou ſteal'ſt,
Steal'ſt from the merchant, and the ring he was buried with,
Steal'ſt from his grave! Do you ſmell me now?
Die. Have mercy on me!
Bar. No pſalm of mercy ſhall hold me from hanging thee!
How do ye like your breakfaſt? 'Tis but ſhort, gentlemen,
But ſweet, and healthful. Your puniſhment, and yours, Sir,
For ſome near reaſons that concern my credit,
I will take to myſelf.
Ama. Do, Sir, and ſpare not:
I have been too good a wife, and too obedient;
But, ſince you dare provoke me to be fooliſh——
Lean. She has, yes, and too worthy for your uſage[43]:
Before the world I juſtify your goodneſs;
And turn that man, that dares but taint her virtues,
To my ſword's point (that lying man, that baſe man!)
Turn him but face to face, that I may know him!
Bar. What have I here?
Lean. A gentleman, a free man;
One that made trial of this lady's conſtancy,
And found it ſtrong as fate! Leave off your fooling;
For if you follow this courſe, you'll be chronicled
For a devil, whilſt a ſaint ſhe's mention'd.
You know my name, indeed: I'm now no lawyer.

Enter Jamie and Aſſiſtant.

Die. Some comfort now, I hope; or elſe, would I were hang'd up!
And yet, the judge! He makes me ſweat.
Bar. What news now?
Jam. I'll juſtify, upon my life and credit,
What you have heard for truth, and will make proof of.

[43] *Worthy of your uſage.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

Aſſiſt.

Aſſiſt. I will be ready at th' appointed hour there;
And ſo I leave you.
Bar. Stay, I beſeech your worſhip;
And do but hear me.
Jam. Good Sir, intend this buſineſs [44],
And let this bawling fool [45]! No more words, lawyer,
And no more angers; for I gueſs your reaſons:
This gentleman I'll juſtify in all places,
And that fair lady's worth, let who dare croſs it.
The plot was caſt by me, to make thee jealous;
But not to wrong your wife; ſhe's fair and virtuous.
Die. Take us to mercy too, we beſeech your honour;
We ſhall be juſtified the way of all fleſh elſe.
Jam. No more talk, nor no more diſſention, lawyer;
I know your anger; 'tis a vain and ſlight one;
For, if you do, I'll lay your whole life open,
A life that all the world ſhall—I'll bring witneſs,
And rip before a judge the ulcerous villanies——
You know I know you, and I can bring witneſs.
Bar. Nay, good Sir, noble Sir!
Jam. Be at peace then preſently;
Immediately take honeſt and fair truce
With your good wife, and ſhake hands with that gentleman:
H' has honour'd you too much; and do it chearfully.
Lop. Take us along, for Heav'n ſake, too!
Bar. I am friends,
(There is no remedy; I muſt put up all,
And like my neighbours rub it out by th' ſhoulders)
And perfect friends. Leandro, now I thank you,
And there's my hand, I have no more grudge to you;
But I'm too mean henceforward for your company.

[44] Intend *this buſineſs.*] *Intend* is here uſed to ſignify *regard*, or *pay attention to*. The reader will find it occur in the ſame ſenſe in various parts of our Authors' works. In this play, p. 254, Ama. *Why do you ſtop me?* Lean. *That you may* intend *me.* Again, p. 272, *Nothing* intended *but your eating and drinking?*

[45] *And* let *this bawling fool.*] The modern copies ſay, *leave* this bawling fool; but as the word *let* is uſed to ſignify *hindrance*, or *obſtruction*, we have followed the oldeſt books.

Lean. I ſhall not trouble you.

Arſ. We will be friends too.

Mil. Nay, lawyer, you ſhall not fright us further;
For all your devils, we will bolt.

Bar. I grant you;
The gentleman's your bail, and thank his coming:
Did not he know me too well, you ſhould ſmart for't.
Go all in peace; but, when ye fool next, gentlemen,
Come not to me to breakfaſt.

Die. I'll be bak'd firſt.

Bar. And pray ye remember, when ye're bold and merry,
The lawyer's banquet, and the ſauce he gave ye.

Jam. Come, go along; I have employment for you,
Employment for your lewd brains too, to cool you;
For all, for every one.

All. We're all your ſervants.

Die. All, all, for any thing! From this day forward,
I'll hate all breakfaſts, and depend on dinners.

Jam. I'm glad you come off fair.

Lean. The fair has bleſt me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Octavio, Jacintha, and Aſcanio.

Oct. This is the place; but why we are appointed
By don Jamie to ſtay here, is a depth
I cannot ſound.

Aſc. Believe't, he is too noble
To purpoſe any thing but for our good.
Had I aſſurance of a thouſand lives,
And with them perpetuity of pleaſure,
And ſhould loſe all, if he prov'd only falſe,
Yet I durſt run the hazard.

Jac. 'Tis our comfort,
We cannot be more wretched than we are;
And death concludes all miſery.

Oct. Undiſcover'd,
We muſt attend him.

Enter

Enter Henrique and Jamie.

Aſc. Our ſtay is not long.
With him don Henrique?
Jac. Now I fear! be ſilent.
Hen. Why doſt thou follow me?
Jam. To ſave your life;
A plot is laid for't. All my wrongs forgot,
I have a brother's love.
Hen. But thy falſe ſelf,
I fear no enemy.
Jam. You have no friend,
But what breathes in me. If you move a ſtep
Beyond this ground you tread on, you are loſt.
Hen. 'Tis by thy practice then. I am ſent hither
To meet her, that prefers my life and ſafety
Before her own.
Jam. That you ſhould be abus'd thus,
With weak credulity! She, for whoſe ſake
You have forgot we had one noble father,
Or that one mother bare us; for whoſe love
You brake a contract to which Heav'n was witneſs;
To ſatisfy whoſe pride and wilful humour
You have expos'd a ſweet and hopeful ſon
To all the miſeries that want can bring him,
(And ſuch a ſon, though you are moſt obdurate,
To give whom entertainment ſavages
Would quit their caves themſelves, to keep him from
Bleak cold and hunger!) this diſſembling woman,
This idol whom you worſhip, all your love
And ſervice trod under her feet, deſigns you
To fill a grave, or dead to lie a prey
For wolves and vultures.
Hen. 'Tis falſe; I defy thee,
And ſtand upon my guard!

Enter Leandro, Milanes, Arſenio, Bartolus, Lopez, Diego, Octavio, Jacintha, Aſcanio, and Servants.

Jam. Alas, 'tis weak.
Come on! Since you will teach me to be cruel,

By having no faith in me, take your fortune.
Bring the reſt forth, and bind them faſt.
Oct. My lord!
Aſc. In what have we offended?
Jam. I am deaf;
And following my will, I do not ſtand
Accountable to reaſon. See her ring,
The firſt pledge of your love and ſervice to her,
Deliver'd as a warrant for your death!
Theſe bags of gold you gave up to her truſt,
The uſe of which you did deny yourſelf,
Beſtow'd on me, (and with a prodigal hand)
Whom ſhe pick'd forth to be the architect
Of her moſt bloody building; and to fee
Theſe inſtruments, to bring materials
To raiſe it up, ſhe bad me ſpare no coſt,
And, as a ſurpluſage, offer'd herſelf
To be at my devotion.
Hen. Oh, accurs'd!
Jam. But, be incredulous ſtill; think this my plot;
Faſhion excuſes to yourſelf, and ſwear
That ſhe is innocent, that ſhe dotes on you.
Believe this as a fearful dream, and that
You lie not at my mercy, which in this
I will ſhew only: She herſelf ſhall give
The dreadful ſentence, to remove all ſcruple
Who 'tis that ſends you to the other world.

Enter Violante.

Appears my Violante? Speak, my deareſt,
Does not the object pleaſe you?
Viol. More than if
All treaſure that's above the earth, with that
That lies conceal'd in both the Indian mines,
Were laid down at my feet! Oh, bold Jamie,
Thou only canſt deſerve me!
Jam. I am forward;
And, as you eaſily may perceive, I ſleep not
On your commands.

Enter

Enter Aſſiſtant and Officers.

Viol. But yet they live: I look'd
To find them dead.
Jam. That was deferr'd, that you
Might triumph in their miſery, and have the power
To ſay 'they are not.'
Viol. 'Twas well thought upon.
This kiſs, and all the pleaſures of my bed
This night, ſhall thank thee.
Hen. Monſter!
Viol. You, Sir, that
Would have me mother baſtards, being unable
To honour me with one child of mine own,
That underneath my roof kept your caſt ſtrumpet,
And out of my revenues would maintain
Her riotous iſſue; now you find what 'tis
To tempt a woman! With as little feeling
As I turn off a ſlave, that is unfit
To do me ſervice; or a horſe, or dog,
That have out-liv'd their uſe; I ſhake thee off,
To make thy peace with Heav'n!
Hen. I do deſerve this;
And never truly felt before, what ſorrow
Attends on wilful dotage.
Viol. For you, miſtreſs,
That had the pleaſure of his youth before me,
And triumph'd in the fruit that you had by him,
But that I think, to have the baſtard ſtrangled
Before thy face, and thou with ſpeed to follow
The way he leads thee, is ſufficient torture,
I would cut off thy noſe, put out thy eyes,
And ſet my foot on thoſe bewitching lips,
That had the ſtart of mine! But, as thou art,
Go to the grave unpitied.
Aſſiſt. Who would believe
Such rage could be in woman?
Viol. For this fellow,
He is not worth my knowledge.

Jam. Let him live then,
Since you eſteem him innocent.
Viol. No, Jamie,
He ſhall make up the meſs. Now ſtrike together,
And let them fall ſo!
Aſſiſt. Unheard-of cruelty!
I can endure no longer: Seize on her!
Viol. Am I betray'd?
Is this thy faith, Jamie?
Jam. Could your deſires
Challenge performance of a deed ſo horrid?
Or, though that you had ſold yourſelf to Hell,
I ſhould make up the bargain? Live, dear brother,
Live long, and happy! I forgive you freely;
To have done you this ſervice, is to me
A fair inheritance; and howe'er harſh language,
Call'd on by your rough uſage, paſs'd my lips,
In my heart I ever lov'd you. All my labours
Were but to ſhew, how much your love was cozen'd,
When it beheld itſelf in this falſe glaſs,
That did abuſe you; and I am ſo far
From envying young Aſcanio his good fortune,
That, if your ſtate were mine, I would adopt him.
Theſe are the murderers; my noble friends!
Which, to make trial of her bloody purpoſe,
I won, to come diſguis'd thus.
Hen. I am too full
Of grief and ſhame to ſpeak: But what I'll do,
Shall to the world proclaim my penitence;
And, howſoever I have liv'd, I'll die
A much-chang'd man.
Jam. Were it but poſſible
You could make ſatisfaction to this woman,
Our joys were perfect.
Hen. That's my only comfort,
That it is in my pow'r: I ne'er was married
To this bad woman, though I doted on her,
But daily did defer it, ſtill expecting
When grief would kill Jacintha.

Aſſiſt.

Aſſiſt. All's come out,
And finds a fair ſucceſs. Take her, don Henrique;
And once again embrace your ſon.
Hen. Moſt gladly.
Aſſiſt. Your brother hath deſerv'd all.
Hen. And ſhall ſhare
The moiety of my ſtate.
Aſſiſt. I have heard, advocate,
What an ill inſtrument you have been to him:
From this time ſtrengthen him with honeſt counſels,
And you'll deſerve my pardon.
Bar. I'll change my copy:
But I am puniſh'd, for I fear I have had
A ſmart blow, though unſeen.
Aſſiſt. Curate, and Sexton,
I have heard of you too; let me hear no more,
And what's paſt, is forgotten. For this woman,
Though her intent were bloody, yet our law
Calls it not death; yet, that her puniſhment
May deter others from ſuch bad attempts,
The dowry ſhe brought with her ſhall be employ'd
To build a nunnery, where ſhe ſhall ſpend
The remnant of her life.
Viol. Since I have miſs'd my ends,
I ſcorn what can fall on me.
Aſſiſt. The ſtrict diſcipline
O' th' church will teach you better thoughts. And, ſigniors,
You that are batchelors, if you ever marry,
In Bartolus you may behold the iſſue
Of covetouſneſs and jealouſy; and of dotage,
And falſhood, in don Henrique. Keep a mean then;
For be aſſur'd, that weak man meets all ill,
That gives himſelf up to a woman's will. [*Exeunt.*

THE EPILOGUE.

THE play is done, yet our ſuit never ends,
Still when you part, you would ſtill part our friends,
Our nobleſt friends! If aught have fall'n amiſs,
Oh, let it be ſufficient, that it is,
And you have pardon'd it. (In buildings great,
All the whole body cannot be ſo neat,
But ſomething may be mended.) Thoſe are fair[46],
And worthy love, that may deſtroy, but ſpare.

---

[46] *But ſomething may be mended: Thoſe are fair,*] As the text ſtood before, it had great obſcurity; *buildings* ſeeming the antecedent to *thoſe*; it means thoſe perſons are fair or candid judges, who ſpare what they might deſtroy. *Seward.*

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I am but a man; and, like an honest man, now I will thank you!
Act V.

WIT WITHOUT MONEY,

A COMEDY.

This Comedy is univerſally allowed to be the joint production of our Authors. The firſt edition was printed in 1639. *It was the firſt play that was acted after the burning of the King's Houſe in Drury-Lane; a new prologue being then wrote for the occaſion, by Mr. Dryden. About the year* 1708, *it was acted at the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket, with* alterations, *and, as the title-page modeſtly aſſerts,* amendments, *by ſome Perſons of Quality. It hath been ſince frequently repreſented at Covent-Garden Theatre.*

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Valentine, *a gallant that will not be perſuaded to keep his eſtate.*

Franciſco, *his younger brother.*

Maſter Lovegood, *their uncle.*

A Merchant, *friend to maſter Lovegood.*

Fountain, Bellamore, Harebrain, } *companions of Valentine, and ſuitors to the widow.*

Lance, *a falconer, and an ancient ſervant to Valentine's father.*

Shorthoſe, *the clown, and ſervant to the widow.*

Roger, Ralph, *and* Humphry, *three ſervants to the widow.*

Three Servants.

Muſicians.

WOMEN.

Lady Hartwell, *a widow.*

Iſabell, *her ſiſter.*

Luce, *a waiting-gentlewoman to the widow.*

WIT WITHOUT MONEY.

ACT I.

Enter Uncle and Merchant.

Merchant. WHEN ſaw you Valentine?

Unc. Not ſince the horſe-race; He's taken up with thoſe that wooe the widow.

Mer. How can he live by ſnatches from ſuch people?
He bore a worthy mind.

Unc. Alas, he's ſunk,
His means are gone, he wants, and, which is worſe,
Takes a delight in doing ſo.

Mer. That's ſtrange.

Unc. Runs lunatick, if you but talk of ſtates[1]:
He can't be brought, now he has ſpent his own,
To think there is inheritance or means,
But all a common riches, all men bound
To be his bailiffs.

Mer. This is ſomething dangerous.

Unc. No gentleman that has eſtate[2], to uſe it

In

[1] *States.*] *State* and *eſtate* are generally uſed in the ſame ſenſe throughout this play. *Seward.*

[2] *No gent. that has eſtate to uſe it,* &c.] Mr. Seward reads, or rather writes, *No gentleman that has* eſtate 's *to uſe it*; and ſays, he could not make ſenſe of the paſſage, till he added the verb, which 'conſiſts here of a ſingle letter.' Such an addition is certainly inelegant, and (as we think) unneceſſary. The beginning of the Uncle's ſpeech is a reſumption of his laſt; both ſumming up the romantick

In keeping houſe, or followers, for thoſe ways
He cries againſt, for eating ſins, dull ſurfeits,
Cramming of ſerving-men, muſtering of beggars,
Maintaining hoſpitals for kites and curs,
Grounding their fat faiths upon old country proverbs,
God bleſs the founders! Theſe he would have vented
Into more manly uſes, wit, and carriage [3],
And never thinks of ſtate, or means, the ground-works;
Holding it monſtrous, men ſhould feed their bodies,
And ſtarve their underſtandings.

Mer. That's moſt certain.

Unc. Yes, if he could ſtay there.

Mer. Why, let him marry,
And that way riſe again.

Unc. It's moſt impoſſible;
He will not look with any handſomeneſs
Upon a woman.

Mer. Is he ſo ſtrange to women?

Unc. I know not what it is; a fooliſh glory
He has got, I know not where, to balk thoſe benefits;
And yet he will converſe and flatter 'em,
Make 'em, or fair or foul, rugged or ſmooth,
As his impreſſion ſerves; for he affirms,
They're only lumps, and undigeſted pieces,
Lick'd over to a form by our affections,
And then they ſhow. The Lovers! let 'em paſs.

Enter Fountain, Bellamore, Harebrain.

Mer. He might be one; he carries as much promiſe.

---

tick ideas of Valentine, in regard to property: *All a common riches, all men bound to be his bailiffs——No gentleman that has eſtate to uſe it,* &c.

[3] *Into more manly uſes, wit, and* carriage.] Mr. Sympſon would read *wit and courage*; taking, I believe, *manly* to ſignify *courageous*; but *manly* both here and in the next ſcene is the ſame as *humane*, or what is proper to the nature of man. *Seward.*

Wit and *carriage* is certainly right, and confirmed by the whole tenor of the play. When Valentine is reproaching the Lovers (towards the concluſion of the third act) he ſays to them, *who taught you manners, and apt* carriage? Many other paſſages in the play likewiſe ſupport this reading.

They

They are wondrous merry.
Unc. Oh, their hopes are high, Sir.
Mount. Is Valentine come to town?
Bel. Laſt night, I heard.
Mount. We miſs him monſtrouſly in our directions;
For this widow is as ſtately, and as crafty,
And ſtands, I warrant you——
Hare. Let her ſtand ſure;
She falls before us elſe. Come, let's go ſeek Valentine.
Mer. This widow ſeems a gallant.
Unc. A goodly woman;
And to her handſomeneſs ſhe bears her ſtate,
Reſerv'd and great[4]; Fortune has made her miſtreſs
Of a full means, and well ſhe knows to uſe it.
Mer. I would Valentine had her.
Unc. There's no hope of that, Sir.
Mer. O'that condition, he had his mortgage in again[5].
Unc. I would he had.

---

[4] *And to her handſomneſs ſhe bears her ſtate reſerv'd, and great fortune has made her miſtreſs of a full means.*] The want of attention to the metre here cauſed the former Editors to ſpoil the ſenſe by giving an unmeaning epithet to Fortune. It may perhaps be aſked, how the removal of a ſtop from one word to another can affect the meaſure? let it be plac'd with its former ſtop in its ſtation as a verſe, and every reader that has an ear will perceive its harſhneſs.

——————*ſhe bears her ſtate*
Reſerv'd, and great fortune has made her miſtreſs
Of a full means——

Remove the ſtop to its right place, and the verſe recovers its harmony. They who would ſearch the reaſon of this, muſt firſt know that the principal rule by which the Engliſh heroic verſe is govern'd, is, *that the even ſyllables*, viz. *the ſecond, fourth, ſixth, eighth, and tenth muſt have the accents upon them*; and ſecondly, that there is one only exception to this rule, *viz. That where a pauſe precedes an odd ſyllable, there the odd ſyllable may have the accent.* Thus in the caſe above, the firſt ſyllable of *fortune* is the fifth in the verſe, and unleſs the pauſe immediately precedes, it ſpoils the metre. All the writers upon the Engliſh meaſure that I have ſeen, have not only been very deficient for want of knowing this exception to the general rule above, but have fall'n into great errors, and condemned verſes that were remarkably harmonious. *Seward.*

[5] He had *his mortgage in again.*] *He had*, in this place, according to the old manner, ſignifies *he ſhould have.*

Mer.

Mer. Seek means, and ſee what I'll do;
(However, let the money be paid in;)
I never fought a gentleman's undoing,
Nor eat the bread of other mens' vexations.
The mortgage ſhall be render'd back; take time for't.
You told me of another brother.

Unc. Yes, Sir,
More miſerable than he, for he has eat him
And drank him up; a handſome gentleman,
And a fine ſcholar.

Enter three Tenants.

Mer. What are theſe?

Unc. The tenants;
They'll do what they can.

Mer. It is well prepar'd.
Be earneſt, honeſt friends, and loud upon him;
He's deaf to his own good.

Lance. We mean to tell him
Part of our minds, an't pleaſe you.

Mer. Do, and do it home,
And in what my care may help, or my perſuaſions,
When we meet next——

Unc. Do but perſuade him fairly;
And for your money, mine, and theſe mens' thanks too,
And what we can be able——

Mer. You're moſt honeſt;
You ſhall find me no leſs, and ſo I leave you.
Proſper your buſineſs, friends! [*Exit Mer.*

Unc. Pray Heav'n it may, Sir.

Lance. Nay, if he will be mad, I'll be mad with him,
And tell him that—I'll not ſpare him——
His father kept good meat, good drink, good fellows,
Good hawks, good hounds, and bid his neighbours welcome;
Kept him too, and ſupplied his prodigality,
Yet kept his ſtate ſtill.
Muſt we turn tenants now (after we have liv'd
Under the race of gentry, and maintain'd

Good

Good yeomanry) to ſome of the city,
To a great ſhoulder of mutton and a cuſtard,
And have our ſtate turn'd into cabbage-gardens?
Muſt it be ſo?

Unc. You muſt be milder to him.

Lance. That's as he makes his game.

Unc. Entreat him lovingly,
And make him feel.

Lance. I'll pinch him to the bones elſe.

Val. (within.) And tell the gentleman, I'll be with him preſently.
Say I want money too; I muſt not fail, boy.

Lance. You will want clothes, I hope.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Bid the young courtier
Repair to me anon; I'll read to him.

Unc. He comes; be diligent, but not too rugged;
Start him, but not affright him.

Val. Phew! are you there?

Unc. We come to ſee you, nephew; be not angry.

Val. Why do you dog me thus, with theſe ſtrange people?
Why, all the world ſhall never make me rich more,
Nor maſter of theſe troubles.

Ten. We beſeech you,
For our poor childrens' ſake.

Val. Who bid you get 'em?
Have you not threſhing work enough, but children
Muſt be bang'd out o' th' ſheaf too? Other men,
With all their delicates, and healthful diets,
Can get but wind-eggs: You, with a clove of garlick,
A piece of cheeſe would break a ſaw, and ſour milk,
Can mount like ſtallions; and I muſt maintain
Theſe tumblers!

Lance. You ought to maintain us; we
Have maintain'd you, and when you ſlept provided for you.
Who bought the ſilk you wear? I think our labours;

Reckon,

Reckon, you'll find it ſo. Who found your horſes,
Perpetual pots of ale [6], maintain'd your taverns,
And who extol'd you in the half-crown boxes,
Where you might ſit and muſter all the beauties?
We had no hand in theſe; no, we're all puppies!
Your tenants baſe vexations!

Val. Very well, Sir.

Lance. Had you land, Sir,
And honeſt men to ſerve your purpoſes,
Honeſt and faithful, and will you run away from 'em,
Betray yourſelf, and your poor tribe to miſery;
Mortgage all us, like old cloaks? Where will you hunt next?
You had a thouſand acres, fair and open:
The King's Bench is enclos'd, there's no good riding;
The Counter's full of thorns and brakes (take heed, Sir)
And bogs; you'll quickly find what broth [7] they're made of.

Val. You're ſhort and pithy.

Lance. They ſay you're a fine gentleman,
And excellent judgment they report you have; a wit;
Keep yourſelf out o' th' rain [8], and take your cloak with you,
Which by interpretation is your ſtate, Sir,
Or I ſhall think your fame belied you. You have money;

---

[6] *Who found your horſes perpetual pots of ale.*] This is evidently corrupt. Mr. Sympſon conjectures, *Who found your horſes perpetual* oats and hay? But as my correction ſeems more eaſy, and is confirm'd by Mr. Theobald's concurrence, I have ventured to inſert it in the text. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, *Who found* you *horſes?*

The old reading, with only the inſertion of a ſtop, conveys the ſame ſenſe as Mr. Seward's amendment.

[7] *What* broth *they're made of.*] Mr. Sympſon reads, with Mr. Seward's concurrence,

You'll quickly find what both *they're made of.*

We think *broth* the right word, meaning, 'You'll ſoon find what ſort of *liquid* is in the bogs.' After all, *broth* is a ſtrange expreſſion, but Mr. Sympſon's reading is hard, and ſcarcely Engliſh.

[8] *Keep yourſelf out o' th' rain*, &c.] You are *wiſe*, keep you *warm*. See this explained in p. 355, vol. I.

And

And may have means.

Val. I prithee leave prating!
Does my good lie within thy brain to further,
Or my undoing in thy pity? Go,
Go, get you home; there whiſtle to your horſes,
And let them edify! Away, ſow hemp,
To hang yourſelves withal! What am I to you,
Or you to me? Am I your landlord, puppies?

Unc. This is uncivil.

Val. More unmerciful you,
To vex me with theſe bacon-broth and puddings;
They are the walking ſhapes of all my ſorrows!

3 Ten. Your father's worſhip would have us'd us better.

Val. My father's worſhip was a fool!

Lance. Hey, hey, boys!
Old Valentine i' faith; the old boy ſtill!

Unc. Fy, couſin!

Val. I mean beſotted to his ſtate; he had never
Left me the miſery of ſo much means elſe,
Which, till I ſold, was a mere megrim to me.
If you will talk, turn out theſe tenants:
They are as killing to my nature, Uncle,
As water to a fever.

Lance. We will go;
But 'tis like rams, to come again the ſtronger:
And you ſhall keep your ſtate!

Val. Thou lieſt; I will not.

Lance. Sweet Sir, thou lieſt; thou ſhalt; and ſo good morrow! [*Exeunt Tenants.*

Val. This was my man, and of a noble breeding.
Now to your buſineſs, Uncle.

Unc. To your ſtate then.

Val. 'Tis gone, and I am glad on't; name it no more;
'Tis that I pray againſt, and Heav'n has heard me.
I tell you, Sir, I am more fearful of it,
I mean of thinking of more lands, or livings,
Than ſickly men are travelling o' Sundays,
For being quell'd with carriers. Out upon't!
Caveat emptor! Let the fool out-ſweat it,

That thinks he has got a catch on't.
Unc. This is madneſs,
To be a wilful beggar.
Val. I am mad then,
And ſo I mean to be; will that content you?
How bravely now I live, how jocund!
How near the firſt inheritance, without fears!
How free from title-troubles!
Unc. And from means too.
Val. Means? Why, all good men's my means[9];
my wit's my plough,
The town's my ſtock, tavern's my ſtanding-houſe,
And all the world knows there's no want; all gentlemen
That love ſociety, love me; all purſes
That wit and pleaſure open, are my tenants;
Every man's clothes fit me, the next fair lodging
Is but my next remove, and when I pleaſe
To be more eminent, and take the air,
A piece is levied, and a coach prepar'd,
And I go I care not whither. What need ſtate here?
Unc. But, ſay theſe means were honeſt, will they laſt, Sir?
Val. Far longer than your jerkin, and wear fairer;
Should I take ought of you? 'Tis true, I beg'd now,
Or which is worſe than that, I ſtole a kindneſs,
And which is worſt of all, I loſt my way in't;
Your mind is enclos'd, nothing lies open nobly,
Your very thoughts are hinds that work on nothing,
But daily ſweat and trouble: Were my way
So full of dirt as this? 'Tis true, I ſhifted.
Are my acquaintance graſiers? But, Sir, know,
No man that I'm allied to, in my living,
But makes it equal, whether his own uſe,
Or my neceſſity, pull firſt; nor is this forc'd,
But the mere quality and poiſure of goodneſs;
And do you think I venture nothing equal?

9 *All good men's my means.*] This is the reading of the oldeſt copies; the modern (more grammatically, but leſs poetically) ſay, *All good* men are *my means.*

Unc.

Unc. You poſe me, couſin.

Val. What's my knowledge, Uncle? Is't not worth money?
What's my underſtanding, my travel, reading, wit,
All theſe digeſted, my daily making men,
Some to ſpeak, that too much phlegm had frozen up;
Some other that ſpoke too much, to hold their peace,
And put their tongues to penſions; ſome to wear their clothes,
And ſome to keep 'em[10]? Theſe are nothing, Uncle!
Beſides theſe ways, to teach the way of nature,
A manly love, community to all
That are deſervers—not examining
How much, or what's done for them—it is wicked,
And ſuch a one, like you, chews his thoughts double,
Making 'em only food for his repentance.

Enter two Servants.

1 *Ser.* This cloak and hat, Sir, and my maſter's love.

Val. Commend us to thy maſter, and take that,
And leave 'em at my lodging.

1 *Ser.* I ſhall do't, Sir.

Val. I do not think of theſe things.

2 *Ser.* Pleaſe you, Sir, I have gold here for you.

Val. Give it me. Drink that, and commend me to thy maſter.
Look you, Uncle, do I beg theſe?

Unc. No ſure, it is your worth, Sir.

Val. 'Tis like enough; but, pray ſatisfy me,
Are not theſe ways as honeſt as perſecuting
The ſtarv'd inheritance, with muſty corn
The very rats were fain to run away from,
Or ſelling rotten wood by the pound, like ſpices,
Which gentlemen do after burn by th' ounces?
Do not I know your way of feeding beaſts
With grains, and windy ſtuff, to blow up butchers?

[10] It is plain to any one, who reads the two or three foregoing ſpeeches of Valentine attentively, that he is defending his romantick humour, arguing by way of interrogation; according to which we have reformed the pointing, and, we hope, cleared the text from obſcurity.

Your racking paſtures, that have eaten up
As many ſinging ſhepherds, and their iſſues,
As Andeluzia breeds? Theſe are authentic.
I tell you, Sir, I would not change ways with you,
Unleſs it were to ſell your ſtate that hour,
And, if 'twere poſſible, to ſpend it then too,
For all your beaſts in Rumney [11]. Now you know me.

Unc. I would you knew yourſelf; but, ſince you're grown
Such a ſtrange enemy to all that fits you,
Give me leave to make your brother's fortune.

Val. How?

Unc. From your mortgage, which yet you may recover;
I'll find the means.

Val. Pray ſave your labour, Sir;
My brother and myſelf will run one fortune,
And I think, what I hold a mere vexation
Cannot be ſafe for him; I love him better;
He has wit at will, the world has means, he ſhall live
Without this trick of ſtate; we are heirs both,
And all the world before us.

Unc. My laſt offer,
And then I'm gone.

Val. What is't? and then I'll anſwer.

Unc. What think you of a wife yet to reſtore you?
And tell me ſeriouſly, without theſe trifles.

Val. An you can find one that can pleaſe my fancy,
You ſhall not find me ſtubborn.

Unc. Speak your woman.

Val. One without eyes, that is, ſelf-commendations
(For when they find they're handſome, they're unwholeſome);

[11] *For all your* beans *in* Rumnillo, *now you know me.*] I would not conclude that there is no ſuch place in England as *Rumnillo*, merely becauſe I never heard of it; but it does not ſound like an Engliſh name, and what weighs more with me, it gives a redundant ſyllable to the verſe. The Uncle is before deſcribed as a great graſier; his beaſts therefore are more likely to be mentioned, as the chief of his wealth than his *beans*. *Rumney* Marſh, in Kent, is remarkably famous for fatting cattle; I think therefore my conjecture was probably the true reading. *Steevens.*

One

One without ears, not giving time to flatterers
(For ſhe that hears herſelf commended, wavers,
And points men out a way to make 'em wicked);
One without ſubſtance of herſelf [12]; that woman
Without the pleaſure of her life, that's wanton,
Though ſhe be young; forgetting it, tho' fair;
Making her glaſs the eyes of honeſt men,
Not her own admiration; all her ends
Obedience, all her hours new bleſſings; if
There may be ſuch a woman.

Unc. Yes, there may be.

Val. And without ſtate too?

Unc. You're diſpos'd to trifle.
Well, fare you well, Sir! When you want me next,
You'll ſeek me out a better ſenſe.

Val. Farewell, Uncle,
And as you love your ſtate, let not me hear on't. [*Exit.*

Unc. It ſhall not trouble you. I'll watch him ſtill;
And, when his friends fall off, then bend his will.
[*Exit.*

Enter Iſabella and Luce.

Luce. I know the cauſe of all this ſadneſs now;
Your ſiſter has engroſs'd all the brave Lovers.

[12] *One without ſubſtance of her ſelf, that woman without the pleaſure of her life, thats wanton, though ſhe be young, forgetting it, though fair, making her glaſs*, &c.] Mr. Seward reads,

One without ſubſtance of her ſelf; that woman
Without the pleaſure of her life, that's wanton;
Though ſhe be young, forgetting it, though fair,
Making her glaſs, &c.

This paſſage is certainly difficult, but Mr. Seward's reading has rendered it ſtill more obſcure than the licentious pointing of the old books. Our reading is with a ſtrict adherence to the old text, and with but ſmall variation from the old punctuation. The ſenſe of the whole ſpeech we conceive to be this: 'The woman I expect is, *one* 'without eyes, to diſcover her own charms; *one without ears*, to re-'ceive flattery; *one without* SUBSTANCE *of herſelf*, i. e. *one without* '*the very* ESSENCE *of woman*; a woman, without *wantonneſs* (the 'chief pleaſure of woman's life) though *young*; unconſcious of her '*beauty*, though *fair*, &c. &c.'. This ſenſe is eaſily obtained by our regulation of the ſtops, and is (as we believe) the true one.

Iſab. She has wherewithal, much good may't do her!
Prithee, ſpeak ſoftly; we are open to mens' ears.

Luce. Fear not, we're ſafe; we may ſee all that paſs,
Hear all, and make ourſelves merry with their language,
And yet ſtand undiſcover'd. Be not melancholy;
You are as fair as ſhe.

Iſab. Who, I? I thank you;
I am as haſte ordain'd me, a thing ſlubber'd;
My ſiſter is a goodly, portly lady,
A woman of a preſence; ſhe ſpreads ſattin,
As the king's ſhips do canvas, every where.
She may ſpare me her mizen, and her bonnets,
Strike her main petticoat, and yet out-ſail me;
I am a carvel to her [13].

Luce. But a tight one.

Iſab. She is excellent well built too.

Luce. And yet ſhe's old.

Iſab. She never ſaw above one voyage, Luce,
And, credit me, after another, her hull
Will ſerve again, and a right good merchant.
She plays, and ſings too, dances and diſcourſes,
Comes very near eſſays, a pretty poet,
Begins to piddle with philoſophy,
A ſubtle chymic wench, and can extract
The ſpirit of mens' eſtates; ſhe has the light
Before her, and cannot miſs her choice. For me,
'Tis reaſon I wait my mean fortune.

Luce. You are ſo baſhful!

Iſab. 'Tis not at firſt word up and ride; thou'rt cozen'd;

[13] *I am a* carvel *to her.*] *Carvel*, from the Spaniſh word *carevila*, an old-faſhioned veſſel, formerly much uſed in Spain, ſharp before, ill-ſhaped every way, and all the maſts ſtooping forwards. Their ſails are all mizen-ſails, that is, triangular; they will lie nearer the wind than other ſails, but are not ſo commodious to handle.—This is the explanation given by the Spaniſh Dictionaries. *Carvel* here ſeems to be uſed for a ſmall ſhip, in the ſame ſenſe as it is by Sir Walter Raleigh: 'I gave them order, if they found any Indians 'there, to ſend in the little fly boat, or the *carvel*, into the river; 'for with our great ſhips we durſt not approach the coaſt.' R.

That

That would ſhew mad, i'faith! Beſides, we loſe
The main part of our politick government,
If we become provokers: Then we are fair,
And fit for mens' embraces, when, like towns,
They lie before us ages, yet not carried:
Hold out their ſtrongeſt batteries, then compound too
Without the loſs of honour, and march off
With our fair wedding-colours flying! Who are theſe?

Enter Franciſco and Lance.

Luce. I know not, nor I care not.
Iſab. Prithee peace then!
A well-built gentleman.
Luce. But poorly thatch'd!
Lance. Has he devour'd you too?
Fran. H' has gulp'd me down, Lance.
Lance. Left you no means to ſtudy?
Fran. Not a farthing:
Diſpatch'd my poor annuity, I thank him.
Here's all the hope I've left, one bare ten ſhillings.
Lance. You're fit for great mens' ſervices.
Fran. I am fit, but who will take me thus?
Mens' miſeries are now accounted
Stains in their natures. I have travelled,
And I have ſtudied long, obſerv'd all kingdoms,
Know all the promiſes of art and manners:
Yet, that I am not bold, nor cannot flatter,
I ſhall not thrive; all theſe are but vain ſtudies!
Art thou ſo rich as to get me a lodging, Lance?
Lance. I'll ſell the tiles [14] of my houſe elſe, my horſe, my hawk;
Nay, 'ſdeath, I'll pawn my wife! Oh, Mr. Francis,
That I ſhould ſee your father's houſe fall thus!
Iſab. An honeſt fellow!

[14] *I'll ſell the* titles *of my houſe elſe, my horſe, my hawk.*] Mr. Theobald has made a query in his margin, whether this ſhould be *title* or *tiles*. I make no doubt of determining for the laſt, not becauſe it was my own and Mr. Sympſon's conjecture long ſince, but that the very ſame expreſſion, *I'll ſell the tiles of my houſe*, occurs in another play of our Authors. *Seward.*

Lance. Your father's houſe, that fed me,
That bred up all my name?
Iſab. A grateful fellow!
Lance. And fall by——
Fran. Peace; I know you're angry, Lance,
But I muſt not hear with whom; he is my brother,
And, though you hold him ſlight, my moſt dear brother!
A gentleman, excepting ſome few rubs,
(He were too excellent to live here elſe)
Fraughted as deep with noble and brave parts,
The iſſues of a noble and manly ſpirit,
As any he alive. I muſt not hear you:
Though I am miſerable, and he made me ſo,
Yet ſtill he is my brother, ſtill I love him,
And to that tie of blood link my affections.
Iſab. A noble nature! Doſt thou know him, Luce?
Luce. No, miſtreſs.
Iſab. Thou ſhouldſt ever know ſuch good men.
What a fair body and a mind are married there together!
Did he not ſay he wanted?
Luce. What is that to you?
Iſab. 'Tis true; but 'tis great pity.
Luce. How ſhe changes!
Ten thouſand more than he, as handſome men too——
Iſab. 'Tis like enough; but, as I live, this gentleman,
Among ten thouſand thouſand—Is there no knowing him?
Why ſhould he want? Fellows of no merit,
Slight and puff'd ſouls, that walk like ſhadows by,
Leaving no print of what they are, or poiſe [15],
Let them complain!

Luce.

[15] *Or poiſe.*] The conſtruction of this is a little difficult, leaving no print of what they are, or of what poiſe or weight they were. Mr. Sympſon not admitting this, would put *voice* for *poiſe*, it being the property of ſhadows neither to leave print or *voice* behind them. And *voice*, he ſays, is uſed by our Authors for fame. If this be not admitted

Luce. Her colour changes ſtrangely.

Iſab. This man was made to mark his wants, to waken us;
Alas, poor gentleman! But will that fledge him,
Keep him from cold? Believe me he's well-bred,
And cannot be but of a noble lineage;
Mark him, and mark him well.

Luce. 'Is a handſome man.

Iſab. The ſweetneſs of his ſuff'rance ſets him off;
Oh, Luce—But whither go I?

Luce. You cannot hide it.

Iſab. I would he had what I can ſpare.

Luce. 'Tis charitable.

Lance. Come, Sir, I'll ſee you lodg'd; you've tied my tongue faſt.
I'll ſteal before you want; 'tis but a hanging!

[*Exeunt Lance and Franciſco.*

Iſab. That's a good fellow too, an honeſt fellow!
Why, this would move a ſtone. I muſt needs know—
But that ſome other time.

Luce. Is the wind there?
That makes for me.

Iſab. Come, I forgot a buſineſs. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Widow and Luce.

Wid. MY ſiſter, and a woman of ſo baſe a pity!
What was the fellow?

Luce. Why, an ordinary man, madam.

Wid. Poor?

admitted he would read, *for thoſe, let them complain.* But I cannot ſee ſufficient reaſon for any change. Little difficulties of conſtruction and incorrectneſſes of language too frequently occur to ſuppoſe our Authors not ſometimes really guilty of them. *Seward.*

We think this paſſage poſſeſſes a graceful familiarity of phraſe, and is without any difficulty of conſtruction.

Luce.

Luce. Poor enough; and no man knows from whence neither.

Wid. What could ſhe ſee?

Luce. Only his miſery;
For elſe ſhe might behold a hundred handſomer.

Wid. Did ſhe change much?

Luce. Extremely, when he ſpoke;
And then her pity, like an orator,
(I fear her love) fram'd ſuch a commendation,
And follow'd it ſo far, as made me wonder.

Wid. Is ſhe ſo hot, or ſuch a want of lovers,
That ſhe muſt dote upon afflictions?
Why does ſhe not go rummage all the priſons,
And there beſtow her youth, bewray her wantonneſs,
And fly her honour, common both to beggary?
Did ſhe ſpeak to him?

Luce. No, he ſaw us not;
But ever ſince ſhe hath been mainly troubled.

Wid. Was he young?

Luce. Yes, young enough.

Wid. And look'd he like a gentleman?

Luce. Like ſuch a gentleman would pawn ten oaths for twelve pence.

Wid. My ſiſter, and ſink baſely! This muſt not be,
Does ſhe uſe means to know him?

Luce. Yes, madam; and has employ'd a ſquire call'd Shorthoſe.

Wid. Oh, that's a precious knave! Keep all this private;
But ſtill be near her lodging.
What you can gather by any means, let me underſtand;
I'll ſtop her heat, and turn her charity another way,
To bleſs herſelf firſt. Be ſtill cloſe to her counſels.
A beggar, and a ſtranger! There's a bleſſedneſs!
I'll none of that. I have a toy yet, ſiſter,
Shall tell you this is foul, and make you find it.
And, for your pains, take you the laſt gown I wore.
This makes me mad, but I ſhall force a remedy!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Fountain, Bellamore, Harebrain, and Valentine.

Fount. Sirrah, we have ſo look'd for thee, and long'd for thee!
This widow is the ſtrangeſt thing, the ſtatelieſt,
And ſtands ſo much upon her excellencies!

Bel. She has put us off this month now, for an anſwer.

Hare. No man muſt viſit her, nor look upon her,
No, not ſay 'good morrow,' nor 'good even,'
'Till that is paſt.

Val. She has found what dough you are made of, and ſo kneads you:
Are you good at nothing, but theſe after-games?
I have told you often enough what things they are,
What precious things, theſe widows!

Hare. If we had 'em.

Val. Why, the devil has not craft enough to woo 'em.
There be three kinds of fools, (mark this note, gentlemen,
Mark it, and underſtand it.)

Fount. Well, go forward.

Val. An innocent, a knave fool, a fool politick;
The laſt of which are lovers, widow-lovers.

Bel. Will you allow no fortune?

Val. No ſuch blind one.

Fount. We gave you reaſons, why 'twas needful for us.

Val. As you're thoſe fools, I did allow thoſe reaſons,
But, as my ſcholars and companions, damn'd 'em.
Do you know what it is to wooe a widow?
Anſwer me coolly now, and underſtandingly.

Hare. Why, to lie with her, and to enjoy her wealth.

Val. Why, there you're fools ſtill; crafty to catch yourſelves,
Pure politick fools; I look'd for ſuch an anſwer.
Once more hear me: It is,
To wed a widow, to be doubted mainly,
Whether the ſtate you have be yours or no,
Or thoſe old boots you ride in. Mark me; widows

Are

Are long extents in law upon mens' livings,
Upon their bodies winding-ſheets [16]; they that enjoy 'em,
Lie but with dead men's' monuments, and beget
Only their own ill epitaphs. Is not this plain now?

Bel. Plain ſpoken.

Val. And plain truth; but, if you'll needs
Do things of danger, do but loſe yourſelves,
(Not any part concerns your underſtandings,
For then you are meacocks, fools, and miſerable)
March off amain! within an inch of a fircug [17],
Turn me on the toe like a weather-cock!
Kill every day a ſerjeant for a twelvemonth,
Rob the Exchequer, and burn all the Rolls!
And theſe will make a ſhow.

Hare. And theſe are trifles?

Val. Conſider'd to a widow, empty nothings;

[16] *Widows are long extents in law upon* news, *livings upon their bodies winding-ſheet,*] *News* was an odd corruption: My firſt conjecture was, *upon men, living upon their bodies winding-ſheets.* Mr. Theobald read, *upon mens' livings, upon their bodies winding-ſheet.* This ſeemed a better reading than mine. But ſtill it had ſome obſcurities. That widows are long extents in law upon mens' livings or eſtates, is clear; but how are they extents in law upon their bodies winding-ſheets? A proper attention to the metre gives good reaſon to conclude the ſecond *upon* to be an interpolation; for the verſe is perfect, and the ſenſe clear without it. Widows are the winding-ſheets and monuments of their dead huſbands. *Seward.*

The ſecond *upon* ſhould be retained. *Widows*, ſays Valentine, *are long extents in law upon mens' livings*; upon *their bodies winding-ſheets.* 'Extents on their eſtates, winding-ſheets on their bodies.' Where is the difficulty? What follows proves this: *Bedding with a widow*, proceeds Valentine, *is celebrating your funeral.*

[17] *Within an inch of a* fircug.] I believe there is no ſuch word as *fircug.* Mr. Theobald alters it to *firelock*, and was very fond of the conjecture, for he ſent it me among the few that he favoured me with by letter, but I cannot ſee what danger there is in merely marching near a firelock, unleſs in the inſtant of diſcharging, or what relation *turning on the toe like a weather-cock*, has to a *firelock.* I dare ſay the Authors originally uſed a word that ſignified a place to turn upon, where to ſlip was certain death; the beſt word I know is *precipice*, but that's too far from the trace of the letters. *Whirlpool, furnace*, and *ſpire-top*, would give the ſenſe required, but I ſhall not venture either of them in the text. *Seward.*

For

For here you venture but your perſons, there
The varniſh of your perſons, your diſcretions.
Why, 'tis a monſtrous thing to marry at all,
Eſpecially as now 'tis made: Methinks
A man, an underſtanding man, is more [18] wiſe
To me, and of a nobler tie, than all theſe trinkets.
What do we get by women, but our ſenſes,
Which is the rankeſt part about us, ſatisfied?
And, when that's done, what are we? Creſt-fall'n cowards!
What benefit can children be, but charges,
And diſobedience? What's the love they render
At one-and-twenty years? 'I pray die, father!'
When they are young, they are like bells rung backwards,
Nothing but noiſe and giddineſs; and, come to years once,
There drops a ſon by th' ſword in his miſtreſs's quarrel;
A great joy to his parents! A daughter ripe too,
Grows high and luſty in her blood, muſt have
A heating, runs away with a ſupple-ham'd ſervingman:
His twenty nobles ſpent, takes to a trade,
And learns to ſpin mens' hair off; there's another:
And moſt are of this nature. Will you marry?

Foun. For my part, yes, for any doubt I feel yet.

Val. And this ſame widow?

Fount. If I may; and, methinks,
However you are pleaſed to diſpute theſe dangers,
Such a warm match, and for you, Sir, were not hurtful.

Val. Not half ſo killing as for you. For me,
She can't, with all the art ſhe has, make me more miſerable,
Or much more fortunate: I have no ſtate left,
A benefit that none of you can brag of,
And there's the antidote againſt a widow;

[18] *More* wiſe *to me,*] Good ſenſe, which is the beſt manuſcript, lets us ſee at once that *wiſe* is a corruption, and that our Poets undoubtedly wrote *wiſe*. *Sympſon.*

Nothing

Nothing to loſe, but that my ſoul inherits,
Which ſhe can neither law nor claw away;
To that, but little fleſh, it were too much elſe;
And that unwholeſome too, it were too rich elſe.
And, to all this, contempt of what ſhe does:
I can laugh at her tears, neglect her angers,
Hear her without a faith, ſo pity her
As if ſhe were a traitor; moan her perſon,
But deadly hate her pride; if you could do theſe,
And had but this diſcretion, and like fortune,
'Twere but an equal venture.

Fount. This is malice.

Val. When ſhe lies with your land, and not with you,
Grows great with jointures, and is brought to-bed,
With all the ſtate you have, you'll find this certain.
But is it come to paſs you muſt marry?
Is there no buff will hold you?

Bel. Grant it be ſo?

Val. Then chuſe the tamer evil, take a maid,
A maid not worth a penny; make her yours,
Knead her, and mould her yours; a maid worth nothing:
There is a virtuous ſpell in that word *nothing*.
A maid makes conſcience
Of half-a-crown a-week for pins and puppets [19];
A maid's content with one coach and two horſes,
Not falling out becauſe they are not matches;
With one man ſatisfied, with one rein guided,

[19] *Pins and puppets,*] As there is a ſyllable wanting in the meaſure here, I have ventured to ſupply it. *Pins and puppet* ſhows ſeem to me rather more expreſſive of a lady's pocket expences than pins and puppets. *Seward.*

Mr. Sympſon propoſes reading, *pins and* pin-*puppets*; and ſays, 'The faſhionable pin-caſes in our Authors' days, were made in the 'ſhape of little puppets, or poppets; and tho' that cuſtom is diſcon-'tinued, we ſtill retain the word *pin poppets* to this very day in the 'north of England.' But allowing this to have been the Authors' meaning, we cannot think any addition neceſſary; the old text conveying fully the ſenſe required, that a maid will not be ſo exorbitant in what is called *pin-money* as a widow.

With

With one faith, one content, one bed[20];
Aged, ſhe makes the wife, preſerves the fame and iſſue;
A widow is a Chriſtmas-box that ſweeps all.
Fount. Yet all this cannot ſink us.
Val. You're my friends,
And all my loving friends; I ſpend your money,
Yet I deſerve it too; you are my friends ſtill.
I ride your horſes, when I want I ſell 'em;
I eat your meat, help to wear your linen;
Sometimes I make you drunk, and then you ſeal,
For which I'll do you this commodity.
Be rul'd, and let me try her, I'll diſcover her;
The truth is, I will never leave to trouble her,
'Till I ſee through her; then, if I find her worthy—
Hare. This was our meaning, Valentine.
Val. 'Tis done then.
I muſt want nothing.
Hare. Nothing but the woman.
Val. No jealouſy; for, when I marry,
The devil muſt be wiſer than I take him,
And the fleſh fooliſher. Come, let's to dinner;
And when I'm whetted well with wine, have at her!
[*Exeunt.*

[20] *One bed,* aged *ſhe makes the* wife,] Mr. Theobald reads, *the wife* from the old quarto, and Mr. Sympſon, *thee wife,* both retaining the word *aged,* which, tho' not nonſenſe, ſeems to add very little to the ſenſe, eſpecially to Mr. Theobald's reading, which to me ſeems as far as he alters, to be the true one. But what convinces me that *aged* is a ſpurious word, is, that it utterly ſpoils the meaſure; my reading is near the trace of the letters, reſtores the verſe, and gives, I think, a much better ſenſe, viz. that a maid when married has one good, or the ſame intereſt with her huſband, in contradiction to a widow, who generally has a ſeparate one. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's reading is,

With one faith, one content, one bed, one good,
She makes the wife, preſerves, &c.

Mr. Seward's alteration is licentious, and *one good* is not ſo ſtrong a finiſh as *one bed,* beſides that it is already implied in *one faith, one content. Aged* is, it is true, rather hard, but not unintelligible; ſignifying, that the maid, when grown older, makes a good wife, and preſerves the reputation of the family, &c. which is not the caſe with a widow.

Enter

Enter Iſabella and Luce.

Iſab. But art thou ſure?
Luce. No ſurer than I heard.
Iſab. That it was that flouting fellow's brother?
Luce. Yes, Shorthoſe told me ſo.
Iſab. He did ſearch out the truth?
Luce. It ſeems he did.
Iſab. Prithee, Luce, call him hither.
If he be no worſe, I ne'er repent my pity.
Now, Sirrah, what was he we ſent you after,
The gentleman i' th' black?

Enter Shorthoſe.

Short. I' th' torn black?
Iſab. Yes, the ſame, Sir.
Short. What would your worſhip with him?
Iſab. Why, my worſhip
Would know his name, and what he is.
Short. 'Is nothing;
He is a man, and yet he is no man.
Iſab. You muſt needs play the fool.
Short. 'Tis my profeſſion.
Iſab. How is he a man, and no man?
Short. He's a beggar;
Only the ſign of a man, the buſh pull'd down,
Which ſhews the houſe ſtands empty.
Iſab. What's his calling?
Short. They call him beggar.
Iſab. What's his kindred?
Short. Beggars.
Iſab. His worth?
Short. A learned beggar, a poor ſcholar.
Iſab. How does he live?
Short. Like worms, he eats old books.
Iſab. Is Valentine his brother?
Short. His begging brother.
Iſab. What may his name be?
Short. Orſon.

Iſab.

Iſab. Leave your fooling.
Short. You had as good ſay, leave your living.
Iſab. Once more,
Tell me his name directly.
Short. I'll be hang'd firſt;
Unleſs I heard him chriſten'd; but I can tell
What fooliſh people call him.
Iſab. What?
Short. Franciſco.
Iſab. Where lies this learning, Sir?
Short. In Paul's Church-yard, forſooth[21].
Iſab. I mean that gentleman, fool!
Short. Oh, that fool;
He lies in looſe ſheets every where, that's no where.
Luce. You have glean'd,
Since you came to London; in the country, Shorthoſe,
You were an arrant fool, a dull cold coxcomb;
Here every tavern teaches you; the pint pot
Has ſo belabour'd you with wit, your brave acquaintance
That gives you ale, ſo fortified your mazard,
That now there is no talking to you.
Iſab. 'Is much improv'd;
A fellow, a fine diſcourſer!
Short. I hope ſo;
I have not waited at the tail of wit
So long, to be an aſs.
Luce. But, ſay now, Shorthoſe,
My lady ſhould remove into the country?
Short. I had as lieve ſhe ſhould remove to Heav'n,
And as ſoon I'd undertake to follow her.
Luce. Where no old charnico[22] is, nor no anchovies,
Nor

[21] *In Paul's Church yard, forſooth.*] In our Authors' time, the bookſellers dwelt for the moſt part round about St. Paul's cathedral, and ſheltered their books in a ſubterranean church under it, called St. Faith's. At the fire of London, the loſs to perſons in that profeſſion, and in that place only, was eſtimated at an immenſe ſum. *R.*

[22] *Charnico.*] A cup of *charneco* is mentioned in the Second Part of Henry VI. but as the ſeveral Editors of Shakeſpeare have not agreed

Nor maſter Such-a-one, to meet at the Roſe,
And bring my lady Such-a-one's chief chambermaid.
Iſab. No bouncing healths to this brave lad, dear Shorthoſe,
Nor down o' th' knees to that illuſtrious lady.
Luce. No fiddles, nor no luſty noiſe of 'Drawer,
'Carry this pottle to my father Shorthoſe.'
Iſab. No plays nor gally-foiſts, no ſtrange ambaſſadors
To run and wonder at, 'till thou be'ſt oil,
And then come home again, and lie by th' legend.
Luce. Say, ſhe ſhould go?
Short. If I ſay ſo, I'll be hang'd;
Or, if I thought ſhe'd go——
Luce. What?
Short. I'd go with her.
Luce. But, Shorthoſe, where thy heart is——
Iſab. Do not fright him.

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in the explanation of it, we ſhall ſet down what each hath ſaid on the ſubject.

'On this, ſays biſhop Warburton, the Oxford Editor thus criti-'ciſes in his Index: 'This ſeems to have been a cant word for ſome "ſtrong liquor, which was apt to bring drunken fellows to the ſtocks, "ſince in Spaniſh *charniegos* is a term uſed for the ſtocks.' It was 'no cant word, but a common name for a ſort of ſweet wine, as 'appears from a paſſage in a pamphlet intitled, The Diſcovery of a 'London Monſter, called the Black Dog of Newgate, printed 1612: "Some drinking the neat wine of Orleance, ſome the Gaſcony, "ſome the Bourdeaux. There wanted neither ſherry, ſack, nor "*charneco*, maligo, nor amber-colour'd candy, nor liquoriſh ipocras, "brown beloved baſtard, ſat aligant, or any quick-ſpirited liquor.' '——And as *charneca* is, in Spaniſh, the name of a kind of turpen-'tine-tree, I imagine the growth of it was in ſome diſtrict abounding 'with that tree; or that it had its name from a certain flavour re-'ſembling it.' Thus far the biſhop. Mr. Hawkins ſays, 'The vul-'gar name for this liquor was *charingo*. I meet with it in an old 'catch ſet to muſic by Lawes.' And the laſt editor has added the following examples. 'In a pamphlet entitled, Wits Miſerie; or, 'The World's Madneſs, printed in 1596, it is ſaid, that 'the only "medicine for the fleghm is three cups of *charneco* faſting.' In a 'Collection of Epigrams and Satires, without date, but of the ſame 'age, this liquor is mentioned again:

"——— happy is the man doth rightly know
"The virtue of three cups of *charneco*."

R.

Luce.

Luce. By this hand, miſtreſs, 'tis a noiſe, a loud one too,
And from her own mouth; preſently to be gone too!
But why? or to what end?
Short. Mayn't a man die firſt?
She'll give him ſo much time.
Iſab. Gone o' th' ſudden?
Thou doſt but jeſt; ſhe muſt not mock the gentlemen.
Luce. She has put them off a month, they dare not ſee her.
Believe me, miſtreſs, what I hear I tell you.
Iſab. Is this true, wench? Gone on ſo ſhort a warning!
What trick is this? She never told me of it;
It muſt not be! Sirrah, attend me preſently,
(You know I've been a careful friend unto you)
Attend me in the hall, and next be faithful.
Cry not; we ſhall not go.
Short. Her coach may crack! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Valentine, Franciſco, and Lance.

Val. Which way to live! How dar'ſt thou come to town,
To aſk ſuch an idle queſtion?
Fran. Methinks, 'tis neceſſary,
Unleſs you could reſtore that annuity
You have tippled up in taverns.
Val. Where haſt thou been,
And how brought up, Franciſco, that thou talk'ſt
Thus out of France? Thou wert a pretty fellow,
And of a handſome knowledge; who has ſpoil'd thee?
Lance. He that has ſpoil'd himſelf, to make him ſport,
And, by his copy, will ſpoil all comes near him:
Buy but a glaſs, if you be yet ſo wealthy,
And look there who.
Val. Well ſaid, old Copyhold.
Lance. My heart's good freehold, Sir, and ſo you'll find it;
This gentleman's your brother, your hopeful brother,

(For there's no hope of you) uſe him thereafter.
Val. E'en as well as I uſe myſelf. What wouldſt thou have, Frank?
Fran. Can you procure me a hundred pound?
Lance. Hark what he ſays to you.
Oh, try your wits; they ſay you're excellent at it;
For your land has lain long bed-rid, and unſenſible.
Fran. And I'll forget all wrongs. You ſee my ſtate,
And to what wretchedneſs your will has brought me;
But what it may be, by this benefit,
If timely done, and like a noble brother,
Both you and I may feel, and to our comforts.
Val. A hundred pound! doſt thou know what thou'ſt ſaid, boy?
Fran. I ſaid, a hundred pound.
Val. Thou haſt ſaid more
Than any man can juſtify, believe it.
Procure a hundred pounds! I ſay to thee,
There's no ſuch ſum in nature; forty ſhillings
There may be now i' th' Mint, and that's a treaſure.
I have ſeen five pound; but let me tell it,
And 'tis as wonderful as calves with five legs.
Here's five ſhillings, Frank, the harveſt of five weeks,
And a good crop too; take it, and pay thy firſt-fruits;
I will come down, and eat it out.
Fran. 'Tis patience
Muſt meet with you, Sir, not love.
Lance. Deal roundly,
And leave theſe fiddle-faddles.
Val. Leave thy prating!
Thou think'ſt thou art a notable wiſe fellow,
Thou and thy rotten ſparrow-hawk; two of the reverend!
Lance. I think you are mad, or, if you be not, will be
With the next moon. What would you have him do?
Val. How?
Lance. To get money firſt, that is, to live;
You've ſhew'd him how to want.

Val. 'Slife, how do I live?
Why, what dull fool would aſk that queſtion?
Three hundred three-pilds more[23], ay, and live bravely;
The better half o' th' town, and live moſt gloriouſly:
Aſk them what ſtates they have, or what annuities,
Or when they pray for ſeaſonable harveſts!
Thou haſt a handſome wit; ſtir into the world, Frank,
Stir, ſtir for ſhame; thou art a pretty ſcholar.
Aſk how to live? Write, write, write any thing;
The world's a fine believing world, write news.
'Lance. Dragons in Suſſex[24], or fiery battles
Seen in the air at Aſpurge?
Val. There's the way, Frank.
And, in the tail of theſe, fright me the kingdom
With a ſharp prognoſtication, that ſhall ſcour them
(Dearth upon dearth) like Levant taffaties[25];

[23] *Three hundred three pilds more.*] *i. e.* Three hundred who dreſs richly, or in three-pil'd velvets. *Seward.*

[24] *Dragons in Suſſex.*] In 1614, there was a diſcourſe publiſhed, of a ſtrange monſtrous ſerpent, in St. Leonard's Foreſt, and two miles from Horſham in Suſſex, which was diſcovered there in the month of Auguſt, in the ſame year. The relation is ſet forth with an air of great ſincerity, and atteſted by eye-witneſſes living on the place. But, from the deſcription, we are to ſuppoſe ſomething further intended by it, or that ſome *conundrum* or other, as Ben Jonſon (by whom it is mentioned in his Maſque, called News from the New World Diſcovered in the Moon) ſtyles it, was couched under the account: 'This ſerpent, or *dragon*, as ſome call it, is reputed to be nine 'feet, or rather more, in length, and ſhaped almoſt in the form of 'an axle-tree of a cart; a quantity of thickneſs in the middle, and 'ſomewhat ſmaller at both ends. The former part, which he ſhoots 'forth as a neck, is ſuppoſed to be an ell long, with a white ring, 'as it were, of ſcales about it. The ſcales along his back ſeem to 'be blackiſh, and ſo much as is diſcovered under his belly appeareth 'to be red; for I ſpeak of no nearer deſcription than of a reaſonable 'ocular diſtance. There are likewiſe, on either ſide of him, diſco-'vered two great bunches, ſo big as a large football, and, as ſome 'think, will in time grow to be wings, *&c.*' More to the ſame purpoſe may be found in the account itſelf, which is reprinted in the third volume of the Harleian Miſcellany. *Whalley.*

[25] *Like* leven *taffaties.*] *Levant* or *Turky* taffaties is good ſenſe, which the former reading ſeems not to be; the conjecture therefore, which is Mr. Sympſon's, tho' advanc'd with doubt by him, I think a very happy one. *Seward.*

Predictions of ſea-breaches, wars, and want
Of herrings on our coaſt, with bloody noſes.
Lance. Whirlwinds, that ſhall take off the top of Grantham ſteeple,
And clap it on Paul's; and, after theſe,
A *l'envoy* to the city for their ſins?
Val. Probatum eſt; thou canſt not want a penſion.
Go, ſwitch me up a covey of young ſcholars,
There's twenty nobles, and two loads of coals.
Are not theſe ready ways? Coſmography
Thou'rt deeply read in; draw me a map from the Mermaid [26],
I mean a midnight map, to ſcape the watches,
And ſuch long ſenſeleſs examinations;
And gentlemen ſhall feed thee, right good gentlemen.
I cannot ſtay long.
Lance. You've read learnedly!

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[26] *A map* from *the Mermaid.*] Both ſenſe and meaſure confirm the trifling alteration which I've made, but I ſhould have ventured it without a note, had it not been neceſſary to mention that the *Mermaid* was probably a famous tavern. Valentine in the next ſcene bids Franciſco meet him at the *Mermaid.* *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

Draw me a map o' the Mermaid.

The *Mermaid* was a houſe of entertainment, at which our Poets, Shakeſpeare, Ben Jonſon, and all the wits of the age, uſed to aſſemble. It is frequently mentioned by the writers of our Authors' time, and celebrated by Beaumont, in the following paſſage of a letter from him to Ben Jonſon:

' ——— What things have we ſeen
' Done at the *Mermaid!* heard words that have been
' So nimble and ſo full of ſubtile flame,
' As if that every one from whence they came
' Had meant to put his whole *wit* in a *jeſt*,
' And had reſolv'd to live a fool the reſt
' Of his dull life.'

FROM *the Mermaid* is clearly right; meaning ' inſtructions how to ' eſcape the watch, at *departing from the tavern*, and thereby avoid ' long ſenſeleſs official examinations; for which *map*, or *inſtructions*, ' Franciſco ſhould be fed by *right good gentlemen.*' If Mr. Seward only thought it *probable*, that *a tavern* was meant, it is amazing he ſhould not have underſtood the paſſage; of which his '*trifling alteration*' makes downright nonſenſe.

And

And would you have him follow theſe chimeras [27]?
Did you begin with ballads?
Fran. Well, I'll leave you;
I ſee my wants are grown ridiculous:
Yours may be ſo; I will not curſe you neither.
You may think, when theſe wanton fits are over,
Who bred me, and who ruin'd me. Look to yourſelf, Sir;
A providence I wait on!
Val. Thou art paſſionate [28];
Haſt thou been brought up with girls?

Enter Shorthoſe, with a bag.

Short. Reſt you merry, gentlemen.
Val. Not ſo merry as you ſuppoſe, Sir.
Short. Pray ſtay a while, and let me take a view of you;
I may put my ſpoon into the wrong pottage-pot elſe.
Val. Why, wilt thou muſter us?
Short. No, you're not he;
You are a thought too handſome.
Lance. Who wouldſt thou ſpeak withal? why doſt thou peep ſo?
Short. I'm looking birds' neſts: I can find none
In your buſh-beard! I'd ſpeak with you, black gentleman.
Fran. With me, my friend?
Short. Yes, ſure; and the beſt friend, Sir,
It ſeems, you ſpake withal this twelve-month, gentleman.
There's money for you.
Val. How?
Short. There's none for you, Sir. Be not ſo brief!
Not a penny. Ha! how he itches at it!
Stand off; you ſtir my choler.
Lance. Take it; 'tis money.

[27] *Megeras.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

[28] *Thou art* paſſionate.] *Paſſionate* ſignifies here, in the old ſenſe, *tender-hearted*; not, in the modern ſenſe, *diſpoſed to anger*.

Short. You are too quick too; firſt, be ſure you have it:
You ſeem to be a falconer, but a fooliſh one.
Lance. Take it, and ſay nothing.
Short. You are cozen'd too;
'Tis take it, and ſpend it.
Fran. From whom came it, Sir?
Short. Such another word, and you ſhall have none on't.
Fran. I thank you, Sir; I doubly thank you!
Short. Well, Sir;
Then, buy you better clothes, and get your hat dreſs'd,
And your laundreſs to waſh your boots white.
Fran. Pray ſtay, Sir; may you not be miſtaken?
Short. I think I am;
Give me the money again; come, quick, quick, quick!
Fran. I would be loth to render, till I am ſure it be ſo.
Short. Hark in your ear; is not your name Franciſco?
Fran. Yes.
Short. Be quiet then: It may thunder a hundred times,
Before ſuch ſtones fall. Don't you need it?
Fran. Yes.
Short. And it is thought you have it.
Fran. Yes; I think
I have.
Short. Then hold it faſt; it is not fly-blown.
You may pay for the poundage; you forget yourſelf:
I have not ſeen a gentleman ſo backward,
A wanting gentleman.
Fran. Your mercy, Sir!
Short. Friend, you have mercy, a whole bag full of mercy.
Be merry with it, and be wiſe.
Fran. I would fain,
If it pleaſe you, but know——
Short. It does not pleaſe me;
Tell o'er your money, and be not mad, boy.
Val. You have no more ſuch bags?
Short. More ſuch there are, Sir,

But

But few I fear for you. I've caſt your water;
You've Wit, you need no Money. [*Exit.*

Lance. Be not amaz'd, Sir;
'Tis good gold, good old gold; this is reſtorative,
And in good time, it comes to do you good.
Keep it and uſe it; let honeſt fingers feel it;
Yours be too quick, Sir.

Fran. He nam'd me, and he gave it me; but from whom?

Lance. Let 'em ſend more, and then examine it.
This can be but a preface.

Fran. Being a ſtranger,
Of whom can I deſerve this?

Lance. Sir, of any man
That has but eyes, and manly underſtanding,
To find mens' wants: Good men are bound to do ſo.

Val. Now you ſee, Frank, there are more ways than certainties;
Now you believe. What plough brought you this harveſt,
What ſale of timber, coals, or what annuities?
Theſe feed no hinds, nor wait the expectation
Of quarter-days; you ſee it ſhow'rs in to you.
You are an aſs! Lie plodding, and lie fooling,
About this blazing ſtar, and that bopeep,
Whining, and faſting, to find the natural reaſon
Why a dog turns twice about before he lie down!
What uſe of theſe, or what joy in annuities,
Where every man's thy ſtudy, and thy tenant?
I am aſham'd on thee!

Lance. Yes, I have ſeen
This fellow. There's a wealthy widow hard by——

Val. Yes, marry is there.

Lance. I think he's her ſervant;
I am cozen'd, if——After her! I am ſure on't[29].

[29] *I am coſen'd* if after her, *I am ſure on't.*] We have here followed the words of the firſt edition, but varied the pointing in ſuch a manner as for the ſpeech to convey much humour. The more modern editions read, *I think he's her ſervant*, or *I am cozen'd* elſe, *I am ſure on't.*

Fran.

Fran. I am glad on't.
Lance. She's a good woman.
Fran. I am gladder.
Lance. And young enough, believe.
Fran. I am gladder of all, Sir.
Val. Frank, you ſhall lie with me ſoon.
Fran. I thank my money.
Lance. His money ſhall lie with me; three in a bed, Sir,
Will be too much this weather.
Val. Meet me at the Mermaid,
And thou ſhalt ſee what things——
Lance. Truſt to yourſelf, Sir. [*Exe. Fran. and Lan.*

Enter Fountain, Harebrain [30], *and Bellamore.*

Fount. Oh, Valentine!
Val. How now? why do you look ſo?
Bel. The widow's going, man.
Val. Why, let her go, man.
Hare. She's going out o' th' town.
Val. The town's the happier;
I would they were all gone.
Fount. We cannot come
To ſpeak with her.
Val. Not to ſpeak to her?
Bel. She will
Be gone within this hour; either now [31], Val.
Fount. Hare. Now, now, now, good Val.
Val. I'd rather
March i' th' mouth o' th' cannon. But, adieu!
If ſhe be above ground—Go, away to your prayers;
Away I ſay, away!—ſhe ſhall be ſpoken withal!
[*Exeunt.*

[30] *Enter* Fountain, *and* Bellamore.] Mr. Theobald has juſtly added *Harebrain* to the other two. *Seward.*

[31] Either *now Val!*] *Either* appears to us to be corrupt, and what follows confirms it. The ſenſe would warrant *At her* now, Val!—at leaſt, ſome words to that purport are neceſſary: *See her* now, Val! or *to her* now, Val! or any thing to that effect; perhaps, *thither* now, Val!

Enter

Enter Shorthoſe, with one boot on, Roger and Humphry.

Rog. She will go, Shorthoſe.
Short. Who can help it, Roger?
Ralph [*within*]. Roger, help down with the hangings!
Rog. By and by, Ralph;
I am making up o' th' trunks here.
Ralph. Shorthoſe!
Short. Well.
Ralph. Who looks to my lady's wardrobe? Humphry!
Hum. Here.
Ralph. Down with the boxes in the gallery,
And bring away the coach-cuſhions.
Short. Will it not rain?
No conjuring abroad, nor no devices,
To ſtop this journey?
Rog. Why go now, why now,
Why o' th' ſudden now? What preparation,
What horſes have we ready? what proviſion
Laid in i' th' country?
Hum. Not an egg, I hope.
Rog. No, nor one drop of good drink, boys, there's the devil.
Short. I heartily pray the malt be muſty; and then
We muſt come up again.
Hum. What ſays the ſteward?
Rog. He's at's wit's end; for, ſome four hours ſince,
Out of his haſte and providence, he miſtook
The miller's mangy mare for his own nag.
Short. And ſhe may break his neck, and ſave the journey.
Oh, London, how I love thee!
Hum. I've no boots,
Nor none I'll buy: Or, if I had, refuſe me
If I would venture my ability
Before a cloak-bag; men are men.
Short. For my part,
If I be brought, as I know 'twill be aim'd at,

To

To carry any dirty dairy cream-pot,
Or any gentle lady of the laundry,
Chambring, or wantonneſs, behind my gelding,
With all her ſtreamers, knapſacks, glaſſes, gewgaws,
As if I were a running frippery [32],
I'll give 'em leave to cut my girths, and flay me.
I'll not be troubled with their diſtillations [33],
At every half-mile's end! I underſtand myſelf,
And am reſolv'd——

Hum. To-morrow night at Olivers!
Who ſhall be there, boys? who ſhall meet the wenches?

Rog. The well-brew'd ſtand of ale, we ſhould have met at!

Short. Theſe griefs, like to another tale of Troy,
Would mollify the hearts of barbarous people,
And make Tom Butcher weep! Æneas enters,
And now the town is loſt.

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Why, whither run you?
My lady's mad.

Short. I would ſhe were in Bedlam.

Ralph. The carts are come; no hands to help to load 'em!
The ſtuff lies in the hall, the plate——

Widow [*within*]. Why knaves there!
Where be theſe idle fellows?

Short. Shall I ride with one boot?

Wid. Why, where I ſay?

Ralph. Away, away, it muſt be ſo.

Short. Oh, for a tickling ſtorm, to laſt but ten days.

[*Exeunt.*

[32] *Flippery.*] Corrected by the Editors of 1750.

Frippery is mentioned in Monſieur d'Olive, a Comedy, by Chapman, 1606. 'Paſſing yeſterday by the *Frippery*, I ſpied two of them hanging out at a ſtall, with a gambrell thruſt from ſhoulder to ſhoulder.' It is alſo mentioned in the Tempeſt, act iv. *R.*

Rue de FRIPPERIE, in Paris, is a place, like our Monmouth-Street, deſtined for the ſale of old clothes.

[33] *Diſtibations.*] Corrected in 1750.

ACT III.

Enter Iſabella and Luce.

Luce. BY my troth, miſtreſs, I did it for the beſt.

Iſab. It may be ſo; but, Luce, you have a tongue,
A diſh of meat in your mouth, which, if 'twere minc'd, Luce,
Would do a great deal better.

Luce. I proteſt, miſtreſs——

Iſab. 'Twill be your own one time or other. Walter!

Walter [*within*]. Anon forſooth.

Iſab. Lay my hat ready, my fan and cloak—
You are ſo full of providence—and, Walter,
Tuck up my little box behind the coach;
And bid my maid make ready—my ſweet ſervice
To your good lady miſtreſs—and my dog;
Good, let the coachman carry him.

Luce. But, hear me!

Iſab. I am in love, ſweet Luce, and you're ſo ſkilful,
That I muſt needs undo myſelf—and, hear me,
Let Oliver pack up my glaſs diſcretely,
And ſee my curls well carried—Oh, ſweet Luce,
You have a tongue, and open tongues have open—
You know what, Luce.

Luce. Pray you be ſatisfied.

Iſab. Yes, and contented too, before I leave you!
There is a Roger, which ſome call a butler[14]—
I ſpeak of certainties, I do not fiſh, Luce:
Nay, do not ſtare; I have a tongue can talk too—
And a green chamber, Luce, a back-door
Opens to a long gallery; there was a night, Luce—
Do you perceive, do you perceive me yet?

[14] *Call a* butcher.] There was a Roger in the family, but he was the *butler* and not a *butcher*, and there can ſcarce be any doubt of his being the perſon ſpoke of here. *Sympſon.*

Oh,

Oh, do you bluſh, Luce?—a Friday night—
I ſaw your ſaint, Luce: 'For t'other box of marmalade,
All's thine, ſweet Roger!'—this I heard, and kept too.

Luce. E'en as you're a woman, miſtreſs——

Iſab. This I allow
As good and phyſical ſometimes, theſe meetings,
And for the cheering of the heart; but, Luce,
To have your own turn ſerv'd, and to your friend
To be a dogbolt!

Luce. I confeſs it, miſtreſs.

Iſab. As you have made my ſiſter jealous of me,
And fooliſhly, and childiſhly purſued it—
I have found out your haunt, and trac'd your purpoſes,
For which mine honour ſuffers—your beſt ways
Muſt be applied to bring her back again,
And ſeriouſly and ſuddenly, that ſo I
May have a means to clear myſelf, and ſhe
A fair opinion of me: Elſe, you peeviſh——

Luce. My power and prayers, miſtreſs——

Iſab. What's the matter?

Enter Shorthoſe and Widow.

Short. I have been with the gentleman; he has it,
Much good may do him with it. [*To Iſab.*

Wid. Come, are you ready?
You love ſo to delay time! the day grows on.

Iſab. I've ſent for a few trifles; when thoſe are come.
And now I know your reaſon.

Wid. Know your own honour then—About your buſineſs;
See the coach ready preſently—I'll tell you more then;
[*Exe. Luce and Shorthoſe.*
And underſtand it well. You muſt not think your ſiſter
So tender-eyed as not to ſee your follies:
Alas, I know your heart, and muſt imagine,
And truly too, 'tis not your charity
Can coin ſuch ſums to give away as you have done;
In that you have no wiſdom, Iſabel, no, nor modeſty,
Where nobler uſes are at home. I tell you,
I am

I am aſham'd to find this in your years,
Far more in your diſcretion. None to chuſe
But things for pity, none to ſeal your thoughts on,
But one of no abiding, of no name?
Nothing to bring you but this, cold and hunger,
(A jolly jointure, ſiſter; you are happy!)
No money, no, not ten ſhillings?

Iſab. You ſearch nearly.

Wid. I know it, as I know your folly; one that knows not
Where he ſhall eat his next meal, take his reſt,
Unleſs it be i' th' ſtocks. What kindred has he,
But a more wanting brother? or what virtues?

Iſab. You have had rare intelligence, I ſee, ſiſter.

Wid. Or, ſay the man had virtue,
Is virtue in this age a full inheritance?
What jointure can he make you? Plutarch's Morals?
Or ſo much penny-rent in the ſmall poets?
This is not well; 'tis weak, and I grieve to know it.

Iſab. And this you quit the town for?

Wid. Is't not time?

Iſab. You are better read in my affairs than I am;
That's all I have to anſwer. I'll go with you,
And willingly; and what you think moſt dangerous,
I'll ſit and laugh at. For, ſiſter, 'tis not folly,
But good diſcretion, governs our main fortunes.

Wid. I'm glad to hear you ſay ſo.

Iſab. I am for you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Shorthoſe and Humphry, with riding-rods.

Hum. The devil cannot ſtay her, ſhe will on't.
Eat an egg now; and then we muſt away.

Short. I am gall'd already, yet I will pray:
May London ways henceforth be full of holes,
And coaches crack their wheels; may zealous ſmiths
So houſel all our hacknies[35], that they may feel

[35] *So houſel all our hacknies.*] *i. e.* Prepare our horſes for the journey that they may feel *compunction* in their feet. It is indeed a little profane, but that I'm ſorry for; our Authors are not ſo cautious of this as we might wiſh them, tho' they are much more ſo than moſt of the comic writers of their age, or of any age ſince. *Seward.*

Compunction

Compunction in their feet, and tire at Highgate;
May't rain above all almanacks, until
The carriers ſail, and the king's fiſhmonger
Ride like Arion on a trout to London!

Hum. At St. Albans, let all the inns be drunk,
Not an hoſt ſober, to bid her worſhip welcome!

Short. Not a fiddle, but all preach'd down with Puritans;
No meat, but legs of beef!

Hum. No beds, but woolpacks!

Short. And thoſe ſo cramm'd
With warrens of ſtarv'd fleas that bite like bandogs!
Let Mims be angry at their St. Bel Swagger[36],
And we paſs in the heat on't, and be beaten,
Beaten abominably, beaten horſe and man,
And all my lady's linnen ſprinkled o'er
With ſuds and diſh-water!

Hum. Not a wheel but out of joint![37]

Enter Roger laughing.

Why doſt thou laugh?

Rog. There's a gentleman, and the rareſt gentleman,
And makes the rareſt ſport!

Short. Where, where?

Rog. Within here;
H' has made the gayeſt ſport with Tom the coachman,
So tew'd him up with ſack, that he lies laſhing
A butt of malmſy for his mares!

Short. 'Tis very good.

Rog. And talks and laughs, and ſings the rareſt ſongs!

[36] *Let Mims be angry at their St. Bel Swagger,*
And we paſs in the heat on't!] Mims is in the neighbourhood of St. Albans, and ſome local cuſtom, tumultuouſly celebrated, is plainly alluded to in this ſpeech. It was, we doubt not, familiarly known in the times of our Authors; but we have in vain endeavoured to trace its mellabry, or diſcover its origin.

[37] Short. *Not a wheel but out of joint!*] All the editions concur in giving theſe words to *Shorthoſe*, notwithſtanding the preceding ſpeech belongs to him. We have ventured to place them to *Humphry*.

And,

And, Shorthoſe, he has ſo maul'd the red deer pies,
Made ſuch an alms i' th' buttery——

Short. Better ſtill.

Enter Valentine and Widow.

Hum. My lady, in a rage with the gentleman!

Short. May he anger her into a fever. [*Exe. Servants.*

Wid. I pray tell me, who ſent you hither?
For I imagine 'tis not your condition,
(You look ſo temperately, and like a gentleman)
To aſk me theſe wild queſtions.

Val. Do you think
I uſe to walk of errands, gentle lady;
Or deal with women out of dreams from others?

Wid. You have not known me, ſure?

Val. Not much.

Wid. What reaſon
Have you then to be ſo tender of my credit?
You are no kinſman?

Val. If you take it ſo,
The honeſt office that I came to do you,
Is not ſo heavy but I can return it:
Now I perceive you are too proud, not worth my viſit.

Wid. Pray ſtay a little; proud?

Val. Monſtrous proud!
I griev'd to hear a woman of your value,
And your abundant parts, ſtung by the people;
But now I ſee 'tis true: You look upon me
As if I were a rude and ſaucy fellow,
That borrow'd all my breeding from a dunghill;
Or ſuch a one, as ſhould now fall and worſhip you,
In hope of pardon: You are cozen'd, lady;
I came to prove opinion a loud liar,
To ſee a woman only great in goodneſs,
And miſtreſs of a greater fame than fortune:
But——

Wid. You're a ſtrange gentleman! If I were proud now,
I ſhould be monſtrous angry (which I am not)
And ſhew the effects of pride; I ſhould deſpiſe you;

But, you are welcome, Sir.
To think well of ourſelves, if we deſerve it, is
A luſtre in us; and ev'ry good we have
Strives to ſhew gracious: What uſe is it elſe?
Old age, which[38], like ſear trees, is ſeldom ſeen affected,
Stirs ſometimes at rehearſal of ſuch acts
His daring youth endeavour'd.

Val. This is well;
And, now you ſpeak to the purpoſe, you pleaſe me.
But, to be place-proud——

Wid. If it be our own;
Why are we ſet here with diſtinction elſe,
Degrees, and orders given us? In you men,
'Tis held a coolneſs, if you loſe your right;
Affronts are loſs of honour[39]. Streets, and walls,
And upper ends of tables, had they tongues,
Could tell what blood has follow'd, and what feud,
About your ranks: Are we ſo much below you,
That, 'till you have us, are the tops of nature,
To be accounted drones without a difference?
You'll make us beaſts indeed.

Val. Nay, worſe than this too,
Proud of your clothes, they ſwear; a mercer's lucifer,
A tumour tack'd together by a taylor!
Nay, yet worſe, proud of red and white; a varniſh
That butter-milk can better.

Wid. Lord, how little
Will vex theſe[40] poor blind people! If my clothes
Be ſometimes gay and glorious, does it follow,
My mind muſt be my mercer's too? Or, ſay my beauty
Pleaſe ſome weak eyes, muſt it pleaſe them to think,
That blows me up that every hour blows off?

[38] *Old age like ſear trees, is ſeldom ſeen affected, ſtirs ſometimes.*] Here a monoſyllable dropt had hurt the ſenſe and meaſure. *Seward.*

[39] *Affronts* and *loſs of honour.*] It ſeems abſolutely neceſſary to alter *and* to *are*.

[40] Poor blind *people.*] Mr. Sympſon would read *pur-blind*, but the text does not ſeem to want any amendment. *Seward.*

This is an infant's anger.
Val. Thus they ſay too:
What tho' you have a coach lin'd thro' with velvet,
And four fair Flanders mares, why ſhould the ſtreets be troubled
Continually with you, till carmen curſe you?
Can there be ought in this but pride of ſhow, lady,
And pride of bum-beating? till the learned lawyers,
With their fat bags, are thruſt againſt the bulks,
Till all their cauſes crack? Why ſhould this lady,
And t'other lady, and the third ſweet lady,
And madam at Mile-End, be daily viſited,
And your poorer neighbours with coarſe naps [41] neglected,
Faſhions conferr'd about, pouncings, and paintings,
And young mens' bodies read on like anatomies?
Wid. You're very credulous,
And ſomewhat deſperate, to deliver this, Sir,
To her you know not; but you ſhall confeſs me,
And find I will not ſtart. In us all meetings
Lie open to theſe lewd reports, and our thoughts at church,
Our very meditations, ſome will ſwear
(Which all ſhould fear to judge, at leaſt uncharitably)
Are mingled with your memories; cannot ſleep,
But this ſweet gentleman ſwims in our fancies,
That ſcarlet man of war, and that ſmooth ſignior;
Not dreſs our heads without new ambuſhes,
How to ſurprize that greatneſs, or that glory;
Our very ſmiles are ſubject to conſtructions;
Nay, Sir, it's come to this, we cannot *piſh*,
But 'tis a favour for ſome fool or other.
Should we examine you thus, were't not poſſible
To take you without perſpectives?
Val. It may be;
But theſe excuſe not.
Wid. Nor yours force no truth, Sir.

[41] *Napſes.*] So the two oldeſt quartos. Modern editions, *naſes*. The alteration is Mr. Seward's.

What deadly tongues you have, and to thoſe tongues
What hearts, and what inventions! On my conſcience,
An 'twere not for ſharp juſtice, you would venture
To aim at your own mothers, and account it glory
To ſay you had done ſo. All you think are councils,
And cannot err; 'tis we ſtill that ſhew double,
Giddy, or gorg'd with paſſion; we that build
Babels for mens' confuſions; we that ſcatter,
As day does his warm light, our killing curſes
Over God's creatures, next to the devil's malice:
Let us entreat your good words.

Val. Well, this woman
Has a brave ſoul. [*Aſide.*

Wid. Are we not gaily bleſt then,
And much beholden to you for your ſufferance[41]?
You may do what you liſt, we what beſeems us,
And narrowly do that too, and preciſely;
Our names are ſerv'd in elſe at ordinaries,
And belch'd abroad in taverns.

Val. Oh, moſt brave wench,
And able to redeem an age of women! [*Aſide.*

Wid. You are no whoremaſters! Alas, no, gentlemen,
It were an impudence to think you vicious:
You are ſo holy, handſome ladies fright you;
You are the cool things of the time, the temperance,
Mere emblems of the law, and veils of virtue;
You are not daily mending like Dutch watches,
And plaiſtering like old walls; they are not gentlemen,
That with their ſecret ſins encreaſe our ſurgeons,
And lie in foreign countries, for new ſores;
Women are all theſe vices; you're not envious,
Falſe, covetous, vain-glorious, irreligious,

[41] *For your ſubſtance?*] The Widow is declaiming at the libertiniſm of men, and as a contraſt, ſhews the reſtraint they on pain of cenſure inflict on the women. It is not the ſmall ſhare of maintenance or wealth that falls to the female ſex which ſhe complains of; as the old reading implies, and therefore it has no connection with the context. My reading ſeems to give the idea required. *Seward.*

Drunken

Drunken, revengeful, giddy-eyed like parrots,
Eaters of others honours——

Val. You are angry.

Wid. No, by my troth, and yet I could ſay more too;
For when men make me angry, I am miſerable.

Val. Sure 'tis a man; ſhe could not bear't thus bravely elſe. [*Aſide.*

It may be, I am tedious.

Wid. Not at all, Sir.
I am content at this time you ſhould trouble me.

Val. You are diſtruſtful.

Wid. Where I find no truth, Sir.

Val. Come, come, you're full of paſſion.

Wid. Some I have;
I were too near the nature o' God elſe.

Val. You are monſtrous peeviſh.

Wid. Becauſe they're monſtrous fooliſh,
And know not how to uſe that ſhould try me.

Val. I was never anſwer'd thus. [*Aſide.*]—Was you ne'er drunk, lady?

Wid. No ſure, not drunk, Sir; yet I love good wine,
As I love health and joy of heart, but temperately.
Why do you aſk that queſtion?

Val. For that ſin
That they moſt charge you with, is this ſin's ſervant;
They ſay, you are monſtrous——

Wid. What, Sir, what?

Val. Moſt ſtrangely——

Wid. It has a name, ſure?

Val. Infinitely luſtful,
Without all bounds; they ſwear you kill'd your huſband.

Wid. Let's have it all, for Heav'n's ſake; 'tis good mirth, Sir.

Val. They ſay you will have four now, and thoſe four
Stuck in four quarters, like four winds, to cool you.
Will ſhe not cry, nor curſe? [*Aſide.*

Wid. On with your ſtory!

Val. And that you're forcing out of diſpenſations,
With ſums of money, to that purpoſe.

Wid. Four huſbands! Should not I be bleſs'd, Sir,
for example?
Lord, what ſhould I do with them? turn a malt-mill,
Or tithe them out like town-bulls to my tenants?
You come to make me angry, but you cannot.
Val. I'll make you merry then; you're a brave woman,
And, in deſpite of envy, a right one.
Go thy ways! troth, thou art as good a woman
As any lord of 'em all can lay his leg over.
I do not often commend your ſex.
Wid. It ſeems ſo, your commendations
Are ſo ſtudied for.
Val. I came to ſee you,
And ſift you into flour, to know your pureneſs;
And I have found you excellent; I thank you;
Continue ſo, and ſhew men how to tread,
And women how to follow. Get an huſband,
An honeſt man (you are a good woman)
And live hedg'd in from ſcandal; let him be too
An underſtanding man, and to that ſtedfaſt;
'Tis pity your fair figure ſhould miſcarry;
And then you're fix'd. Farewell!
Wid. Pray ſtay a little;
I love your company, now you are ſo pleaſant,
And to my diſpoſition ſet ſo even.
Val I can no longer. [*Exit.*
Wid. As I live, a fine fellow!
This manly handſome bluntneſs ſhews him honeſt.
What is he, or from whence? Bleſs me, four huſbands!
How prettily he fool'd me into vices,
To ſtir my jealouſy, and find my nature.
A proper gentleman! I am not well o' th' ſudden.
Such a companion I could live and die with!
His angers are mere mirth.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. Come, come, I'm ready.
Wid. Are you ſo?
Iſab. What ails ſhe?

The

The coach ſtays, and the people; the day goes on;
I am as ready now as you deſire, ſiſter.
Fy, who ſtays now? Why do you ſit and pout thus?
Wid. Prithee be quiet; I am not well.
Iſab. For Heaven's ſake,
Let's not ride ſtagg'ring in the night! Come, pray you take
Some ſweetmeats in your pocket: If your ſtomach——
Wid. I have a little buſineſs.
Iſab. To abuſe me,
You ſhall not find new dreams, and new ſuſpicions.
To horſe withal!
Wid. Lord, who made you a commander?
Hey ho, my heart!
Iſab. Is the wind come thither,
And, coward-like, do you loſe your colours to 'em?
Are you ſick o' th' Valentine, ſweet ſiſter? [*Aſide.*
Come, let's away; the country will ſo quicken you,
And we ſhall live ſo ſweetly! Luce, my lady's cloak!
Nay, you have put me into ſuch a gog of going,
I would not ſtay for all the world. If I live here,
You have ſo knock'd this love into my head,
That I ſhall love any body; and I find my body,
I know not how, ſo apt—Pray, let's be gone, ſiſter;
I ſtand on thorns.
Wid. I prithee, Iſabella!
(I'faith, I have ſome buſineſs that concerns me)
I will ſuſpect no more. Here, wear that for me;
And I'll pay the hundred pound you owe your taylor.

Enter Shorthoſe, Roger, Humphry, and Ralph.

Iſab. I had rather go; but——
Wid. Come, walk in with me;
We'll go to cards. Unſaddle the horſes!
Short. A jubilee! a jubilee! we ſtay, boys! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Uncle and Lance; Fountain, Bellamore, and Harebrain following.

Unc. Are they behind us?

Lance. Cloſe, cloſe; ſpeak aloud, Sir.
Unc. I'm glad my nephew has ſo much diſcretion,
At length to find his wants. Did ſhe entertain him?
Lance. Moſt bravely, nobly, and gave him ſuch a welcome!
Unc. For his own ſake, do you think?
Lance. Moſt certain, Sir;
And in his own cauſe he beſtir'd himſelf too,
And wan ſuch liking from her, ſhe dotes on him.
H' has the command of all the houſe already.
Unc. He deals not well with his friends.
Lance. Let him deal on,
And be his own friend; he has moſt need of her.
Unc. I wonder they would put him——
Lance. You are in the right on't;
A man that muſt raiſe himſelf; I knew he'd cozen 'em,
And glad I am he has, He watch'd occaſion,
And found it i' th' nick.
Unc. He has deceiv'd me.
Lance. I told you, howſoe'er he wheel'd about,
He would charge home at length. How I could laugh now,
To think of theſe tame fools!
Unc. 'Twas not well done,
Becauſe they truſted him; yet——
Bel. Hark you, gentlemen!
Unc. We are upon a buſineſs; pray excuſe us.
They have it home.
Lance. Come [42], let it work. Good even, gentlemen!
[*Exeunt Uncle and Lance.*
Fount. 'Tis true, he is a knave; I ever thought it.
Hare. And we are fools, tame fools!
Bel. Come, let's go ſeek him.
He ſhall be hang'd before he colt us baſely. [*Exeunt.*

[42] *Good* on *gentlemen.*] Former edit. Amended by Mr. Theobald and Mr. Symplon. *Seward.*
Pointed in the following manner by Mr. Seward;
Come, let it work good even gentlemen.

Enter

Enter Iſabella and Luce.

Iſab. Art ſure ſhe loves him?

Luce. Am I ſure I live?
And I have clapt on ſuch a commendation
On your revenge——

Iſab. Faith, he's a pretty gentleman.

Luce. Handſome enough, and that her eye has found out.

Iſab. He talks the beſt, they ſay, and yet the maddeſt!

Luce. H' has the right way.

Iſab. How is ſhe?

Luce. Bears it well,
As if ſhe car'd not; but a man may ſee,
With half an eye, through all her forc'd behaviours,
And find who is her Valentine.

Iſab. Come, let's go ſee her;
I long to perſecute[43].

Luce. By no means, miſtreſs;
Let her take better hold firſt.

Iſab. I could burſt now! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Valentine, Fountain, Bellamore, and Harebrain.

Val. Upbraid me with your benefits, you pilchers[44],
You ſhotten-ſoul'd[45], ſlight fellows! Was't not I
That undertook you firſt from empty barrels,
And brought thoſe barking mouths, that gap'd like bung-holes,
To utter ſenſe? Where got you underſtanding?
Who taught you manners and apt carriage,
To rank yourſelves? Who fil'd you in fit taverns[46]?

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[43] *To* proſecute.] Corrected by Mr. Seward.

[44] *You* pilchers.] *Pilcher*, ſays Warburton, we ſhould read *pilche*, which ſignifies a *cloke*, or *coat of ſkins*, meaning the *ſcabbard*.' This is confirmed by Junius, who renders *pilly* a *garment of ſkins*, *pylice* Sax. *pellice* Fr. *pellicia* Ital. *pellis* Lat. *R.*

[45] *You ſhotten, ſold.*] Corrected by Mr. Theobald.

[46] *To* rank *yourſelves? who* fil'd *you, &c.*] *Rank* and *file.*

Were

Were thoſe born with your worſhips? When you came
hither,
What brought you from the univerſities
Of moment matter to allow you,
Beſides your ſmall-beer ſentences [47]——

Bel. 'Tis well, Sir.

Val. Long cloaks, with two-hand rapiers,
Boot-hoſes,
With penny-poſies [48],
And twenty fools' opinions? who look'd on you,
But piping kites, that knew you would be prizes [49],
And 'prentices in Paul's Church-yard, that ſcented
Your want of Breton's books [50]?

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47 Small bare *ſentences.*] Corrected by Theobald and Sympſon.

48 *With penny-poſes.*] I think it very probable that ſome words are loſt here, that would have had more relation to *penny-poſes* than what now precedes them, and have completed the verſe. *Seward.*

We ſee no occaſion to ſuppoſe words loſt; but think the words ſhould be ſpoken ludicrouſly, in mockery of the mottoes to garters, &c.

'Boot-hoſes,
'With penny-poſies!'

49 *But piping* rites *that knew you would be* prizing.] *Kites* is a term for ſharpers, as in the firſt page of this play,

Maintaining hoſpitals for kites *and curs.*

That this therefore is the true reading here I cannot doubt, for the epithet *piping* expreſſes the noiſe which the *kite* makes in ſeeking his prey, and cannot, I believe, be joined to any other word with propriety. Both Mr. Sympſon and Mr. Theobald conjectured, *wights*, but gave it up. The change of the laſt word is equally neceſſary to the ſenſe. *Seward.*

50 Britain's *books.*] This was a voluminous writer ſneer'd by ſeveral wits of our Authors' age. The initial letters of his name were mentioned in the Scornful Lady, p. 324. And Mr. Theobald there calls him *Broughton*, quoting Ben Jonſon's Alchymiſt. But Mr. Sympſon has found him mentioned by Broome in his Merry Beggars, where he is call'd *Britain*; and by Sir John Suckling in his Goblins, by the name of *Briton:* And as they all agree in character, there can be no doubt of their meaning the ſame perſon. One may collect from them that his works were full of formal high-flown compliments, and are therefore very properly apply'd here. *Seward.*

His name was *Nicholas Breton*, and he appears to have been a very voluminous writer, during a long period; we have ſeen publications by him from the year 1582 to 1621, and poſſibly there may be found ſome before and after thoſe years. It is unneceſſary to mention

Enter Widow and Luce.

Fount. This cannot ſave you.
Val. Taunt my integrity, you whelps?
Bel. You may talk
The ſtock we gave you out; but, ſee, no further!
Hare. You tempt our patience! We have found you out,
And what your truſt comes to; you are well feather'd,
Thank us; and think now of an honeſt courſe,
'Tis time; men now begin to look, and narrowly,
Into your tumbling tricks; they're ſtale.
Wid. Is not that he?
Luce. 'Tis he.
Wid. Be ſtill, and mark him.
Val. How miſerable
Will theſe poor wretches be, when I forſake 'em!
But, things have their neceſſities. I'm ſorry!
To what a vomit muſt they turn again now!
To their own dear dunghill breeding! Never hope,
After I caſt you off, you men of motley,
You moſt undone things, below pity, any
That has a ſoul and ſixpence dares relieve you;
My name ſhall bar that bleſſing. There's your cloak,
Sir; keep it cloſe to you; it may yet preſerve you
A fortnight longer from the fool! Your hat;
Pray be cover'd!
And there's the ſattin that your worſhip ſent me,
Will ſerve you at a ſizes yet.

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tion the particular works of an author, who ſeems to have been held in no eſtimation by his cotemporaries; but we cannot avoid taking notice of one piece, merely on account of ſome verſes prefixed to it, ſigned with the initial letters W. S. It has the following punning title: 'The Wil of Wit, Wit's Will, or Wil's Wit, Chuſe you 'Whether; containing five Diſcourſes, the Effects whereof follow; 'Reade and Judge. Newly corrected and amended, being the fift 'time imprinted. Compiled by Nicholas Breton, Gentleman. 1606.' 4to. We know no writer of that time to whom the above initials will apply, except our great dramatic writer Shakeſpeare. To another pamphlet of Breton's, Ben Jonſon hath prefixed commendatory verſes, which are not inſerted in the laſt, or any other edition of his Works. *R.*

Fount.

Fount. Nay, faith, Sir,
You may e'en rub theſe out now.
Val. No ſuch relick,
Nor the leaſt rag of ſuch a ſordid weakneſs,
Shall keep me warm. Theſe breeches are mine own,
Purchas'd, and paid for, without your compaſſion,
And Chriſtian breeches, founded in Black-Friars,
And ſo I will maintain 'em.
Hare. So they ſeem, Sir.
Val. Only the thirteen ſhillings in theſe breeches,
And the odd groat, I take it, ſhall be yours, Sir;
A mark to know a knave by; pray preſerve it.
Do not diſpleaſe me more, but take it preſently!
Now, help me off with my boots!
Hare. We're no grooms, Sir.
Val. For once you ſhall be; do it willingly,
Or by this hand I'll make you.
Bel. To our own, Sir,
We may apply our hands.
Val. There's your hangers;
You may deſerve a ſtrong pair, and a girdle
Will hold you without buckles. Now I'm perfect;
And now the proudeſt of your worſhips tell me,
I am beholden to you.
Fount. No ſuch matter!
Val. And take heed how you pity me; 'tis dangerous,
Exceeding dangerous, to prate of pity.
Which are the poorer, you or I, now, puppies[51]?
I without you, or you without my knowledge?
Be rogues, and ſo be gone! Be rogues, and reply not;
For, if you do——
Bel. Only thus much, and then we'll leave you:
The air is far ſharper than our anger, Sir,
And theſe you may reſerve to rail in warmer.

[51] *Poorer, ye are now puppies?*] Here the ſenſe and meaſure have equally ſuffered. How flat is it meerly to call them puppies? He had called them whelps, and worſe names before. I ſent my emendation to Mr. Theobald, and find it in his margin. Mr. Sympſon too ſays that he hit upon the ſame. *Seward.*

Hare.

Hare. Pray have a care, Sir, of your health!

[*Exeunt Lovers.*

Val. Yes, hog-hounds, more than you can have of your wits!
'Tis cold, and I am very ſenſible; extremely cold too;
Yet I'll not off, 'till I have ſham'd theſe raſcals.
I have endur'd as ill heats as another,
And every way [52], if one could periſh, my body——
You'll bear the blame on't! I am colder here [53];
Not a poor penny left!

Enter Uncle, with a bag.

Unc. 'T has taken rarely;
And, now he's flead, he will be rul'd.
Lance. To him, tew him,
Abuſe him, and nip him cloſe.
Unc. Why, how now, couſin?
Sunning yourſelf this weather?
Val. As you ſee, Sir;
In a hot fit, I thank my friends.
Unc. But, couſin,
Where are your clothes, man? thoſe are no inheritance;
Your ſcruple may compound with thoſe I take it;
This is no faſhion, couſin.
Val. Not much follow'd,

---

[52] *And every way* if *one* could *periſh my body, you'll bear the blame on't.*] Here both ſenſe and meaſure ſeem entirely loſt, nor can I reſtore either without taking liberties, which I doubt will be thought unwarrantable. I have given the only tolerable ſenſe which I could pick out of the wreck that is left; but am far from impoſing my additions as the genuine text. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

And almoſt *every way* that *one* can *periſh*;
My body, you'll bear cold, but they *the blame on't.*

This paſſage is difficult, yet the additions of Mr. Seward are indeed unwarrantable. Our regulation of the points, we apprehend, makes ſenſe of the old reading, according to which Valentine means, 'I have endured as violent heats as any man, and could endure any 'extremity—but you'll bear the blame, you hog-hounds, &c.' meaning the Lovers.

[53] *I am colder* here.] Meaning his pockets.

I muſt

I muſt confeſs; yet, Uncle, I determine
To try what may be done next term.

Lance. How came you thus, Sir? for you're ſtrangely mew'd [54].

Val. Rags, toys, and trifles, fit only for thoſe fools
That firſt poſſeſs'd 'em, and to thoſe knaves they're render'd.
Freemen, Uncle, ought to appear like innocents,
Old Adam,
A fair fig-leaf ſufficient [55].

Unc. Take me with you;
Were theſe your friends that clear'd you thus?

Val. Hang friends,
And even reckonings, that make friends!

Unc. I thought till now,
There had been no ſuch living, no ſuch purchaſe,
(For all the reſt is labour) as a liſt
Of honourable friends. Do not ſuch men as you, Sir,
In lieu of all your underſtandings, travels,
And thoſe great gifts of nature, aim at more
Than caſting off your coats? I'm ſtrangely cozen'd!

Lance. Should not the town ſhake at the cold you feel now,
And all the gentry ſuffer interdiction;
No more ſenſe ſpoken, all things Goth and Vandal,
'Till you be ſumm'd again, velvets and ſcarlets,

---

[54] *Strangely* mov'd.] Mr. Theobald ſays in his margin that *mew'd* is a term in falconry for *ſhedding of feathers*; it is derived from *muèr* to *change*, and is a very juſt emendation. The word *ſumm'd* below, is another term in falconry, and ſignifies *full-plumed*, both proper to Lance, who is a falconer as well as tenant. *Seward.*

[55] *And to thoſe knaves, they are rendred freemen Uncle, ought to appeare like innocents, old Adam, a faire figge-leafe ſufficient.*] Here, I believe, ſomething is loſt that would probably have filled up both ſenſe and meaſure. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

All *freemen, Uncle, ought t'appear, &c.*

We believe this gentleman right in his opinion, and that ſome words have been dropped; but cannot think his interpolation either neceſſary or warrantable.

Anointed

Anointed with gold lace, and cloth of ſilver
Turn'd into Spaniſh cottons for a penance,
Wits blaſted with your bulls, and taverns wither'd,
As though the term lay at St. Albans?

Val. Gentlemen,
You've ſpoken long and level; I beſeech you,
Take breath a while, and hear me.
You imagine now, by the twirling of your ſtrings,
That I am at the laſt, as alſo that my friends
Are flown like ſwallows after ſummer?

Unc. Yes, Sir.

Val. And that I have no more in this poor pannier,
To raiſe me up again above your rents, Uncle?

Unc. All this I do believe.

Val. You have no mind to better me?

Unc. Yes, couſin,
And to that end I come, and once more offer you
All that my pow'r is maſter of.

Val. A match then;
Lay me down fifty pounds there.

Unc. There it is, Sir.

Val. And on it write, that you are pleas'd to give this,
As due unto my merit, without caution
Of land redeeming, tedious thanks, or thrift
Hereafter to be hop'd for.

Unc. How? [*Luce lays a ſuit and letter at the door.*

Val. Without daring,
When you are drunk, to reliſh of revilings,
To which you're prone in ſack, Uncle.

Unc. I thank you, Sir.

Lance. Come, come away, let the young wanton play awhile;
Away, I ſay, Sir! Let him go forward with
His naked faſhion; he'll ſeek you to-morrow.
Goodly weather, ſultry hot, ſultry! how I ſweat!

Unc. Farewell, Sir. [*Exeunt Uncle and Lance.*

Val. 'Would I ſweat too! I'm monſtrous vex'd, and cold too;

And

And theſe are but thin pumps to walk the ſtreets in.
Clothes I muſt get; this faſhion will not fadge with me;
Beſides, 'tis an ill winter wear. What art thou?
Yes, they are clothes, and rich ones; ſome fool has left 'em:
And if I ſhould utter—What's this paper here?
'Let theſe be only worn by the moſt noble
'And deſerving gentleman Valentine.'
Dropt out o' th' clouds! I think they're full of gold too!
Well, I'll leave my wonder, and be warm again;
In the next houſe I'll ſhift.

ACT IV.

Enter Franciſco, Uncle and Lance.

Fran. WHY do you deal thus with him? 'tis unnobly.

Unc. Peace, couſin, peace; you are too tender of him:
He muſt be dealt thus with, he muſt be cur'd thus.
The violence of his diſeaſe, Franciſco,
Muſt not be jeſted with; 'tis grown infectious,
And now ſtrong corroſives muſt cure him.

Lance. H' has had a ſtinger,
Has eaten off his clothes; the next his ſkin comes.

Unc. And let it ſearch him to the bones; 'tis better;
'Twill make him feel it.

Lance. Where be his noble friends now?
Will his fantaſtical opinions clothe him?
Or the learn'd art of having nothing feed him?

Unc. It muſt needs, greedily;
For all his friends have flung him off, he's naked,
And where to ſkin himſelf again, if I know,
Or can deviſe how he ſhould get himſelf lodging——

His

His ſpirit muſt be bow'd, and now we have him,
Have him at that we hoped for.

Lance. Next time, we meet him
Cracking of nuts, with half a cloak about him,
(For all means are cut off) or borrowing ſix-pence,
To ſhew his bounty in the pottage ordinary.

Fran. Which way went he?

Lance. Pox, why ſhould you aſk after him?
You have been trimm'd already; let him take his fortune:
He ſpun it out himſelf, Sir; there's no pity.

Unc. Beſides, ſome good to you now, from this miſery.

Fran. I riſe upon his ruins! Fy, fy, Uncle,
Fy, honeſt Lance! Thoſe gentlemen were baſe people,
That could ſo ſoon take fire to his deſtruction.

Unc. You are a fool, you are a fool, a young man!

Enter Valentine.

Val. Morrow, Uncle! morrow Frank, ſweet Frank!
And how, and how d'ye think now? how ſhew matters?
Morrow, Bandog!

Unc. How?

Fran. Is this man naked,
Forſaken of his friends?

Val. Thou'rt handſome, Frank,
A pretty gentleman; i'faith, thou lookeſt well;
And yet here may be thoſe that look as handſome.

Lance. Sure he can conjure, and has the devil for his tailor.

Unc. New and rich!
'Tis moſt impoſſible he ſhould recover.

Lance. Give him this luck, and fling him into the ſea.

Unc. 'Tis not he;
Imagination cannot work this miracle.

Val. Yes, yes, 'tis he, I will aſſure you, Uncle;
The very he; the he your wiſdom play'd withal,
I thank you for't; neigh'd at his nakedneſs,
And made his cold and poverty your paſtime.

You ſee I live, and the beſt can do no more, Uncle;
And, tho' I have no ſtate, I keep the ſtreets ſtill,
And take my pleaſure in the town, like a poor gentleman;
Wear clothes to keep me warm, poor things, they ſerve me!
Can make a ſhow too, if I liſt; yes, Uncle,
And ring a peal in my pockets, ding-dong, Uncle!
Theſe are mad fooliſh ways, but who can help 'em?
Unc. I am amaz'd!
Lance. I'll ſell my copyhold;
For ſince there are ſuch excellent new nothings,
Why ſhould I labour? Is there no fairy haunts him?
No rat, nor no old woman?
Unc. You are Valentine?
Val. I think ſo, I can't tell, I have been call'd ſo,
And ſome ſay chriſten'd. Why do you wonder at me,
And ſwell, as if you had met a ſerjeant faſting?
Did you ever know deſert want? You are fools!
A little ſtoop there may be to allay him,
(He'd grow too rank elſe) a ſmall eclipſe to ſhadow him;
But out he muſt break, glowingly again,
And with a great luſtre, look you, Uncle,
Motion and majeſty.
Unc. I am confounded!
Fran. I'm of his faith.
Val. Walk by his careleſs kinſman,
And turn again, and walk, and look thus, Uncle,
Taking ſome one by the hand he loves beſt.
Leave them to the mercy of the hog-market! Come, Frank,
Fortune is now my friend; let me inſtruct thee.
Fran. Good morrow, Uncle! I muſt needs go with him.
Val. Flay me, and turn me out where none inhabits,
Within two hours I ſhall be thus again.
Now wonder on, and laugh at your own ignorance!
[*Exe. Val. and Fran.*
Unc.

Unc. I do believe him.

Lance. So do I, and heartily:
Upon my conſcience, bury him ſtark naked,
He'd riſe again, within two hours, embroider'd.
Sow muſtard-ſeeds, and they can't come up ſo thick
As his new ſattins do, and cloths of ſilver:
There is no ſtriving.

Unc. Let him play a while then,
And let's ſearch out what hand——

Lance. Ay, there the game lies. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Fountain, Bellamore and Harebrain.

Fount. Come, let's ſpeak for ourſelves; we've lodg'd him ſure enough;
His nakedneſs dare not peep out to croſs us.

Bel. We can have no admittance.

Hare. Let's in boldly,
And uſe our beſt arts. Who ſhe deigns to favour,
We're all content.

Fount. Much good may do her with him!
No civil wars!

Bel. By no means. Now do I
Wonder in what old tod * ivy he lies whiſtling;
For means nor clothes he hath none, nor none will truſt him;
We've made that ſide ſure. We'll teach him a new wooing.

Hare. Say, it is his Uncle's ſpite?

Fount. All one, gentlemen;
'T has rid us of a fair incumbrance,
And makes us look about to our own fortunes.
Who are theſe?

Enter Iſabella and Luce.

Iſab. Not ſo this man yet! well, I ſhall be wiſer:
But, Luce, didſt ever know a woman melt ſo?
She's finely hurt to hunt.

Luce. Peace; the three ſuitors!

* *Tod.*] *i. e.* Buſhy, thick.

Iſab. I could ſo titter now and laugh: 'I was loſt,
'Luce [56],
'And I muſt love, I know not what!' Oh, Cupid,
What pretty gins thou haſt to halter woodcocks!
'And we muſt into th' country in all haſte, Luce.'
[*Laughing.*

Luce. For Heaven's ſake, miſtreſs——

Iſab. Nay, I've done;
I muſt laugh though; but, ſcholar, I ſhall teach you!

Fount. 'Tis her ſiſter.

Bel. Save you, ladies!

Iſab. Fair met, gentlemen!
You're viſiting my ſiſter, I aſſure myſelf.

Hare. We would fain bleſs our eyes.

Iſab. Behold, and welcome.
You'd ſee her?

Fount. 'Tis our buſineſs.

Iſab. You ſhall ſee her,
And you ſhall talk with her.

Luce. She will not ſee 'em,
Nor ſpend a word.

Iſab. I'll make her fret a thouſand;
Nay, now I've found the ſcab, I will ſo ſcratch her!

Luce. She can't endure 'em.

Iſab. She loves 'em but too dearly.
Come, follow me, I'll bring you to the party;
Then make your own conditions, gentlemen.

Luce. She's ſick, you know.

Iſab. I'll make her well, or kill her.—
And take no idle anſwer, you are fools then;
Nor ſtand off for her ſtate, ſhe'll ſcorn you all then;
But urge her ſtill, and, tho' ſhe fret, ſtill follow her;
A widow muſt be won ſo.

Bel. She ſpeaks bravely.

Iſab. I would fain have a brother-in-law; I love
mens' company.
And if ſhe call for dinner, to avoid you,

[56] *I was loſt, Luce, &c.*] Theſe words are meant at what the Widow had ſaid before.

Be ſure you ſtay; follow her into her chamber;
If ſhe retire to pray, pray with her, and boldly,
Like honeſt lovers.

Luce. This will kill her.

Fount. You've ſhew'd us one way, do but lead the other.

Iſab. I know you ſtand o' thorns; come, I'll diſpatch you.

Luce. If you live after this [57]——

Iſab. I've loſt my aim. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Valentine and Franciſco.

Fran. Did you not ſee 'em ſince?

Val. No, hang 'em, hang 'em!

Fran. Nor will you not be ſeen by 'em?

Val. Let 'em alone, Frank;
I'll make 'em their own juſtice, and a jerker.

Fran. Such baſe diſcourteous dog-whelps!

Val. I ſhall dog 'em,
And double dog 'em, ere I've done.

Fran. Will you go with me?
For I would fain find out this piece of bounty.
It was the Widow's man, that I am certain of.

Val. To what end would you go?

Fran. To give thanks, Sir.

Val. Hang giving thanks; haſt not thou parts deſerve it?
It includes a further will to be beholden;
Beggars can do no more at doors. If you
Will go, there lies your way.

Fran. I hope you'll go.

Val. No, not in ceremony, and to a woman,
With mine own father, were he living, Frank;
I would to th' court with bears firſt. If it be
That wench I think it is (for t'other's wiſer)
I would not be ſo look'd upon, and laugh'd at,

[57] *If you live after this*—] We ſuppoſe Luce to be here addreſſing herſelf, in idea, to the Widow. She has before ſaid, this project *would kill her*. And the ſucceeding ſhort ſpeech of Iſabella warrants, if not confirms, this explanation.

So made a ladder for her wit to climb upon,
(For 'tis the tarteſt tit in Chriſtendom;
I know her well, Frank, and have buckled with her.)
So lick'd, and ſtroak'd, ſlear'd upon, and flouted,
And ſhewn to chambermaids, like a ſtrange beaſt
She had purchas'd with her penny!

Fran. You're a ſtrange man!
But do you think it was a woman?

Val. There's no doubt on't;
Who can be there to do it elſe? Beſides,
The manner of the circumſtances——

Fran. Then, ſuch courteſies,
Whoever does 'em, Sir, ſaving your own wiſdom,
Muſt be more look'd into, and better anſwer'd,
Than with deſerving ſlights, or what we ought
To have conferr'd upon us; men may ſtarve elſe:
Means are not gotten now with crying out,
'I am a gallant fellow, a good ſoldier,
'A man of learning, or fit to be employ'd!'
Immediate bleſſings ceaſe like miracles,
And we muſt grow by ſecond means. I pray, go with me;
Even as you love me, Sir.

Val. I'll come to thee;
But, Frank, I will not ſtay to hear your fopp'ries;
Diſpatch thoſe ere I come.

Fran. You will not fail me?

Val. Some two hours hence, expect me.

Fran. I thank you,
And will look for you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Widow, Shorthoſe, Roger, and ſeveral other Servants.

Wid. Who let me in theſe puppies? You blind raſcals [58],
You drunken knaves!

Short. Yes, forſooth, I'll let 'em [illegible] preſently.
Gentlemen!

[58] *Who let* me *in theſe puppies, you blind raſcals, yo drunken knaves* ſeveral.] So the firſt quarto. Mr. Seward,

Who let in theſe puppies?
You ſeveral *blind raſcals, drunken knaves.*

We apprehend the word *ſeveral* to have been a marginal direction for the appearance of *ſeveral ſervants* in this place.

Wid. 'Sprecious, you blown pudding, you bawling rogue!

Short. I bawl as loud as I can. Would you have me fetch 'em
Upon my back?

Wid. Get 'em out, raſcal, out with 'em, out!
I ſweat to have 'em near me.

Short. I ſhould ſweat more
To carry 'em out.

Rog. They are gentlemen, madam.

Short. Shall we get 'em into th' buttery, and make 'em drink?

Wid. Do any thing, ſo I be eas'd.

Enter Iſabella, Fountain, Bellamore, and Harebrain.

Iſab. Now to her, Sir; fear nothing.

Rog. Slip aſide, boy;
I know ſhe loves 'em, howſoe'er ſhe carries it,
And has invited 'em; my young miſtreſs told me ſo.

Short. Away to tables then. [*Exe. Servants.*

Iſab. I ſhall burſt with the ſport on't.

Fount. You are too curious, madam,
Too full of preparation; we expect it not.

Bel. Methinks the houſe is handſome, ev'ry place decent;
What need you be ſo vex'd?

Hare. We are no ſtrangers.

Fount. What tho' we come ere you expected us,
Do not we know your entertainments, madam,
Are free and full at all times?

Wid. You are merry, gentlemen.

Bel. We come to be merry, madam, and very merry,
Come to laugh heartily [59], and, now and then, lady,

[59] *We come to be merry, madam,* and *very merry,* 'me live *to laugh heartily.*] Firſt quarto. Second, MEN LOVE *to laugh heartily.*] Mr. Seward reads,

We come to b' merry, madam, very merry,
Love *to laugh heartily,* &c.

We have taken a greater liberty here than is uſual with us, but no more than ſeems abſolutely neceſſary.

A little of our old plea.

Wid. I am buſy,
And very buſy too. Will none deliver me?

Hare. There is a time for all; you may be buſy,
But when your friends come, you've as much pow'r, madam——

Wid. This is a tedious torment.

Fount. How handſomely
This title-piece[60] of anger ſhews upon her!
Well, madam, well, you know not how to grace yourſelf[61].

Bel. Nay, every thing ſhe does breeds a new ſweetneſs.

Wid. I muſt go up, I muſt go up; I have a buſineſs
Waits upon me. Some wine for the gentlemen!

Hare. Nay, we'll go with you; we ne'er ſaw your chambers yet.

Iſab. Hold there, boys!

Wid. Say I go to my prayers?

Fount. We'll pray with you, and help your meditations.

Wid. This is boiſterous; or, ſay I go to ſleep,
Will you go to ſleep with me?

Bel. So ſuddenly before meat will be dangerous.
We know your dinner's ready, lady; you'll not ſleep.

Wid. Give me my coach, I'll take the air.

Hare. We'll wait on you,
And then your meat, after a quick'ned ſtomach.

Wid. Let it alone; and call my ſteward to me,
And bid him bring his reckonings into the orchard.
Theſe unmannerly rude puppies! [*Exit Widow.*

Fount. We'll walk after you,
And view the pleaſure of the place.

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[60] Title *piece.*] (Quaſi, *frontiſpiece.*) So the firſt edition; all the others read, LITTLE *piece of anger.*

[61] *You know* not *how to grace yourſelf.*] As the negative ſeems to hurt both ſenſe and meaſure, I have expung'd it. *Seward.*

The *negative* ſhould be retained; it is ironical. So the Nurſe of Juliet: 'You know *not* how to chuſe a man!' meaning ſhe *does* know, having choſen Romeo.

Iſab.

Iſab. Let her not reſt,
For, if you give her breath, ſhe'll ſcorn and flout you:
Seem how ſhe will, this is the way to win her.
Be bold, and proſper!

Bel. Nay, if we do not tire her! [*Exeunt Lovers.*

Iſab. I'll teach you to worm me, good lady ſiſter,
And peep into my privacies, to ſuſpect me;
I'll torture you, with that you hate, moſt daintily,
And, when I've done that, laugh at that you love moſt.

Enter Luce.

Luce. What have you done? ſhe chafes and fumes outrageouſly,
And ſtill they perſecute her.

Iſab. Long may they do ſo!
I'll teach her to declaim againſt my pities.
Why is ſhe not gone out o' th' town, but gives occaſion
For men to run mad after her?

Luce. I ſhall be hang'd.

Iſab. This in me had been high-treaſon;
Three at a time, and private in her orchard!
I hope ſhe'll caſt her reckonings right now.

Enter Widow.

Wid. Well, I ſhall find who brought 'em.

Iſab. Ha, ha, ha!

Wid. Why do you laugh, ſiſter?
I fear me 'tis your trick; 'twas neatly done of you,
And well becomes your pleaſure.

Iſab. What have you done with 'em?

Wid. Lock'd 'em i' th' orchard; there I'll make 'em dance,
And caper too, before they get their liberty.
Unmannerly rude puppies!

Iſab. They are ſomewhat ſaucy;
—But yet I'll let 'em out, and once more hound 'em.—
Why were they not beaten out?

Wid. I was about it;
But, becauſe they came as ſuitors——

Iſab.

Iſab. Why did you not anſwer 'em?
Wid. They are ſo impudent they will receive none.
More yet! How came theſe in?

Enter Franciſco and Lance.

Lance. At the door, madam.
Iſab. It is that face! [*Aſide.*
Luce. This is the gentleman.
Wid. She ſent the money to?
Luce. The ſame.
Iſab. I'll leave you;
They have ſome buſineſs.
Wid. Nay, you ſhall ſtay, ſiſter;
They're ſtrangers both to me. How her face alters!
Iſab. I'm ſorry he comes now.
Wid. I am glad he is here now though.
Who would you ſpeak with, gentlemen?
Lance. You, lady,
Or your fair ſiſter there; here is a gentleman
That has receiv'd a benefit.
Wid. From whom, Sir?
Lance. From one of you, as he ſuppoſes, madam;
Your man deliver'd it.
Wid. I pray go forward.
Lance. And of ſo great a goodneſs that he dares not,
Without the tender of his thanks and ſervice,
Paſs by the houſe.
Wid. Which is the gentleman?
Lance. This, madam.
Wid. What's your name, Sir?
Fran. They that know me
Call me Franciſco, lady; one not ſo proud
To ſcorn ſo timely a benefit, nor ſo wretched
To hide a gratitude.
Wid. It is well beſtow'd then.
Fran. Your fair ſelf, or your ſiſter, as it ſeems,
For what deſert I dare not know, unleſs
A handſome ſubject for your charities,
Or aptneſs in your noble wills to do it,

Have

Have ſhow'r'd upon my wants a timely bounty,
Which makes me rich in thanks, my beſt inheritance.
Wid. I'm ſorry 'twas not mine; this is the gentlewoman.
Fy, do not bluſh; go roundly to the matter;
The man's a pretty man.
Iſab. You have three fine ones.
Fran. Then to you, dear lady——
Iſab. I pray no more, Sir, if I may perſuade you;
Your only aptneſs to do this is recompence,
And more than I expected.
Fran. But, good lady——
Iſab. And for me further to be acquainted with it,
Beſides the imputation of vainglory,
Were greedy thankings of myſelf. I did it
Not to be more affected to; I did it;
And if it happen'd where I thought it fitted,
I have my end: More to enqure is curious
In either of us; more than that, ſuſpicious.
Fran. But, gentle lady, 'twill be neceſſary——
Iſab. About the right way nothing; do not fright it,
Being to pious uſe and tender-ſighted,
With the blown face of compliments; it blaſts it.
Had you not come at all, but thought thanks,
It had been too much. 'Twas not to ſee your perſon—
Wid. A brave diſſembling rogue! And how ſhe carries it!
Iſab. Tho' I believe few handſomer; or hear you,
Tho' I affect a good tongue well; or try you,
Tho' my years deſire a friend; that I reliev'd you.
Wid. A plaguy cunning quean!
Iſab. For, ſo I carried it,
My end's too glorious in mine eyes, and barter'd
The goodneſs I propounded with opinion [62].

Wid.

[62] *And* bet[t]er'd *the goodneſs.*] This ſentence has ſomething dark in it, which I cannot clear up: She would ſeem to ſay, that ſhe intended to enhance the goodneſs of her action by concealment. *Seward.*

The meaning of the whole ſpeech (which is indeed obſcure) ſeems to be this. 'So I carried my point, the end obtained was a ſuffi-
'cient

Wid. Fear her not, Sir.

Iſab. You cannot catch me, ſiſter.

Fran. Will you both teach, and tie my tongue up, lady?

Iſab. Let it ſuffice you have it; it was never mine,
Whilſt good men wanted it.

Lance. This is a ſaint, ſure!

Iſab. And if you be not ſuch a one[63], reſtore it.

Fran. To commend myſelf,
Were more officious than you think my thanks are;
To doubt I may be worth your gift a treaſon,
Both to mine own good and underſtanding[64].
I know my mind clear, and though modeſty
Tells me, he that entreats intrudes,
Yet I muſt think ſomething, and of ſome ſeaſon,
Met with your better taſte; this had not been elſe.

Wid. What ward for that, wench?

Iſab. Alas, it never touch'd me.

Fran. Well, gentle lady, yours is the firſt money
I ever took upon a forc'd ill manners!

Iſab. The laſt of me, if ever you uſe other.

Fran. How may I do, and your way, to be thought
A grateful taker?

Iſab. Spend it, and ſay nothing;
Your modeſty may deſerve more.

Wid. Oh, ſiſter,

'cient reward, and which I was happy to receive in exchange for the 'mere reputation of having effected it.' *Bartered* is the old word, (which Mr. Seward does not ſeem to have known) and the right. So ſhe ſays afterwards, 'I did it, that my beſt friend ſhould not know it.'

[63] *Such a one.*] *i. e.* A good man.

[64] *To mine own good and underſtanding*] Here again the meaſure and ſenſe were equally hurt. It is by no means conſonant to the modeſty of Franciſco to commend his own underſtanding, when it was not called in queſtion; but to ſay that he would not doubt his own merit, ſince one of ſo good an underſtanding had diſtinguiſh'd it, this is in character. Mr. Sympſon had made this addition before I ſent it him. *Seward.*

Theſe gentlemen read,

Both to mine own good, and to your *underſtanding.*

But we cannot think their addition by any means neceſſary. Will

Will you bar thankfulneſs?
Iſab. Dogs dance for meat;
Would you have men do worſe? For they can ſpeak,
Cry out like woodmongers, good deeds by th' hundreds!
I did it, that my beſt friend ſhould not know it;
Wine and vainglory do as much as I elſe.
If you will force my merit, againſt my meaning,
Uſe it in well beſtowing it, in ſhewing
It came to be a benefit, and was ſo;
And not examining a woman did it,
Or to what end; in not believing ſometimes
Yourſelf, when drink and ſtirring converſation
May ripen ſtrange perſuaſions.
Fran. Gentle lady,
I were a baſe receiver of a courteſy,
And you a worſe diſpoſer, were my nature
Unfurniſh'd of theſe foreſights. Ladies' honours
Were ever, in my thoughts, unſpotted ermines[65];
Their good deeds holy temples, where the incenſe
Burns not to common eyes: Your fears are virtuous,
And ſo I ſhall preſerve 'em.
Iſab. Keep but this way,
And from this place, to tell me ſo, you've paid me.
And ſo I wiſh you ſee all fortune! [*Exit.*
Wid. Fear not;
The woman will be thank'd, I do not doubt it.——
Are you ſo crafty, carry it ſo preciſely?

---

65 *Unſpotted* crimes.] My conjecture in this place was *ſhrines*, but Mr. Theobald has, I doubt not, hit upon the true word; for beſides its propriety to the epithet, he has proved it by a parallel paſſage of our poets. Monſieur Thomas, act iv. ſcene i.

——— ——— *O that honeſty*
That ermine *honeſty, unſpotted ever.*

'Till I ſaw this, I was fully ſatisfied with my own emendation, which I now condemn, and mention it only to ſhew, how little dependence one ought to have upon the moſt plauſible conjecture; and that to be poſitive, and dogmatical, does not become a verbal critick. Mr. Sympſon read with me *ſhrines*, but entirely agreed in the preference of *ermines*. *Seward.*

This

This is to wake my fears, not to abuſe me[66];
I ſhall look narrowly [*Aſide.*]—Deſpair not, gentlemen;
There is an hour to catch a woman in,
If you be wiſe. So, I muſt leave you too.
Now will I go laugh at my ſuitors. [*Exit.*

Lance. Sir, what courage?

Fran. This woman is a founder[67], and cites ſtatutes
To all her benefits.

Lance. I ne'er knew yet
So few years and ſo cunning: Yet, believe me,
She has an itch; but how to make her confeſs it——
For it is a crafty tit, and plays about you,
Will not bite home; ſhe would fain, but ſhe dares not.
Carry yourſelf but ſo diſcretely, Sir,
That want or wantonneſs ſeem not to ſearch you,
And you ſhall ſee her open.

Fran. I do love her,
And, were I rich, would give two thouſand pound,
To wed her wit but one hour: Oh, 'tis a dragon[68],

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[66] Or *to abuſe me.*] This reading ſeems wrong, could Iſabella carry it ſo preciſely on purpoſe to make her ſiſter more watchful of her? The ſlight change I have made gives this ſenſe; your behaviour which was intended to lull my fears aſleep, ſhall not ſo abuſe me, but make me more vigilant. Mr. Sympſon does not admit this, but would read,

Is this *to wake my fears, or to abuſe me?*

But how could ſhe aſk ſo abſurd a queſtion? *Seward.*

[67] *A founder and cites ſtatutes.*] This is ſomewhat obſcure, but I believe the meaning is, this woman is a *founder* or builder up of my fortunes, and like the *founder* of a college has no other motive than the *ſtatutes* or commands of Heaven to be charitable. Or perhaps, ſhe is a *founder* of my fortunes, and mentions *ſtatutes* to me which ſhe expects me to conform to. *Founder* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in the Captain, act i. ſcene iii.

——— *imagine me*
A founder *of old fellows!* *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's ſecond interpretation ſeems to be the true one.

[63] 'Tis a *dragon.*] Mr. Seward alters *dragon* to *paragon*; but *dragon* is clearly right. Franciſco is talking of his miſtreſs's *vivacity*, her *wit*, and *ſprightlineſs*. *Paragon* is ſtiff here.

And

And ſuch a ſprightly way of pleaſure! ha, Lance?

Lance. Your 'ha, Lance' broken once, you'd cry, 'ho, ho, Lance!'

Fran. Some leaden landed rogue will have this wench now,
When all's done; ſome ſuch youth will carry her,
And wear her greaſy out like ſtuff; ſome dunce,
That knows no more but markets, and admires nothing
But a long charge at aſſizes. Oh, the fortunes!

Enter Iſabella and Luce.

Lance. Comfort yourſelf.

Luce. They are here yet, and alone too;
Boldly upon't!——Nay, miſtreſs, I ſtill told you,
How you would find your truſt; this 'tis to venture
Your charity upon a boy.

Lance. Now, what's the matter?
Stand faſt, and like yourſelf.

Iſab. Prithee, no more, wench.

Luce. What was his want to you?

Iſab. 'Tis true.

Luce. Or miſery?
Or, ſay he had been i' th' cage, was there no mercy
To look abroad but yours?

Iſab. I am paid for fooling.

Luce. Muſt every ſlight companion that can purchaſe
A ſhew of poverty, and beggarly planet[69],

Fall

[69] *A ſhew of poverty and* beggarly planet.] A ſhew of a *beggarly planet*, does not look like a genuine expreſſion; the word *planet*, indeed, or *wanderer*, ſeems proper in the place, and if it be preſerved, we ſhould I think, read,

A ſhew of poverty, each beggarly planet,
Fall under your compaſſion?

The verſe runs better, as I have put it in the text, but the reader will pleaſe to take his choice. Mr. Sympſon does not admit either of theſe conjectures, but would read,

A ſhew of poverty and beggarly plaint.

But a ſhew of *beggarly plaint* ſeems as harſh to me as the old reading. *Seward.*

Mr.

Fall under your compaſſion?

Lance. Here's new matter.

Luce. Nay, you are ſerv'd but too well. Here he ſtays yet,
Yet, as I live!

Fran. How her face alters on me!

Luce. Out of a confidence, I hope.

Iſab. I'm glad on't.

Fran. How do you, gentle lady?

Iſab. Much aſham'd, Sir,
(But firſt ſtand further off me; you're infectious)
To find ſuch vanity, nay, almoſt impudence,
Where I believ'd a worth. Is this your thanks,
The gratitude you were ſo mad to make me,
Your trim council, gentlemen? [*Producing a ring.*

Lance. What, lady?

Iſab. Take your device again, it will not ſerve, Sir;
The woman will not bite, you're finely cozen'd!
Drop it no more, for ſhame!

Luce. Do you think you're here, Sir,
Amongſt your waſt-coateërs, your baſe wenches
That ſcratch at ſuch occaſions? You're deluded:
This is a gentlewoman of a noble houſe,
Born to a better fame than you can build her,
And eyes above your pitch[70].

Fran. I do acknowledge——

Iſab. Then I beſeech you, Sir, what could you ſee,
(Speak boldly, and ſpeak truly, ſhame the devil!)
In my behaviour, of ſuch eaſineſs,
That you durſt venture to do this?

Mr. Seward reads,

A ſhew of poverty and beggary
Fall under your compaſſion?

Inſerting a comma after poverty makes the ſenſe clear, the word *every* being underſtood as if repeated before planet: '*Every* ſlight companion, and *every* beggarly planet.'

70 *And* eyes *above your pitch.*] In the edition of 1750, the word *eyes* appears as a ſubſtantive. It is certainly a verb, and Luce's meaning is, 'She *looks* higher, or for a better match, than you.'

Fran.

Fran. You amaze me;
This ring is none of mine, nor did I drop it.
Luce. I ſaw you drop it, Sir.
Iſab. I took it up too,
Still looking when your modeſty ſhould miſs it:
Why, what a childiſh part was this!
Fran. I vow——
Iſab. Vow me no vows! He that dares do this,
Has bred himſelf to boldneſs to forſwear too.
There, take your gewgaw! You are too much pamper'd,
And I repent my part. As you grow older,
Grow wiſer, if you can; and ſo farewell, Sir!
[*Exeunt Iſabella and Luce.*
Lance. 'Grow wiſer, if you can!' She has put it to you.
'Tis a rich ring; did you drop it?
Fran. Never;
Ne'er ſaw it afore, Lance.
Lance. Thereby hangs a tail then.
What ſlight ſhe makes to catch herſelf! Look up, Sir;
You cannot loſe her, if you would. How daintily
She flies upon the lure, and cunningly
She makes her ſtops[71]! Whiſtle, and ſhe'll come to you.
Fran. I would I were ſo happy.
Lance. Maids are clocks:
The greateſt wheel, they ſhew, goes ſloweſt to us,
And makes us hang on tedious hopes; the leſſer,
Which are conceal'd, being often oil'd with wiſhes,
Flee like deſires, and never leave that motion,
Till the tongue ſtrikes. She is fleſh, blood, and marrow,
Young as her purpoſe, and as ſoft as pity;
No monument to worſhip, but a mould,
To make men in, a neat one; and I know,
Howe'er ſhe appears now, which is near enough,
You are ſtark blind if you hit not ſoon. At night,
She would venture forty pounds more, but to feel
A flea in your ſhape bite her! 'Drop no more rings,' forſooth!'

[71] *Stops!*] Mr. Sympſon thinks it ſhould be *ſtoops*. *Seward.*

This was the prettieſt thing to know her heart by!
Fran. Thou put'ſt me in much comfort.
Lance. Put yourſelf in
Good comfort! If ſhe do not point you out the way—
'Drop no more rings!' ſhe'll drop herſelf into you.
Fran. I wonder my brother comes not.
Lance. Let him alone,
And feed yourſelf on your own fortunes. Come, be frolick,
And let's be monſtrous wiſe, and full of counſel.
'Drop no more rings!' [*Exeunt.*

Enter Widow, Fountain, Bellamore, and Harebrain.

Wid. If you will needs be fooliſh, you muſt be us'd ſo.
Who ſent for you? who entertain'd you, gentlemen?
Who bid you welcome hither? You came crouding,
And, impudently bold, preſs on my patience,
As if I kept a houſe for all companions,
And of all ſorts. Will you have your wills, will you vex me,
And force my liking from you? I ne'er ow'd * you.
Fount. For all this, we will dine with you.
Bel. And, for all this,
Will have a better anſwer from you.
Wid. You ſhall never;
Neither have an anſwer nor a dinner, unleſs you uſe me
With a more ſtaid reſpect, and ſtay your time too.

Enter Iſabella, followed by Shorthoſe, Roger, Humphry, and Ralph, with diſhes of meat.

Iſab. Forward with the meat now!
Rog. Come, gentlemen,
March fairly.
Short. Roger, you are a weak ſerving-man;
Your white broth runs from you! Fy, how I ſweat
Under this pile of beef: An elephant
Can do more! Oh, for ſuch a back now,
And in theſe times, what might a man arrive at!

* *Ow'd.*] Quaſi, *Own'd.*

Goose

Gooſe graſe you up, and woodcock march behind thee;
I am almoſt founder'd!

Wid. Who bid you bring the meat yet?
Away, you knaves! I will not dine theſe two hours.
How am I vex'd and chaf'd! Go, carry it back,
And tell the cook he is an arrant raſcal,
To ſend before I call'd!

Short. Faces about [72], gentlemen;
Beat a mournful march then, and give ſome ſupporters,
Or elſe I periſh! [*Exeunt Servants.*

Iſab. It does me much good
To ſee her chafe thus.

Hare. We can ſtay, madam,
And will ſtay and dwell here; 'tis good air.

Fount. I know you have beds enough,
And meat you never want.

Wid. You want a little.

Bel. We dare to pretend on. Since you are churliſh,
We'll give you phyſick; you muſt purge this anger;
It burns you, and decays you.

Wid. If I had you out once,
I would be at charge of a portcullis for you.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Good morrow, noble lady.

Wid. Good morrow, Sir.

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[72] *Faces about.*] This expreſſion the reader will find explained in the 63d note on the Scornful Lady. The modern editors, not underſtanding it, and in their rage of correcting, read *face about.*—The ſame rage has induced thoſe gentlemen to make ſeveral *ſlight alterations*, in the courſe of a few lines hereabouts, equally bold, and more injurious to the ſenſe.——They make the Widow ſay, *And ſtay* MY *time too* (meaning, *as long as I pleaſe*) inſtead of YOUR *time (the month I have commanded you to be ſilent).* One of the Lovers declares, according to them, *We dare to pretend* NO (which can only be underſtood, *We deny our wanting meat*) inſtead of ſaying, with the old copy, *We dare to pretend* ON *(we ſhall carry our demands* FURTHER. And poor Lance is made moſt blunderingly to aſſert, when ſpeaking of Iſabella, *At night* HE *would venture forty pounds more, but to feel a flea in your ſhape bite* HER.

How ſweetly now he looks, and how full manly!
What ſlaves were thoſe to uſe him ſo! [*Aſide.*
Val. I come
To look a young man I call brother.
Wid. Such a one
Was here, Sir, as I remember, your own brother;
But gone almoſt an hour ago.
Val. Good e'en then!
Wid. You muſt not ſo ſoon, Sir; here be ſome gentlemen;
It may be you're acquainted with 'em.
Hare. Will nothing make him miſerable?
Fount. How glorious!
Bel. It is the very he! Does it rain fortunes,
Or has he a familiar?
Hare. How doggedly he looks too?
Fount. I am beyond my faith! Pray, let's be going.
Val. Where are theſe gentlemen?
Wid. Here.
Val. Yes, I know 'em,
And will be more familiar.
Bel. Morrow, madam!
Wid. Nay, ſtay and dine.
Val. You ſhall ſtay till I talk with you,
And not dine neither, but faſting fly my fury [73].
You think you have undone me; think ſo ſtill,
And ſwallow that belief: 'Till you be company
For court-hand clerks, and ſtarv'd attornies;
'Till you break in at plays, like 'prentices,
For three a groat, and crack nuts with the ſcholars
In penny rooms again, and fight for apples;
'Till you return to what I found you, people
Betray'd into the hands of fencers, challengers,
Tooth-drawers, bills, and tedious proclamations
In meal-markets, with throngings to ſee cut-purſes—

[73] *But faſtingly my fury.*] Mr. Sympſon reads, *but faſting on my fury:* My firſt conjecture was BIDE *my fury*; but as *fly* is neareſt the trace of the letters, and ſeems to me good ſenſe, I think it moſt probably the original. Mr. Theobald reads, *bide.* *Seward.*

(Sir

(Stir not, but hear, and mark; I'll cut your throats elſe!)
'Till water-works, and rumours of New Rivers,
Ride you again, and run you into queſtions
Who built the Thames[74]; 'till you run mad for lotteries,
And ſtand there with your tables to glean
The golden ſentences, and cite 'em ſecretly
To ſerving-men for ſound eſſays; 'till taverns
Allow you but a towel-room to tipple in,
Wine that the bell hath gone for twice, and glaſſes
That look like broken promiſes, tied up
With wicker proteſtations, Engliſh tobacco,
With half-pipes, nor in half a year once burnt, and biſcuit
That bawds have rubb'd their gums upon like corals,
To bring the mark again; 'till this hour, raſcals[75],
(For this moſt fatal hour will come again)
Think I ſit down the loſer!

Wid. Will you ſtay, gentlemen?
A piece of beef, and a cold capon, that's all;
You know you're welcome.

Hare. That was caſt to abuſe us[76].

Bel. Steal off; the devil is in his anger!

Wid. Nay, I am ſure
You will not leave me ſo diſcourteouſly,

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74 Who built *Theamea.*] So the firſt quarto: We have, with Mr. Seward, followed the ſecond, only inſerting the particle *the.*

75 *Tell this hour raſcals* ſo, *this moſt fatal hour will come again.*] Tho' I have departed a good deal from the old reading, yet as I have reſtored what I think to be the ſenſe, and the meaſure, I hope it will be allowed. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's reading is,

'Till this hour, raſcals, ſhall,
'Till *this moſt fatal hour* ſhall *come again,*
Think I ſit down the loſer.

We think this paſſage requires aſſiſtance; but a much leſs violent remedy than Mr. Seward's has, in our opinion, eſtabliſhed a reading greatly ſuperior to his; the change of *ſo*, into *for.*

76 Humph. *That was caſt*, &c.] All the editions moſt erroneouſly make *Humphry*, the ſervant, ſpeak theſe words, when neithe intereſted nor preſent.

Now I've provided for you.

Val. What do ye here?
Why do ye vex a woman of her goodneſs,
Her ſtate, and worth? Can ye bring a fair certificate
That ye deſerve to be her footmen? Huſbands, ye puppies?
Huſbands for whores and bawds! Away, you wind-ſuckers!
Do not look big, nor prate, nor ſtay, nor grumble;
And, when ye're gone, ſeem to laugh at my fury,
And ſlight this lady! I ſhall hear, and know this;
And, though I am not bound to fight for women,
As far as they are good, I dare preſerve 'em.
Be not too bold; for if you be I'll ſwinge you,
I'll ſwinge you monſtrouſly, without all pity.
Your honours, now go! avoid me mainly!

[*Exeunt Lovers.*

Wid. Well, Sir, you have deliver'd me, I thank you,
And with your nobleneſs prevented danger
Their tongues might utter. We'll all go and eat, Sir.

Val. No, no; I dare not truſt myſelf with women.
Go to your meat, eat little, take leſs eaſe,
And tie your body to a daily labour,
You may live honeſtly; and ſo I thank you! [*Exit.*

Wid. Well, go thy ways; thou art a noble fellow,
And ſome means I muſt work to have thee know it.

[*Exit.*

ACT V.

Enter Uncle and Merchant.

Unc. MOST certain, 'tis her hand that holds him up,
And her ſiſter relieves Frank.

Mer. I'm glad to hear it:
But wherefore do they not purſue this fortune
To ſome fair end?

Unc.

Unc. The women are too crafty,
Valentine too coy, and Frank too baſhful.
Had any wiſe man hold of ſuch a bleſſing,
They'd ſtrike it out o' th' flint but they would form it.

Enter Widow and Shorthoſe.

Mer. The Widow ſure! Why does ſhe ſtir ſo early?
Wid. 'Tis ſtrange, I can't force him to underſtand me,
And make a benefit of what I'd bring him.
Tell my ſiſter, I'll uſe my devotions
At home this morning; ſhe may, if ſhe pleaſe, go to church.
Short. Hey ho!
Wid. And do you wait upon her with a torch, Sir,
Short. Hey ho!
Wid. You lazy knave!
Short. Here's ſuch a tinkle-tanklings,
That we can ne'er lie quiet, and ſleep our prayers out.
Ralph, pray empty my right ſhoe, that you made your chamber-pot,
And burn a little roſemary in't; I muſt wait upon my lady.
This morning-prayer has brought me into a conſumption;
I have nothing left but fleſh and bones about me.
Wid. You drouſy ſlave, nothing but ſleep and ſwilling!
Short. Had you been bitten with bandog-fleas as I have been,
And haunted with the night-mare——
Wid. With an ale-pot!
Short. You would have little liſt to morning-prayers.
Pray, take my fellow Ralph; he has a pſalm-book;
I am an ingrum man [77].
Wid. Get you ready quickly,
And, when ſhe's ready, wait upon her handſomely.
No more, be gone!

[77] *Ingrum.*] This is, as we conjecture, a vitiation of *ignorant*, ſimilar to Dogberry's *vagrom* for *vagrant*.

Short. If I do ſnore my part out—— [*Exit.*

Unc. Now to our purpoſes.

Mer. Good morrow, madam!

Wid. Good morrow, gentlemen!

Unc. Good joy and fortune!

Wid. Theſe are good things, and worth my thanks; I thank you, Sir.

Mer. Much joy I hope you'll find: We came to gratulate
Your new-knit marriage-band.

Wid. How?

Unc. He's a gentleman,
Altho' he be my kinſman, my fair niece.

Wid. Niece, Sir?

Unc. Yes, lady, now I may ſay ſo;
'Tis no ſhame to you! I ſay, a gentleman,
And, winking at ſome light fancies, which you
Moſt happily may affect him for, as bravely carried,
As nobly bred and manag'd——

Wid. What's all this?
I underſtand you not. What niece, what marriage-knot?

Unc. I'll tell plainly;
You are my niece, and Valentine the gentleman
Has made you ſo by marriage.

Wid. Marriage?

Unc. Yes, lady;
And 'twas a noble and a virtuous part,
To take a falling man to your protection,
And buoy him up again to all his glories.

Wid. The men are mad!

Mer. What though he wanted
Theſe outward things, that fly away like ſhadows,
Was not his mind a full one, and a brave one?
You've wealth enough to give him gloſs and outſide,
And he wit enough to give way to love a lady.

Unc. I ever thought he would do well.

Mer. Nay, I knew,
Howe'er he wheel'd about like a looſe carbine[73],

[73] *Cabine.*] A *carbine* is a term for a horſe ſoldier, and uſed by our Authors in another play, ſo that I cannot doubt of its being the
ge-

He would charge home at length, like a brave gentleman.
Heav'n's bleſſing o'your heart, lady! We're ſo bound to honour you;
In all your ſervice ſo devoted to you——
Unc. Don't look ſo ſtrange, Widow; it muſt be known;
Better a general joy. No ſtirring here yet?
Come, come, you can't hide it.
Wid. Pray be not impudent;
Theſe are the fineſt toys! Belike I am married then?
Mer. You are in a miſerable eſtate i'th' world's account elſe:
I would not for your wealth it come to doubting.
Wid. And I am great with child?
Unc. No, great they ſay not,
But 'tis a full opinion you're with child;
And there's great joy among the gentlemen,
Your huſband hath beſtirred himſelf fairly.
Mer. Alas, we know his private hours of entrance,
How long, and when he ſtay'd, could name the bed too,
Where he paid down his firſt-fruits.
Wid. I ſhall believe anon.
Unc. And we conſider, for ſome private reaſons,
You'd have it private; yet take your own pleaſure:
And ſo, good morrow, my beſt niece, my ſweeteſt!
Wid. No, no, pray ſtay.
Unc. I know you would be with him.
Love him, and love him well!
Mer. You'll find him noble.
This may beget——
Unc. It muſt needs work upon her.
[*Exeunt Uncle and Merchant.*
Wid. Theſe are fine bobs, i' faith! married, and with child too!

---

genuine reading, tho' Mr. Theobald did, for I ſent to him, and find it in his margin with a Q. He probably did not know whether it was in uſe in our Authors' time. I have Mr. Sympſon's concurrence, who ſays he had corrected it ſo at the firſt reading. *Seward.*

How

How long has this been, I trow? They ſeem grave fellows;
They ſhould not come to flout. Married, and bedded!
The world take notice too! Where lies this maygame?
I could be vex'd extremely now, and rail too,
But 'tis to no end. Though I itch a little,
Muſt I be ſcratch'd I know not how? Who waits there?

Enter Humphry and another Servant.

Hum. Madam!

Wid. Make ready my coach quickly, and wait you only;
And, hark you, Sir! be ſecret and ſpeedy! [*Whiſper.*
Inquire out where he lies.

Hum. I ſhall do it, madam. [*Exe. Serv.*

Wid. Married, and got with child in a dream! 'tis fine, i' faith!
Sure, he that did this, would do better waking. [*Exit.*

Enter Valentine, Franciſco, Lance, drunk, and a boy with a torch.

Val. Hold thy torch handſomely! How doſt thou, Frank?
Peter Baſſel, bear up!

Fran. You've fried me ſoundly.
Sack do you call this drink?

Val. A ſhrewd dog, Frank;
Will bite abundantly.

Lance. Now could I fight,
And fight with thee——

Val. With me, thou man of Memphis?

Lance. But that thou'rt my own natural maſter.
Yet, my ſack ſays thou'rt no man, thou art a Pagan,
And pawn'ſt thy land, which is a noble cauſe.

Val. No arms, no arms, good Lancelot;
Dear Lance, no fighting here! We will have lands, boy,
Livings, and titles; thou ſhalt be a vice-roy!
Hang fighting, hang it; 'tis out of faſhion.

Lance. I would fain labour you into your lands again.

Go

Go to; it is behoveful!

Fran. Fy, Lance, fy!

Lance. I muſt beat ſomebody, and why not my maſter,
Before a ſtranger? Charity and beating
Begin at home.

Val. Come, thou ſhalt beat me.

Lance. I will not be compelled, an you were two maſters;
I ſcorn the motion!

Val. Wilt thou ſleep?

Lance. I ſcorn ſleep!

Val. Wilt thou go eat?

Lance. I ſcorn meat, I come for rompering;
I come to wait upon my charge diſcretely;
For, look you, if you will not take your mortgage again,
Here do I lie, St. George, and ſo forth!

Val. And here do I, St. George, beſtride the dragon!
Thus, with my lance——

Lance. I ſting, I ſting with my tail.

Val. Do you ſo, do you ſo, Sir? I ſhall tail you preſently!

Fran. By no means; do not hurt him!

Val. Take his Nellſon;
And now riſe, thou maiden-knight of Malaga!
Lace on thy helmet of enchanted ſack,
And charge again.

Lance. I play no more; you abuſe me!
Will you go?

Fran. I'll bid you good morrow, brother;
For ſleep I can't; I have a thouſand fancies.

Val. Now thou'rt arriv'd, go bravely to the matter,
And do ſomething of worth, Frank.

Lance. You ſhall hear from us. [*Exe. Lance and Fran.*

Val. This rogue, if he had been ſober, ſure had beaten me.
He's the moſt tettiſh knave!

Enter

Enter Uncle, Merchant, and boy[79]*, with a torch.*

Unc. 'Tis he.

Mer. Good morrow!

Val. Why, Sir, good morrow to you too, an you be ſo luſty.

Unc. You've made your brother a fine man; we met him.

Val. I made him a fine gentleman,
He was a fool before, brought up amongſt the[80] miſt
Of ſmall-beer brewhouſes. What would you have with me?

Mer. I come to tell you, your lateſt hour is come.

Val. Are you my ſentence?

Mer. The ſentence of your ſtate.

Val. Let it be hang'd then; and let it be hang'd high enough,

---

[79] *Enter Uncle and Merchant:* May *with a torch.*] Thus ſay the quartos; the folio of 1679 ſays, *boy*. Whether *May* was corrupted at preſs from *man*, or whether it was the real or dramatic name of the *torch-bearer*, is not now to be decided.

[80] *Amongſt the* midſt *of ſmall-beer brewhouſes.*] How much the ſlight change I have made improves the ſenſe, the reader of taſte will inſtantly ſee. He will probably wonder how any one could miſs it, and think it ſcarce deſerves a note. But for my own part, I ſeveral times read o'er the paſſage without ſeeing the corruption, and am at laſt the diſcoverer, tho' Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympſon (whoſe abilities no one will I believe doubt) had very accurately ſtudied the play. The ſame thing has frequently happen'd to me with regard to their emendations; and I doubt not but every ſenſible reader will find out many more, which we have all three miſſed, as obvious and certain as this. What therefore I would often inculcate is, that the reader ſhould not be too ſevere upon us for ſuch overſights: Becauſe the ſame thing has happened to all editors of books, which abound with ſuch numerous corruptions as do our Authors' plays. *Seward.*

A Reader who will not excuſe the *overſights* of an Annotator muſt indeed be harſh and rigid; and did the Editors of Beaumont and Fletcher's Works in 1750 need exculpation on no other account, it is more than probable the Editors of 1776 would never have undertaken their laborious taſk; ſince their firſt inducement to it was, an obſervation of the unprecedented interpolations, omiſſions, and every other ſpecies of variation, UNNOTICED, made uſe of by their predeceſſors; and, in the proceſs of their work, they have found each of thoſe freedoms practiſed with much more latitude than they at firſt ſuppoſed or imagined had been taken.

I may

I may not ſee 't.

Unc. A gracious reſolution.

Val. What would you elſe with me? Will you go drink,
And let the world ſlide, Uncle? Ha, ha, ha, boys!
Drink ſack like whey, boys!

Mer. Have you no feeling, Sir?

Val. Come hither, Merchant! Make me a ſupper,
Thou moſt reverend land-catcher, a ſupper of forty pounds!

Mer. What then, Sir?

Val. Then, bring thy wife along, and thy fair ſiſters,
Thy neighbours and their wives, and all their trinkets;
Let me have forty trumpets, and ſuch wine!
We'll laugh at all the miſeries of mortgage;
And then in ſtate I'll render thee an anſwer.

Mer. What ſay you to this?

Unc. I dare not ſay, nor think neither.

Mer. Will you redeem your ſtate? Speak to the point, Sir.

Val. No, not if it were mine heir in the Turk's gallies.

Mer. Then I muſt take an order.

Val. Take a thouſand,
I will not keep it, nor thou ſhalt not have it;
Becauſe thou cam'ſt i' th' nick, thou ſhalt not have it!
Go, take poſſeſſion, and be ſure you hold it,
Hold faſt with both hands, for there be thoſe hounds uncoupled,
Will ring you ſuch a knell! Go down in glory,
And march upon my land, and cry, 'All's mine!'
Cry as the devil did, and be the devil:
Mark what an echo follows! Build fine marchpanes,
To entertain Sir Silkworm and his lady;
And pull the chapel down, and raiſe a chamber
For miſtreſs Silver-pin, to lay her belly in:
Mark what an earthquake comes! Then, fooliſh Merchant,
My tenants are no ſubjects; they obey nothing,
And they are people too were never chriſten'd;

They

They know no law nor conſcience; they'll devour thee,
An thou art mortal, Staple[81]; they'll confound thee
Within three days; no bit nor memory
Of what thou wert, no, not the wart upon thy noſe there,
Shall be e'er heard of more! Go, take poſſeſſion,
And bring thy children down, to roaſt like rabbits;
They love young toaſts and butter, Bow-bell ſuckers,
As they love miſchief, and hate law; they're cannibals!
Bring down thy kindred too, that be not fruitful,
There be thoſe mandrakes that will mollify 'em!
Go, take poſſeſſion! I'll go to my chamber.
Afore, boy, go! [*Exeunt Val. and boy.*

Mer. He's mad ſure!

Unc. He's half drunk, ſure!
And yet I like this unwillingneſs to loſe it,
This looking back.

Mer. Yes, if he did it handſomely;
But he's ſo harſh and ſtrange!

Unc. Believe it, 'tis his drink, Sir;
And I am glad his drink has thruſt it out.

Mer. Cannibals?
If e'er I come to view his regiments,
If fair terms may be had——

Unc. He tells you true, Sir;
They are a bunch of the moſt boiſterous raſcals
Diſorder ever made; let 'em be mad once,
The pow'r of the whole country cannot cool 'em.
Be patient but a while.

---

[81] *They'll devour thee: and thou mortall the ſtople, they'll confound thee.*] Out of this abyſs of darkneſs I hope that I have retrieved both ſenſe and meaſure, and I have the leſs doubt of it, as they mutually confirm each other. My reading gives this ſenſe, They'll devour thee, if thou art made of mortal ſtuff, or according to mortal ſtandard; it might perhaps be wrote, *An thou art mortal, Staple*; calling the merchant by that name. Mr. Sympſon had hit off the word *ſtaple* before he received my note, and read, *Thou mortal of the ſtaple*; *i. e.* Thou man of merchandiſe. When different readings are equally ſenſe, conjecture cannot decide, which was the original. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, *An thou art mortal ſtaple*; but we think the preference due to his other ſuggeſtion, of Valentine calling the Merchant *Staple.*

Mer.

Mer. As long as you will, Sir.
Before I buy a bargain of ſuch runts,
I'll buy a college for bears, and live among 'em!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Franciſco, Lance, and boy with a torch.

Fran. How doſt thou now?
Lance. Better than I was, and ſtraighter;
But my head's a hogſhead ſtill; it rowls and tumbles.
Fran. Thou wert cruelly paid.
Lance. I may live to requite it;
Put a ſnaffle of ſack in my mouth, and then ride me!
Very well!
Fran. 'Twas all but ſport. I'll tell thee what I mean now;
I mean to ſee this wench.
Lance. Where a devil is ſhe?
An there were two, 'twere better.
Fran. Doſt thou hear
The bell ring?
Lance. Yes, yes.
Fran. Then ſhe comes to pray'rs,
Early each morning thither: Now, if I could but meet her,
For I am of another metal now——

Enter Iſabel and Shorthoſe, with a torch.

Lance. What light's yon?
Fran. Ha? 'tis a light; take her by the hand, and court her?
Lance. Take her below the girdle, you'll ne'er ſpeed elſe.
It comes on this way ſtill. Oh, that I had
But ſuch an opportunity in a ſaw-pit!
How it comes on, comes on! 'tis here.
Fran. 'Tis ſhe:
Fortune, I kiſs thy hand! Good morrow, lady!
Iſab. What voice is that? Sirrah, do you ſleep
As you go?--'Tis he; I'm glad on't!--Why, Shorthoſe!
Short.

Short. Yes, forſooth; I was dreamt I was going to church.

Lance. She ſees you as plain as I do.

Iſab. Hold thy torch up.

Short. Here's nothing but a ſtall, and a butcher's dog aſleep in't.

Where did you ſee the voice?

Fran. She looks ſtill angry.

Lance. To her, and meet, Sir!

Iſab. Here, here.

Fran. Yes, lady!

Ne'er bleſs yourſelf; I am but a man,
And like an honeſt man, now I will thank you!

Iſab. What do you mean? who ſent for you? who deſir'd you——

Short. Shall I put out the torch, forſooth?

Iſab. Can I not go about my private meditations, ha!
But ſuch companions as you muſt ruffle me?
You had beſt go with me, Sir!

Fran. It was my purpoſe.

Iſab. Why, what an impudence is this! You had beſt,
Being ſo near the church, provide a prieſt,
And perſuade me to marry you.

Fran. 'Twas my meaning;
And ſuch a huſband, ſo loving and ſo careful!
My youth, and all my fortunes ſhall arrive at——
Hark you!

Iſab. 'Tis ſtrange you ſhould be thus unmannerly!
Turn home again, ſirrah! You had beſt now force
My man to lead your way!

Fran. Yes, marry ſhall he, lady[82].
Forward, my friend!

Iſab. This is a pretty riot;
It may grow to a rape.

Fran. Do you like that better?
I can raviſh you an hundred times, and never hurt you.

Short. I ſee nothing; I am aſleep ſtill.

[82] Lance. *Yes, marry, ſhall he, lady, &c.*] This ſpeech has been hitherto given to *Lance*, tho' ſo evidently belonging to Franciſco.

When

When you have done, tell me, and then I'll wake, miſtreſs.

Iſab. Are you in earneſt, Sir? do you long to be hang'd?

Fran. Yes, by my troth, lady, in theſe fair treſſes.

Iſab. Shall I call out for help?

Fran. No, by no means;
That were a weak trick, lady: I'll kiſs and ſtop your mouth. [*Kiſſes her.*

Iſab. You'll anſwer all theſe?

Fran. A thouſand kiſſes more!

Iſab. I was ne'er abus'd thus!
You had beſt give out too, that you found me willing,
And ſay I doted on you.

Fran. That's known already,
And no man living ſhall now carry you from me.

Iſab. This is fine, i'faith.

Fran. It ſhall be ten times finer.

Iſab. Well, ſeeing you're ſo valiant, keep your way;
I will to church.

Fran. And I will wait upon you.

Iſab. And it is
Moſt likely there's a prieſt, if you dare venture
As you profeſs: I'd wiſh you look about you,
To do theſe rude tricks, for you know their recompences;
And truſt not to my mercy——

Fran. But I will, lady.

Iſab. For I'll ſo handle you.

Fran. That's it I look for.

Lance. Afore, thou dream!

Short. Have you done?

Iſab. Go on, Sir!
And follow, if you dare!

Fran. If I don't, hang me!

Lance. 'Tis all thine own, boy, an it were a million!
God a mercy, ſack! when would ſmall-beer have done this? [*Exeunt.*

Enter Valentine. [*Knocking within.*

Val. Who's that that knocks and bounces? what a devil ails you?
Is hell broke looſe, or do you keep an iron-mill?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. 'Tis a gentlewoman, Sir, that muſt needs ſpeak with you.

Val. A gentlewoman? what gentlewoman? what have I to do
With gentlewomen?

Serv. She will not be anſwer'd, Sir.

Val. Fling up the bed, and let her in. I'll try
How gentle ſhe is. [*Exit Serv.*] This ſack has fill'd my head
So full of Babels[83], I am almoſt mad.
What gentlewoman ſhould this be? I hope ſhe
Has brought me no butter-print along with her,
To lay to my charge: If ſhe have, 'tis all one,
I'll forſwear it.

Re-enter Servant, with Widow.

Wid. Oh, you're a noble gallant!
Send off your ſervant, pray. [*Exit Servant.*

Val. She will not raviſh me?
By this light, ſhe looks as ſharp-ſet as a ſparrow-hawk!
What wouldſt thou, woman?

Wid. Oh, you have us'd me kindly,
And like a gentleman! This 'tis to truſt to you.

Val. Truſt to me, for what?

Wid. Becauſe I ſaid in jeſt once,
You were a handſome man, one I could like well,
And, fooling, made you believe I lov'd you,
And might be brought to marry——

Val. The Widow's drunk too!

Wid. You, out of this (which is a fine diſcretion)
Give out the matter's done, you've won and wed me,

[83] *Babels.*] Former editions.

And that you have put fairly for an heir too:
Theſe are fine rumours to advance my credit!
I' th' name of miſchief, what did you mean?
Val. That you lov'd me,
And that you might be brought to marry me?
Why, what a devil do you mean, Widow?
Wid. It was a fine trick too, to tell the world,
Tho' you had enjoy'd your firſt wiſh, you wiſh'd,
The wealth you aim'd not at [84], that I was poor,
Which is moſt true I am; have ſold my lands,
Becauſe I love not thoſe vexations:
Yet, for mine honour's ſake, if you muſt be prating,
And for my credit's ſake i' th' town——
Val. I tell thee, Widow,
I like thee ten times better, now thou haſt no lands;
For now thy hopes and cares lie on thy huſband,
If e'er thou marrieſt more.
Wid. Have not you married me?
And for this main cauſe, now as you report it,
To be your nurſe?
Val. My nurſe? Why, what am I grown to?
Give me the glaſs! My nurſe?
Wid. You ne'er ſaid truer.
I muſt confeſs, I did a little favour you,
And with ſome labour might have been perſuaded;
But, when I found I muſt be hourly troubled
With making broths, and dawbing your decays,
With ſwaddling, and with ſtitching up your ruins;
For the world ſo reports——
Val. Do not provoke me!
Wid. And half an eye may ſee——
Val. Do not provoke me!
The world's a lying world, and thou ſhalt find it!
Have a good heart, and take a ſtrong faith to thee,
And mark what follows. My nurſe? Yes, you ſhall rock me:
Widow, I'll keep you waking!
Wid. You're diſpoſed, Sir.

[84] *The wealth you aimed at.*] We have added the word *not* here, the ſenſe requiring it.

Val. Yes, marry am I, Widow; and you ſhall feel it!
Nay, an they touch my freehold, I'm a tiger!
Wid. I think ſo.
Val. Come!
Wid. Whither?
Val. Any whither. [*Sings.*

The fit's upon me now,
The fit's upon me now!
Come quickly, gentle lady,
The fit's upon me now!
The world ſhall know they're fools,
And ſo ſhalt thou do too;
Let the cobler meddle with his tools,
The fit's upon me now!

Take me quickly, while I am in this vein!
Away with me; for if I have but two hours to conſider,
All the widows in the world cannot recover me.
Wid. If you will go with me, Sir——
Val. Yes, marry, will I;
But 'tis in anger yet! and I will marry thee;
Do not croſs me! Yes, and I will lie with thee,
And get a whole bundle of babies; and I'll kiſs thee!
Stand ſtill, and kiſs me handſomely; but don't provoke me!
Stir neither hand nor foot, for I am dangerous!
I drunk ſack yeſternight; do not allure me!
Thou art no widow of this world! come! in pity,
And in ſpite I'll marry thee. Not a word more!
And I may be brought to love thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Merchant and Uncle, at ſeveral doors.

Mer. Well met again! and what good news yet?
Unc. Faith, nothing.
Mer. No fruits of what we ſow'd?
Unc. Nothing I hear of.
Mer. No turning in this tide yet?
Unc. 'Tis all flood;
And, 'till that fall away, there's no expecting.

Enter

Enter Franciſco, Iſabella, Lance, and Shorthoſe, with a torch.

Mer. Is not this his younger brother?
Unc. With a gentlewoman;
The Widow's ſiſter, as I live! He ſmiles;
He's got good hold. Why, well ſaid, Frank, i'faith!
Let's ſtay and mark.
Iſab. Well, you're the prettieſt youth!
And ſo you have handled me, think you have me ſure?
Fran. As ſure as wedlock.
Iſab. You'd beſt lie with me too.
Fran. Yes, indeed, will I; and get ſuch black-ey'd boys!
Unc. God a mercy, Frank!
Iſab. This is a merry world; poor ſimple gentlewomen,
That think no harm, can't walk about their buſineſs,
But they muſt be catch'd up, I know not how.
Fran. I'll tell you, and I'll inſtruct you too.
Have I caught you, miſtreſs?
Iſab. Well, an it were not for pure pity,
I would give you the ſlip yet; but, being as it is—
Fran. It ſhall be better.

Enter Valentine, Widow, and Ralph, with a torch.

Iſab. My ſiſter, as I live! your brother with her?
Sure, I think you're the king's takers.
Unc. Now it works.
Val. Nay, you ſhall know I am a man.
Wid. I think ſo.
Val. And ſuch proof you ſhall have!
Wid. I pray, ſpeak ſoftly.
Val. I'll ſpeak it out, Widow; yes, and you ſhall confeſs too,
I am no nurſe-child; I went for a man,
A good one; if you can beat me out o' th' pit——
Wid. I did but jeſt with you.
Val. I'll handle you in earneſt, and ſo handle you!

Nay, when my credit calls——

Wid. Are you mad?

Val. I am mad, I am mad!

Fran. Good morrow, Sir! I like your preparation.

Val. Thou haſt been at it, Frank?

Fran. Yes, faith, 'tis done, Sir.

Val. Along with me then! Never hang an arſe, Widow!

Iſab. 'Tis to no purpoſe, ſiſter.

Val. Well ſaid, Black-brows!

Advance your torches, gentlemen!

Unc. Yes, yes, Sir.

Val. And keep your ranks!

Mer. Lance, carry this before him.

[*Giving the mortgage.*

Unc. Carry it in ſtate!

Enter Muſicians, Fountain, Harebrain, and Bellamore.

Val. What are you? muſicians?

I know your coming[85]! And what are thoſe behind you?

Muſi. Gentlemen

That ſent us, to give the lady a good morrow.

Val. Oh, I know them. Come, boy, ſing the ſong I taught you,

And ſing it luſtily! Come forward, gentlemen!

[85] *I know* you coming.] Beſide the obſcurity of this expreſſion, which I take to have been a mere typographical error, *coming* for *come in*, a ſyllable is wanting to the meaſure, which I have taken the liberty to ſupply, believing either *you*, or ſome other monoſyllable as indifferent to the ſenſe has been dropt. One may eaſily believe, that ſuch miſtakes may have frequently happened in a play, where there have been viſibly ſuch numerous corruptions, and where the meaſure was ſo ſhockingly diſregarded, that not twenty lines in the whole were deſignedly printed as ſuch, in any former edition. This I hope I have generally reſtored; and that by the aſſiſtance of Mr. Sympſon and Mr. Theobald's margin, I have retrieved many paſſages which were corrupted. I am far from preſuming that all our conjectures are right; or that ſeveral blunders are not ſtill left untouched. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, *What're you, muſicians? I know* you, *come* you in, *and what*, &c. The old quartos ſay, *I know* your *comming*; meaning, as we apprehend, *I know* of *your coming*, it being cuſtomary at weddings.

You're

You're welcome, welcome! now we are all friends.
Go, get the prieſt ready, and let him not be long,
We have much buſineſs.
Come, Frank, rejoice with me! Thou'ſt got the ſtart, boy,
But I'll ſo tumble after! Come, my friends, lead,
Lead cheerfully; and let your fiddles ring, boys!
My follies and my fancies have an end here.
Diſplay the mortgage, Lance! Merchant, I'll pay you,
And every thing ſhall be in joint again.

Unc. Afore, afore!

Val. And now confeſs, and know,
Wit without Money, ſometimes gives the blow!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

IN the preparation of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER's Works for the preſs, in 1750, either Mr. Theobald or Mr. Seward diſcovered, that the comedy of Wit without Money had been originally written in verſe, and undertook the arduous taſk of reſtoring the metre, inſtead of printing it proſaically, as in all the former editions had been done. We are not capable of declaring to which of theſe gentlemen the honour of this well-meant undertaking belongs, or how far Mr. Theobald had proceeded in it at the time of his deceaſe. From whomſoever the intent originated, by whomſoever the plan was executed, we are ſorry to find the commendations due to the undertaking, muſt meet with a very conſiderable alloy, on obſerving how lightly the martyrdom of language, and the faithfulneſs of editorſhip, were looked on, when (which was very frequently the caſe) the proceſs of this poetic plan met with interruption. How ſmall is the honour to an Editor, how material the diſgrace to an Author, how great the impediment to a Reader, when we find

Val'ntine,	ſtand in place of	Valentine,
'S this man nak'd,		Is this man naked,
h' ſo,		he ſo,
t' y'rſelf,		to yourſelf,
m' friends,		my friends,
m' ſo,		me ſo,
'tis 'r ſiſter,		'tis her ſiſter,
b' there,		be there,
this 's boiſterous,		this is boiſterous,
this 's brother,		this his brother,
I w's going,		I was going,
nei'er,		neither,
ſ' loving,		ſo loving,
f'r all this,		for all this,
g'd morrow,		good morrow,
ſharp ſet 's ſparrow-hawk,		ſharp ſet as a ſparrow-hawk,

with multitudes ſimilar; for we only mention ſuch contractions as firſt occur to us, by way of ſpecimen?—And if to theſe verbal aſſaſſinations we ſhould (in aid of our equi-ſyllabic purſuit) add the introducing ſuch arbitrary variations as to read

	instead of	
———To think well of Ourſelves, if we deſerve it, *it* is, *Sir*, a luſtre *in's*,		To think well of ourſelves, if we deſerve it, is a luſtre *in us*,
'Twas rarely ta'en,		*'T has* taken rarely,
'T has rid us fair of an incum-*ber*ance,		It has rid us of a fair incumbrance,
That he who doth intreat intrudes,		*He that* intreats intrudes,
'Tis beyond faith, let's be going,		*I am* beyond *my* faith, *pray* let's be going,
There are *here* ſome gentlemen,		Here be ſome gentlemen,
Now I'm another metal,		For I am of another metal now,

together with *interpolations*, *omiſſions*, and *tranſpoſitions*, *ad infinitum*; when convicted of all theſe, ſo far from expecting applauſe, can they hope for pardon, or think to avoid the ſevereſt cenſure?—— We beg to have it underſtood, that the freedoms which we object to, are ſuch as the Editors have not mentioned in their notes. Noticed variations (but thoſe variations ſhould ever be made with the greateſt caution, and not without an apparent urgent neceſſity) are in ſome degree allowable; others, we think, highly reprehenſible.——The whole of this play was printed under the inſpection of Mr. Seward, whoſe only object of conſideration ſeems to have been, the eſtabliſhment of metre, no matter by what means; to him, therefore, we are to aſcribe the abovementioned violences.

We have no doubt but the play of Wit without Money was written in verſe; but it is at the ſame time certain, that either our Authors were more licentious in this Comedy than in all their other plays put together; or elſe that the players, 'by whom, as Mr. Seward ſuppoſes, this play was diveſted of its meaſure, in order to render the 'dialogue more low and farcical,' and who did not publiſh it till fourteen years after Fletcher's demiſe, were ſo ſucceſsful in their antiheroic endeavour, that it appears totally impoſſible ever to effect a thorough reſtoration of the metre.

All we can aſſure the reader is, that we have carefully adhered to the old copies, where the ſenſe did not demand variation; that we have ſubmitted ſuch variations as we thought ourſelves obliged to make, to the judgment of the Reader; and that (induced as well by the licentiouſneſs of the old poetick writers, as a deſire to be faithful Editors) we have preferred *leaving faulty verſes*, to *caſtration of language for regularity of meaſure*.

BEGGAR'S

OMBAY
BRANCH

This was a noble entrance to your fortune!
That, being on the point thus to be married,
Upon her venture here, you should surprize her. Act V.

J. J. Barralet. Collyer.

BEGGARS' BUSH.

A COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verſes by Gardiner and Hills attribute this Play wholly to Fletcher. It was firſt printed in the folio of 1647. *Until within a few years paſt, the Comedy now before us uſed to be frequently repreſented at Covent-Garden Theatre. In the year* 1768, *Mr. Hull made ſome alterations in it, and, with the addition of ſeveral ſongs, brought it on the ſtage as an opera, under the title of The Royal Merchant.*

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Wolfort, *an uſurper of the earldom of Flanders.*
Gerrard, *falſely called* Clauſe, *king of the beggars, father-in-law to Florez.*
Hubert, *an honeſt lord, a friend to Gerrard.*
Florez, *falſely called* Goſwin, *a rich merchant of Bruges.*
Hempſkirke, *a captain under Wolfort.*
Herman, *a courtier,* } *inhabitants of Flanders.*
A Merchant, }
Vandunke, *a drunken merchant, friend to Gerrard, falſely called father to Bertha.*
Vanlock, } *of Bruges.*
Four Merchants, }
Higgen, }
Prigg, } *three knaviſh beggars.*
Snapp, }
Ferret, } *two gentlemen, diſguiſed under thoſe names, of*
Ginkes, } *Gerrard's party.*
Clown.
Boors.
A Sailor.
Servants.
Guard.

WOMEN.

Jaculin, *daughter to Gerrard, belov'd of Hubert.*
Bertha, *called* Gertrude, *daughter to the duke of Brabant, miſtreſs to Florez.*
Margaret, *wife to Vandunke.*
Mrs. Frances, *a frow, daughter to Vanlock.*

SCENE, FLANDERS.

BEGGARS'

BEGGARS' BUSH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter a Merchant and Herman.

Merchant. IS he then taken?
Her. And brought back even now, Sir.
Mer. He was not in diſgrace?
Her. No man more lov'd,
Nor more deſerv'd it, being the only man
That durſt be honeſt in this court.
Mer. Indeed
We've heard abroad, Sir, that the ſtate hath ſuffer'd
A great change, ſince the counteſs' death.
Her. It hath, Sir.
Mer. My five years' abſence hath kept me a ſtranger
So much to all th' occurrents of my country,
As you ſhall bind me for ſome ſhort relation,
To make me underſtand the preſent times.
Her. I muſt begin then with a war was made,
And ſeven years with all cruelty continued,
Upon our Flanders by the duke of Brabant.
The cauſe grew thus: During our earl's minority,
Wolfort, who now uſurps, was employ'd thither,
To treat about a match between our earl
And the daughter and heir of Brabant: During which treaty,
The Brabander pretends, this daughter was
Stol'n from his court, by practice of our ſtate;

Tho'

Tho' we are all confirm'd, 'twas a ſought quarrel,
To lay an unjuſt gripe upon this earldom;
It being here believ'd the duke of Brabant
Had no ſuch loſs. This war upon't proclaim'd,
Our earl, being then a child, altho' his father
Good Gerrard liv'd, yet (in reſpect he was
Choſen by the counteſs' favour for her huſband,
And but a gentleman, and Florez holding
His right unto this country from his mother)
The ſtate thought fit, in this defenſive war,
Wolfort being then the only man of mark,
To make him general.

Mer. Which place we've heard
He did diſcharge with honour.

Her. Ay, ſo long,
And with ſo bleſs'd ſucceſſes, that the Brabander
Was forc'd (his treaſures waſted, and the choice
Of his beſt men of arms tir'd, or cut off)
To leave the field, and found a baſe retreat
Back to his country: But ſo broken, both
In mind and means, e'er to make head again,
That hitherto he ſits down by his loſs;
Not daring, or for honour, or revenge,
Again to tempt his fortune. But this victory
More broke our ſtate, and made a deeper hurt
In Flanders, than the greateſt overthrow
She e'er receiv'd: For Wolfort, now beholding
Himſelf, and actions, in the flattering glaſs
Of ſelf-deſervings, and that cheriſh'd by
The ſtrong aſſurance of his pow'r (for then
All captains of the army were his creatures,
The common ſoldier too at his devotion,
Made ſo by full indulgence to their rapines,
And ſecret bounties;) this ſtrength too well known,
And what it could effect, ſoon put in practice,
As further'd by the childhood of the earl,
And their improvidence that might have pierc'd
The heart of his deſigns, gave him occaſion
To ſeize the whole: And in that plight you find it.

Mer.

Mer. Sir, I receive the knowledge of thus much,
As a choice favour from you.
Her. Only I muſt add,
Bruges hold out.
Mer. Whither, Sir, I am going;
For there laſt night I had a ſhip put in,
And my horſe waits me.
Her. I wiſh you a good journey [1]. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Enter Wolfort, Hubert, and attendants.*

Wol. What? Hubert ſtealing from me? Who diſarm'd him?
'Twas more than I commanded. Take your ſword,
I am beſt guarded with it in your hand;
I've ſeen you uſe it nobly.
Hub. And will turn it
On my own boſom, ere it ſhall be drawn
Unworthily or rudely.
Wol. Would you leave me
Without a farewell, Hubert? Fly a friend
Unwearied in his ſtudy to advance you?
What have I e'er poſſeſs'd which was not yours?
Or rather [2] did not court you to command it?
Who ever yet arriv'd to any grace,
Reward, or truſt from me, but his approaches
Were by your fair reports of him preferr'd?
And what is more, I made myſelf your ſervant,
In making you the maſter of thoſe ſecrets
Which not the rack of conſcience could draw from me,
Nor I, when I aſk'd mercy, truſt my prayers with;
Yet, after theſe aſſurances of love,
Theſe ties and bonds of friendſhip, to forſake me!
Forſake me as an enemy! Come, you muſt
Give me a reaſon.

---

[1] This ſcene is cold and ſuperfluous: The very next much more happily opens the plot, by dramatick action.

[2] *Or* either *did not court you, &c.*] The ſenſe requires us to read *rather* inſtead of *either*.

Hub.

Hub. Sir, and ſo I will;
If I may do't in private, and you hear it.
Wol. All leave the room. You have your will ſit down, [*Exeunt all but Wol. and Hub.*
And uſe the liberty of our firſt friendſhip.
Hub. Friendſhip? When you prov'd traitor firſt, that vaniſh'd;
Nor do I owe you any thought but hate.
I know my flight hath forfeited my head;
And, ſo I may make you firſt underſtand
What a ſtrange monſter you have made yourſelf,
I welcome it.
Wol. To me this is ſtrange language.
Hub. To you? why, what are you?
Wol. Your prince and maſter,
The earl of Flanders.
Hub. By a proper title?
Rais'd to't by cunning, circumvention, force,
Blood, and proſcriptions!
Wol. And in all this wiſdom,
Had I not reaſon, when, by Gerrard's plots,
I ſhould have firſt been call'd to a ſtrict account,
How, and which way I had conſum'd that maſs
Of money, as they term it, in the war;
Who underhand had by his miniſters
Detracted my great actions, made my faith
And loyalty ſuſpected; in which failing
He ſought my life by practice?
Hub. With what forehead
Do you ſpeak this to me, who (as I know't)
Muſt and will ſay 'tis falſe?
Wol. My guard there!
Hub. Sir,
You bad me ſit, and promis'd you would hear,
Which I now ſay you ſhall! Not a ſound more!
For I, that am contemner of mine own,
Am maſter of your life! then, here's a ſword
Between you and all aids, Sir. Though you blind
The credulous beaſt, the multitude, you paſs not

Theſe

Theſe groſs untruths on me.

Wol. How? groſs untruths?

Hub. Ay, and it is favourable language;
They had been in a mean manlies, and foul ones.

Wol. You take ſtrange licence.

Hub. Yes; were not thoſe rumours,
Of being call'd unto your anſwer, ſpread
By your own followers? and weak Gerrard wrought,
But by your cunning practice, to believe
That you were dangerous; yet not to be
Puniſh'd by any former courſe of law,
But firſt to be made ſure, and have your crimes
Laid open after? which your quaint train taking,
You fled unto the camp, and there crav'd humbly
Protection for your innocent life, and that,
Since you had 'ſcap'd the fury of the war,
You might not fall by treaſon: And for proof
You did not for your own ends make this danger,
Some that had been before by you ſuborn'd,
Came forth and took their oaths they had been hir'd
By Gerrard to your murder. This once heard,
And eaſily believ'd, th' enraged ſoldier,
Seeing no further than the outward man,
Snatch'd haſtily his arms, ran to the court,
Kill'd all that made reſiſtance, cut in pieces
Such as were ſervants, or thought friends to Gerrard,
Vowing the like to him.

Wol. Will you yet end?

Hub. Which he foreſeeing, with his ſon, the earl,
Forſook the city; and by ſecret ways,
(As you give out, and we would gladly have it)
Eſcap'd their fury; tho' 'tis more than fear'd
They fell among the reſt. Nor ſtand you there,
To let us only mourn the impious means
By which you got it; but your cruelties ſince
So far tranſcend your former bloody ills,
As, if compar'd, they only would appear
Eſſays of miſchief. Do not ſtop your ears;
More are behind yet!

Wol.

Wol. Oh, repeat them not:
'Tis hell to hear them nam'd!
Hub. You ſhould have thought,
That hell would be your puniſhment when you did them!
A prince in nothing but your princely luſts,
And boundleſs rapines!
Wol. No more, I beſeech you!
Hub. Who was the lord of houſe or land, that ſtood
Within the proſpect of your covetous eye?
Wol. You are in this to me a greater tyrant,
Than e'er I was to any.
Hub. I end thus
The general grief. Now to my private wrong,
The loſs of Gerrard's daughter Jaculin:
The hop'd-for partner of my lawful bed,
Your cruelty hath frighted from mine arms;
And her I now was wand'ring to recover.
Think you that I had reaſon now to leave you,
When you are grown ſo juſtly odious,
That e'en my ſtay here, with your grace and favour,
Makes my life irkſome? Here, ſecurely take it[3]!
And do me but this fruit of all your friendſhip,
That I may die by you, and not your hangman.
Wol. Oh, Hubert, theſe your words and reaſons have
As well drawn drops of blood from my griev'd heart,
As theſe tears from mine eyes: Deſpiſe them not!
By all that's ſacred, I am ſerious, Hubert.
You now have made me ſenſible, what furies,
Whips, hangmen, and tormentors, a bad man
Does ever bear about him[4]! Let the good

[3] *Here* ſurely *take it.*] Mr. Seward reads, *Here*, Sir, freely *take it.* The alteration admitted into the text is propoſed by Mr. Sympſon; which we prefer becauſe there is a civility in *Sir* but ill adapted to the preſent temper of Hubert, and becauſe it is nearer the old books.

[4] *What furies, &c.*] Rowe ſeems to have intended copying this paſſage in his Fair Penitent:

'Guilt is the ſource of ſorrow; 'tis the fiend,
'Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
'With whips and ſtings.'—

That

That you this day have done, be ever number'd
The firſt of your beſt actions. Can you think
Where Florez is, or Gerrard, or your love,
Or any elſe, or all, that are proſcrib'd?
I will reſign what I uſurp, or have
Unjuſtly forc'd. The days I have to live
Are too, too few, to make them ſatisfaction
With any penitence: Yet I vow to practiſe
All of a man.

Hub. Oh, that your heart and tongue
Did not now differ!

Wol. By my griefs, they do not!
Take the good pains to ſearch them out; 'tis worth it.
You have made clean a leper; truſt me, you have,
And made me once more fit for the ſociety,
I hope, of good men.

Hub. Sir, do not abuſe
My aptneſs to believe.

Wol. Suſpect not you
A faith that's built upon ſo true a ſorrow:
Make your own ſafeties; aſk thee all the ties
Humanity can give! Hempſkirke too ſhall
Along with you, to this ſo-wiſh'd diſcovery,
And in my name profeſs all that you promiſe:
And I will give you this help to't; I have
Of late receiv'd certain intelligence,
That ſome of them are in or about Bruges
To be found out; which I did then interpret
The cauſe of that town's ſtanding out againſt me;
But now am glad, it may direct your purpoſe
Of giving them their ſafety, and me peace.

Hub. Be conſtant to your goodneſs, and you have it[5]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter three Merchants.

1 *Mer.* 'Tis much that you deliver of this Goſwin.

2 *Mer.* But ſhort of what I could, yet have the country

[5] You *have it.*] Mr. Seward reads, YOU'LL *have it.* We think *you* eaſieſt and beſt.

Confirm it true, and by a general oath[6],
And not a man hazard his credit in it.
He bears himſelf with ſuch a confidence,
As if he were the maſter of the ſea,
And not a wind, upon the ſailors' compaſs,
But from one part or other was his factor,
To bring him in the beſt commodities
Merchant e'er ventur'd for.

1 *Mer.* 'Tis ſtrange.

2 *Mer.* And yet
This does in him deſerve the leaſt of wonder,
Compar'd with other his peculiar faſhions,
Which all admire: He's young, and rich, at leaſt
Thus far reputed ſo, that, ſince he liv'd
In Bruges, there was never brought to harbour
So rich a bottom, but his bill would paſs
Unqueſtion'd for her lading.

3 *Mer.* Yet he ſtill
Continues a good man.

2 *Mer.* So good, that but
To doubt him, would be held an injury,
Or rather malice, with the beſt that traffick.
But this is nothing; a great ſtock, and fortune,
Crowning his judgment in his undertakings,
May keep him upright that way: But that wealth
Should want the pow'r to make him dote on it,
Or youth teach him to wrong it, beſt commends
His conſtant temper. For his outward habit,
'Tis ſuitable to his preſent courſe of life;
His table furniſh'd well, but not with dainties
That pleaſe the appetite only for their rareneſs,
Or their dear price; nor given to wine or women,
Beyond his health, or warrant of a man,

[6] ——*Yet have the country*
Confirm'd *it true, and by a general oath,*
And not a man hazard his credit in it.] This is not grammar, nor, if it were, could it be ſuppoſed that the whole country had really taken an oath to the truth of this account. The miſtake aroſe from the Editors taking *have* for the ſign of the perfect tenſe; whereas it is here not the auxiliary but an active verb. *I could have the whole country to confirm what I ſay.* *Seward.*

I mean

I mean a good one[7]; and ſo loves his ſtate,
He will not hazard it at play, nor lend
Upon the aſſurance of a well-penn'd letter,
Although a challenge ſecond the denial,
From ſuch as make th' opinion of their valour
Their means of feeding.

1 *Mer.* Theſe are ways to thrive,
And yet the means not curs'd.

2 *Mer.* What follows this
Makes[8] many venturers with him, in their wiſhes
For his proſperity: For when deſert
Or reaſon leads him to be liberal,
His noble mind and ready hand contend
Which can add moſt to his free courteſies,
Or in their worth, or ſpeed, to make them ſo.
Is there a virgin of good fame wants dower?
He is a father to her; or a ſoldier,
That in his country's ſervice, from the war
Hath brought home only ſcars, and want? his houſe
Receives him, and relieves him, with that care
As if what he poſſeſs'd had been laid up
For ſuch good uſes, and he ſteward of it.
But I ſhould loſe myſelf to ſpeak him further;
And ſtale, in my relation, the much good
You may be witneſs of, if your remove
From Bruges be not ſpeedy.

1 *Mer.* This report,

---

[7] *A good man.*] i. e. *In credit.* The word is uſed by traders, in the ſame ſenſe, to this day. So Shylock uſes it, and explains it.

[8] 2 Mer. *What follows, this*
Makes] Laſt edition.——*What follows this.*] Old folio. The attempt to amend the firſt reading by the addition of a comma does not ſeem ſufficient. I hope I have more effectually corrected it. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's reading is,

——*What follows?*
2 Mer. *This*
Makes many venturers with him, &c.

We have followed the firſt folio. The meaning of the paſſage is, 'The conſequence of this economy, which enables him to be generous, when proper objects preſent themſelves to his notice, makes many wiſh for his welfare, in which they are themſelves ſo nearly intereſted.' The reſt of the ſpeech confirms this.

I do aſſure you, will not haſten it;
Nor would I wiſh a better man to deal with
For what I am to part with.

3 *Mer.* Never doubt it,
He is your man and ours; only I wiſh
His too-much forwardneſs to embrace all bargains
Sink him not in the end.

2 *Mer.* Have better hopes;
For my part, I am confident. Here he comes.

Enter Goſwin and the fourth Merchant.

Goſ. I take it at your own rates, your wine of Cyprus;
But, for your Candy ſugars, they have met
With ſuch foul weather, and are priz'd ſo high,
I cannot ſave in them.

4 *Mer.* I am unwilling
To ſeek another chapman. Make me offer
Of ſomething near my price, that may aſſure me
You can deal for them.

Goſ. I both can, and will,
But not with too much loſs: Your bill of lading
Speaks of two hundred cheſts, valued by you
At thirty thouſand guilders; I will have them
At twenty-eight; ſo, in the payment of
Three thouſand ſterling, you fall only in
Two hundred pound.

4 *Mer.* You know, they are ſo cheap——

Goſ. Why, look you, I'll deal fairly; there's in priſon,
And at your ſuit, a pirate, but unable
To make you ſatisfaction, and paſt hope
To live a week, if you ſhould proſecute
What you can prove againſt him: Set him free,
And you ſhall have your money to a ſtiver,
And preſent payment.

4 *Mer.* This is above wonder,
A merchant of your rank, that have at ſea
So many bottoms in the danger of
Theſe water-thieves, ſhould be a means to ſave 'em!
It more importing you, for your own ſafety
To be at charge to ſcour the ſea of them,

Than

Than ſtay the ſword of juſtice, that is ready
To fall on one ſo conſcious of his guilt
That he dares not deny it.
Gof. You miſtake me,
If you think I would cheriſh in this captain
The wrong he did to you, or any man.
I was lately with him (having firſt, from others'
True teſtimony, been aſſur'd a man
Of more deſert never put from the ſhore)
I read his letters of mart from this ſtate granted
For the recov'ry of ſuch loſſes, as
He had receiv'd in Spain; 'twas that he aim'd at,
Not at three tuns of wine, biſcuit, or beef,
Which his neceſſity made him take from you.
If he had pillag'd you near, or ſunk your ſhip,
Or thrown your men o'er-board, then he deſerv'd
The laws extremeſt rigour. But, ſince want
Of what he could not live without, compell'd him
To that he did (which, yet, our ſtate calls death)
I pity his misfortunes, and to work you
To ſome compaſſion of them, I come up
To your own price: Save him, the goods are mine;
If not, ſeek elſewhere, I'll not deal for them.
4 *Mer.* Well, Sir, for your love, I will once be led
To change my purpoſe.
Gof. For your profit rather.
4 *Mer.* I'll preſently make means for his diſcharge;
'Till when, I leave you. [*Exit.*
2 *Mer.* What do you think of this?
1 *Mer.* As of a deed of noble pity, guided
By a ſtrong judgment.
2 *Mer.* Save you, maſter Goſwin!
Gof. Good day to all!
2 *Mer.* We bring you the refuſal
Of more commodities.
Gof. Are you the owners
Of the ſhip that laſt night put into the harbour?
1 *Mer.* Both of the ſhip, and lading.
Gof. What's the freight?

1 *Mer.* Indico, cochineal, choice China ſtuffs——
3 *Mer.* And cloth of gold, brought from Cambal.
Gof. Rich lading;
For which I were your chapman, but I am
Already out of caſh.
1 *Mer.* I'll give you day
For the moiety of all.
Gof. How long?
3 *Mer.* Six months.
Gof. 'Tis a fair offer; which, if we agree
About the prices, I, with thanks, accept of,
And will make preſent payment of the reſt.
Some two hours hence I'll come aboard.
1 *Mer.* The gunner
Shall ſpeak you welcome.
Gof. I'll not fail.
3 *Mer.* Good morrow! [*Exeunt Mer.*
Gof. Heav'n grant my ſhips a ſafe return, before
The day of this great payment; as they are
Expected three months ſooner; and my credit
Stands good with all the world.

Enter Clauſe.

Clauſe. Bleſs my good maſter!
The prayers of your poor beadſman ever ſhall
Be ſent up for you.
Gof. God o'mercy, Clauſe!
There's ſomething to put thee in mind hereafter
To think of me.
Clauſe. May he that gave it you,
Reward you for it, with encreaſe, good maſter!
Gof. I thrive the better for thy pray'rs.
Clauſe. I hope ſo.
Theſe three years have I fed upon your bounties,
And by the fire of your bleſs'd charity warm'd me;
And yet, good maſter, pardon me, that muſt,
Tho' I have now receiv'd your alms, preſume
To make one ſuit more to you.
Gof. What is't, Clauſe?

Clauſe.

Clauſe. Yet, do not think me impudent, I beſeech you,
Since hitherto your charity hath prevented
My begging your relief; 'tis not for money,
Nor cloaths, good maſter, but your good word for me.
Goſ. That thou ſhalt have, Clauſe; for I think thee honeſt.
Clauſe. To-morrow then, dear maſter, take the trouble
Of walking early unto Beggars' Buſh;
And, as you ſee me, among others, brethren
In my affliction, when you are demanded
Which you like beſt among us, point out me,
And then paſs by, as if you knew me not.
Goſ. But what will that advantage thee?
Clauſe. Oh, much, Sir.
'Twill give me the preheminence of the reſt,
Make me a king among 'em, and protect me
From all abuſe ſuch as are ſtronger might
Offer my age. Sir, at your better leiſure
I will inform you further of the good
It may do to me.
Goſ. 'Troth, thou mak'ſt me wonder!
Have you a king and commonwealth among you?
Clauſe. We have, and there are ſtates are govern'd worſe.
Goſ. Ambition among beggars?
Clauſe. Many great ones
Would part with half their ſtates, to have the place,
And credit, to beg in the firſt file, maſter.
But ſhall I be ſo much bound to your furtherance
In my petition?
Goſ. That thou ſhalt not miſs of,
Nor any worldly care make me forget it;
I will be early there.
Clauſe. Heav'n bleſs my maſter! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Higgen, Ferret, Prigg, Clauſe, Jaculin, Snap, Ginks, and other beggars.

Higgen. COME, princes of the ragged regiment;
You of the blood, Prigg, my moſt u[illegible]
right lord,
And theſe, what name or title e'er they bear,
Jarkman[8], or *patrico*, *cranke*, or *clapperdudgeon*,
Frater, or *abram man*; I ſpeak to all
That ſtand in fair election for the title
Of King of Beggars, with the command adjoining;
Higgen, your orator, in this inter-regnum,
That whilom was your *dommerer*, doth beſeech you
All to ſtand fair, and put yourſelves in rank,
That the firſt comer may, at his firſt view,
Make a free choice, to ſay up the queſtion[9].

Fer. Prigg. 'Tis done, lord Higgen.

Hig. Thanks to prince Prigg, prince Ferret.

Fer. Well, pray, my maſters all, Ferret be choſen;
Ye're like to have a merciful mild prince of me.

Prigg. A very tyrant I, an arrant tyrant,
If e'er I come to reign (therefore look to't!)
Except you do provide me *bum* enough,
And *lour* to *bouze* with! I muſt have my capons

[8] *Jarkman, &c.*] As the frequent occurrence of the references from the cant terms muſt occaſion a confuſion in the text, we have thought it moſt adviſeable to inſert the explanations of thoſe terms at the end of the play, where the reader will find them arranged alphabetically.

[9] *To ſay up the queſtion.*] Mr. Seward reads, *To ſave us further queſtion.* His alteration, though ſenſe, is unwarranted and licentious; yet *to ſay up* is uncouth and obſcure; tho' it may ſignify, deciding the *queſtion*, by *ſaying* which he (the firſt comer) thinks the honeſteſt of them.

And

And turkies brought me in, with my green geeſe,
And ducklings in the ſeaſon; fine fat chickens;
Or, if you chance where an eye of tame pheaſants
Or partridges are kept, ſee they be mine:
Or ſtraight I ſeize on all your privilege,
Places, revenues, offices, as forfeit,
Call in your crutches, wooden legs, falſe bellies,
Forc'd eyes and tongues [10], with your dead arms; not leave you
A dirty clout to beg with on your heads,
Or an old rag with butter, frankincenſe,
Brimſtone and reſin, birdlime, blood, and cream,
To make you an old ſore; not ſo much ſope
As you may foam with i' th' falling-ſickneſs;
The very bag you bear, and the brown diſh,
Shall be eſcheated. All your daintieſt *dells* too
I will deflower, and take your deareſt *doxies*
From your warm ſides; and then ſome one cold night
I'll watch you what old barn you go to rooſt in,
And there I'll ſmother you all i'th' muſty hay.

Hig. This is tyrant-like indeed: But what would Ginks,
Or Clauſe be here, if either of them ſhould reign?

Clauſe. Beſt aſk an aſs, if he were made a camel,
What he would be; or a dog, an he were a lion!

Ginks. I care not what you are, Sirs, I ſhall be
A beggar ſtill, I'm ſure; I find myſelf there [11],

[10] *Forc'd eyes and* teeth.] By forc'd *eyes* I ſuppoſe are meant, *eyes* ſo diſtorted as to ſhew only the white, ſo that the perſon appears blind; but what *forc'd teeth* can mean, I cannot conceive; it is ſaid to be common with beggars to force their *tongues* into their throats, ſo that they ſhall appear to be cut off. I think therefore my conjecture highly probable. *Seward.*

Altho' there may be a means of deception by *falſe teeth* as well as *forc'd tongues*, yet we have admitted Mr. Seward's variation, becauſe the trick with the *tongue* is ſaid to be ſo frequent, that there is a name given to the practicers of this impoſture; *i. e. dommerers.*

[11] *I find myſelf there.*] Ginks was a nobleman in diſguiſe; he ſeems therefore to regret his long continuance in beggary, and to fear it will be for life. *I find myſelf there*, or in that ſtate. *Seward.*

Enter

Enter Goſwin.

Snap. Oh, here a judge comes.

Hig. Cry, a judge, a judge!

Goſ. What ail you, Sirs? what means this outcry?

Hig. Maſter,

A ſort of poor ſouls met; God's fools, good maſter;
Have had ſome little variance 'mongſt ourſelves
Who ſhould be honeſteſt of us, and which lives
Uprighteſt in his calling: Now, 'cauſe we thought
We ne'er ſhould 'gree on't ourſelves, becauſe indeed
'Tis hard to ſay; we all diſſolv'd [13] to put it
To him that ſhould come next, and that's your maſterſhip,
Who, I hope, will 'termine it as your mind ſerves you,
Right, and no otherwiſe we aſk it: Which,
Which does your worſhip think is he? Sweet maſter,
Look o'er us all, and tell us; we are ſeven of us,
Like to the ſeven wiſe maſters, or the planets.

Goſ. I ſhould judge this the man, with the grave beard;
And if he be not——

Clauſe. Bleſs you, good maſter, bleſs you!

Goſ. I would he were. There's ſomething too amongſt you,
To keep you all honeſt. [*Exit.*

[13] *We all* diſſolv'd] I rather think this a miſtake of the preſs, than a deſigned blunder, which would be proper to an ignorant clown; but not to ſo arch a beggar as Higgen, whoſe congratulatory ſpeech, in the two next pages, has as much burleſque humour in it as almoſt any thing ev'n in Hudibras; who evidently imitated it in his deſcription of his hero's beard. In the latter part of it, there's a banter on Shakeſpeare's prophecy of queen Elizabeth and king James at the end of Harry the Eighth, but ſo elegant and pretty that it could give no offence. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward alters *diſſolv'd* to *reſolv'd*; but Higgen ſpeaks barbarouſly here, becauſe, on the appearance of a ſtranger, he aſſumes the ſtile of a beggar, *e.g. 'termine it*, in the next line or two. So afterwards (and it is acknowledged to be part of their table of laws) to

——*keep afoot*
The humble and the common ſtile of begging,
Leſt men diſcover us.

See p. 413

Snap. King of Heav'n go with you!
Omn. Now good reward him;
May he never want it, to comfort ſtill the poor,
In a good hour!
Fer. What is't? ſee: Snap has got it.
Snap. A good crown, marry.
Prigg. A crown of gold.
Fer. For our new king: Good luck.
Ginks. To the common treaſury with it; if 't be gold,
Thither it muſt.
Prigg. Spoke like a patriot, Ginks[14]!
King Clauſe, I bid God ſave thee firſt, firſt, Clauſe,
After this golden token of a crown.
Where's orator Higgen with his gratulating ſpeech now,
In all our names?
Fer. Here he is, pumping for it.
Ginks. H'has cough'd the ſecond time; 'tis but once more,
And then it comes.
Fer. So, out with all! Expect now——
Hig. That thou art choſen, venerable Clauſe,
Our king and ſovereign, monarch o'th' *maunders*,
Thus we throw up our *nab-cheats*, firſt for joy,
And then our *filches*; laſt, we clap our *fambles*,
Three ſubject ſigns, we do it without envy;
For who is he here did not wiſh thee choſen,
Now thou art choſen? Aſk 'em; all will ſay ſo,
Nay ſwear't; 'tis for the king; but let that paſs.
When laſt in conference at the *bouzing ken*,
This other day we ſat about our dead prince
Of famous memory (reſt go with his rags!)
And that I ſaw thee at the table's end
Riſe mov'd, and gravely leaning on one crutch,
Lift t'other like a ſceptre at my head,

[14] *Spoke like a patriot*, Ferret—] As this has neither paſſion nor accident to interrupt it, I can ſee no reaſon to ſuppoſe it a broken one. I believe it a meer accidental miſtake in the name *Ferret* for *Ginks*. The firſt Editors not ſuſpecting this intended to ſolve the difficulty by putting a break or daſh to it. *Seward.*

I then

I then preſag'd thou ſhortly wouldſt be king,
And now thou art ſo. But what need preſage
To us, that might have read it in thy beard,
As well as he that choſe thee? By that beard
Thou wert found out, and mark'd for ſovereignty.
Oh, happy beard! but happier prince, whoſe beard
Was ſo remark'd, as marked out our prince,
Not bating us a hair. Long may it grow,
And thick, and fair; that who lives under it
May live as ſafe as under Beggars' Buſh,
Of which this is the thing, that but the type.

Omn. Excellent, excellent orator! Forward, good Higgen!
Give him leave to ſpit. The fine well-ſpoken Higgen!

Hig. This is the beard, the buſh, or buſhy-beard,
Under whoſe gold and ſilver reign 'twas ſaid,
So many ages ſince, we all ſhould ſmile,
No impoſitions, taxes, grievances,
Knots in a ſtate, and whips unto a ſubject,
Lie lurking in this beard, but all kemb'd [15] out:
If now the beard be ſuch, what is the prince
That owes the beard [16]? A father? no, a grand-father,
Nay, the great-grand-father, of you his people!
He will not force away your hens, your bacon,
When you have ventur'd hard for't, nor take from you
The fatteſt of your puddings: Under him,
Each man ſhall eat his own ſtol'n eggs, and butter,
In his own ſhade, or ſun-ſhine, and enjoy
His own dear *dell*, *doxy*, or *mort*, at night
In his own ſtraw, with his own ſhirt, or ſheet,
That he hath *filch'd* that day; ay, and poſſeſs
What he can purchaſe, *back*, or *belly-cheats*,
To his own *prop*: He will have no purveyors
For pigs, and poultry——

Clauſe. That we muſt have, my learned orator,

[15] *Kemb'd.*] *i. e. Combed.* It is generally ſo written in our ancient authors. *R.*

[16] *That* ow's *the beard.*] *Owe* in the ſenſe of *own*, or poſſeſs, is very common in all the old writers. *Seward.*

It

It is our will; and every man to keep
In his own path and circuit.
Hig. Do you hear?
You muſt hereafter *maund* on your own *pads*, he ſays.
Clauſe. And what they get there, is their own:
Beſides,
To give good words.
Hig. Do you mark? To cut *been whids*;
That is the ſecond law.
Clauſe. And keep afoot
The humble and the common phraſe of begging,
Leſt men diſcover us.
Hig. Yes, and cry ſometimes,
To move compaſſion. Sir, there is a table,
That doth command all theſe things, and enjoins 'em
Be perfect in their crutches, their feign'd plaiſters,
And their torn paſſports, with the ways to ſtammer,
And to be dumb, and deaf, and blind, and lame.
There, all the halting paces are ſet down,
I' th' learned language.
Clauſe. Thither I refer 'em;
Thoſe you at leiſure ſhall interpret to 'em:
We love no heaps of laws, where few will ſerve.
Omn. Oh, gracious prince! 'Save, 'ſave the good king Clauſe!
Hig. A ſong to crown him!
Fer. Set a centinel out firſt.
Snap. The word?
Hig. A *cove* comes, and *fumbumbis* to it. [*Ex. Snap.*
[*Strike.*

THE SONG.

Caſt our caps and cares away:
This is beggars' holyday!
At the crowning of our king,
Thus we ever dance and ſing.
In the world look out and ſee,
Where's ſo happy a prince as he?
Where the nation lives ſo free,
And ſo merry as do we?

Be

Be it peace, or be it war,
Here at liberty we are,
And enjoy our eaſe and reſt:
To the field we are not preſs'd;
Nor are call'd into the town,
To be troubled with the gown.
Hang all offices, we cry,
And the magiſtrate too, by;
When the ſubſidy's encreas'd,
We are not a penny ſeſs'd.
Nor will any go to law
With the beggar for a ſtraw.
All which happineſs he brags,
He doth owe unto his rags.

Enter Snap, and then Hubert and Hempſkirke.

Snap. A *cove! fumbumbis!*
Prigg. To your poſtures! arm!
Hub. Yonder's the town: I ſee it.
Hemp. There's our danger,
Indeed, afore us, if our ſhadows [17] ſave not.
Hig. Bleſs your good worſhips!
Fer. One ſmall piece of money——
Prigg. Among us all poor wretches.
Clauſe. Blind, and lame.
Ginks. For his ſake that gives all.
Hig. Pitiful worſhips!
Snap. One little doit.

Enter Jaculin.

Jac. King, by your leave! where are you?
Fer. To buy a little bread.
Hig. To feed ſo many
Mouths, as will ever pray for you.
Prigg. Here be ſeven of us.
Hig. Seven, good maſter! oh, remember ſeven!
Seven bleſſings——

[17] *Shadows.*] *i. e.* Diſguiſes.

Fer.

Fer. Remember, gentle worſhip.
Hig. 'Gainſt ſeven deadly ſins.
Prigg. And ſeven ſleepers.
Hig. If they be hard of heart, and will give nothing—
Alas, we had not a charity-theſe three days.
Hub. There's amongſt you all.
Fer. Heav'n reward you!
Prigg. Lord reward you!
Hig. The prince of pity bleſs thee!
Hub. Do I ſee? or is't my fancy that would have it ſo?
Ha, 'tis her face! Come hither, maid.
Jac. What ha' you,
Bells for my ſquirrel? I ha' giv'n bun meat.
You do not love me, do you? Catch me a butterfly,
And I'll love you again. When? can you tell?
Peace, we go a-birding. I ſhall have a fine thing! [*Exit.*
Hub. Her voice too ſays the ſame; but, for my head,
I would not that her manners were ſo chang'd.
Hear me, thou honeſt fellow! what's this maiden,
That lives amongſt you here?
Ginks. Ao, ao, ao, ao.
Hub. How? nothing but ſigns?
Ginks. Ao, ao, ao, ao.
Hub. This is ſtrange!
I would fain have it her, but not her thus.
Hig. He is de-de-de-de-de-de-deaf, and du-du-dude —dumb, Sir.
Hub. 'Slid, they did all ſpeak plain ev'n now, methought.
Doſt thou know this ſame maid?
Snap. Whi-whi-whi-whi-which, gu-gu-gu-gu-God's fool?
She was bo-bo-bo-bo-born at the barn yonder, by be-be-be-be-Beggars' Buſh bo-bo-Buſh,
Her name is mi-mi-mi-mi-mi-Minche[18]. So was her mo-mo-mo-mother's too-too.

[18] *Her name is* my-my——match.] We at firſt thought *match* to to be a corruption of *Madge*; but as Jaculin is in other parts of the play called *Minche*, we ſuppoſe it merely a typographical error. *Hub.*

Hub. I underſtand no word he ſays; how long
Has ſhe been here?

Snap. Lo-lo-long enough to be ni-ni-nigled, an ſhe ha' go-go-go-good luck.

Hub. I muſt be better inform'd, than by this way.
Here was another face too, that I mark'd
Of the old man's: But they are vaniſh'd all
Moſt ſuddenly: I will come here again.
Oh, that I were ſo happy as to find it
What I yet hope, it is put on!

Hemp. What mean you, Sir,
To ſtay there with that ſtammerer?

Hub. Farewell, friend!
It will be worth return, to ſearch. Come,
Protect us our diſguiſe now! Prithee, Hempſkirke,
If we be taken, how doſt thou imagine
This town will uſe us, that hath ſtood ſo long
Out againſt Wolfort?

Hemp. Ev'n to hang us forth
Upon their walls a-ſunning, to make crows' meat.
If I were not aſſur'd o' th' burgomaſter,
And had a pretty excuſe to ſee a niece there,
I ſhould ſcarce venture.

Hub. Come, 'tis now too late
To look back at the ports. Good luck; and enter!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Goſwin.

Goſ. Still blow'ſt thou there? And, from all other parts,
Do all my agents ſleep, that nothing comes?
There's a conſpiracy of winds, and ſervants,
If not of elements, to ha' me break!
What ſhould I think? Unleſs the ſeas and ſands
Had ſwallow'd up my ſhips, or fire had ſpoil'd
My warehouſes, or death devour'd my factors,
I muſt ha' had ſome returns.

Enter

Enter two Merchants.

1 *Mer.* 'Save you, Sir.

Gof. 'Save you.

1 *Mer.* No news yet o' your ſhips?

Gof. Not any yet, Sir.

1 *Mer.* 'Tis ſtrange. [*Exit.*

Gof. 'Tis true, Sir. What a voice was here now?
This was one paſſing-bell; a thouſand ravens
Sung in that man now, to preſage my ruins.

2 *Mer.* Goſwin, good day! Theſe winds are very conſtant.

Gof. They are ſo, Sir, to hurt——

2 *Mer.* Ha' you had no letters
Lately from England, nor from Denmark?

Gof. Neither.

2 *Mer.* This wind brings them. Nor no news over land,
Through Spain, from the Straits?

Gof. Not any.

2 *Mer.* I am ſorry, Sir. [*Exit.*

Gof. They talk me down; and, as 'tis ſaid of vultures,
They ſcent a field fought, and do ſmell the carcaſſes
By many hundred miles: So do theſe my wrecks,
At greater diſtances. Why, thy will, Heav'n [19],
Come on, and be! Yet, if thou pleaſe preſerve me
But in my own adventure here at home,
Of my chaſte love, to keep me worthy of her,
It ſhall be put in ſcale 'gainſt all ill fortunes:
I am not broken yet; nor ſhould I fall,
Methinks, with leſs than that; that ruins all. [*Exit.*

[19] *Why, thy will, Heaven,* &c.] This ſpeech, as pointed in the old books, is rather obſcure; but the meaning we take to be ſimply this: 'Thy will, Heaven, be done! yet, if thou pleaſe to preſerve 'me in my venture at home, that will counter-balance all my wrecks 'at ſea. With leſs than that failure, I cannot be undone; but *that* 'would ruin me indeed.'

SCENE III.

Enter Vandunke, Hubert, Hempſkirke, Margaret, and Boors.

Vand. Captain, you're welcome; ſo is this your friend,
Moſt ſafely welcome; though our town ſtand out
Againſt your maſter, you ſhall find good quarter:
The troth is, we not love him. Meg [19], ſome wine!
Let's talk a little treaſon, if we can
Talk treaſon, 'gainſt the traitors; by your leave, gentlemen,
We, here in Bruges, think he does uſurp,
And therefore I'm bold with him.

Hub. Sir, your boldneſs
Happily becomes your mouth, but not our ears,
While we're his ſervants; and as we come here,
Not to aſk queſtions, walk forth on your walls,
Viſit your courts of guard, view your munition,
Aſk of your corn-proviſions, nor enquire
Into the leaſt, as ſpies upon your ſtrengths;
So let's entreat, we may receive from you
Nothing in paſſage or diſcourſe, but what
We may with gladneſs, and our honeſties, hear;
And that ſhall ſeal our welcome.

Vand. Good: Let's drink then.
Madge, fill out! I keep mine old pearl ſtill, captain.

Marg. I
Hang faſt, man.

Hemp. Old jewels commend their keeper, Sir.

Vand. Here's to you with a heart, my captain's friend,
With a good heart! and if this make us ſpeak
Bold words anon, 'tis all under the roſe,
Forgotten: Drown all memory, when we drink!

Hub. 'Tis freely ſpoken, noble Burgomaſter;
I'll do you right.

Hemp. Nay, Sir, minheer Vandunke
Is a true ſtateſman.

[19] *Meg.*] We have followed the firſt copy in the ſeveral name Vandunke's wife is called by. The latter editions, in all places, call her *Margaret*, at length; never making uſe of the familiar abbreviation.

Vand.

Vand. Fill my captain's cup there!
Oh, that your maſter Wolfort had been an honeſt man!
Hub. Sir!
Vand. Under the roſe.
Hemp. Here's to you, Marget.
Marg. Welcome, welcome, captain.
Vand. Well ſaid, my pearl, ſtill.
Hemp. And how does my niece?
Almoſt a woman, I think? This friend of mine
I drew along with me, through ſo much hazard,
Only to ſee her: She was my errand.
Vand. Ay, a kind uncle you are (fill him his glaſs)
That in ſeven years could not find leiſure——
Hemp. No,
It's not ſo much.
Vand. I'll bate you ne'er an hour on't:
It was before the Brabander 'gan his war,
For moon-ſhine in the water there, his daughter
That ne'er was loſt: Yet you could not find time
To ſee a kinſwoman: But ſhe is worth the ſeeing, Sir,
Now you are come. You aſk if ſhe were a woman?
She is a woman, Sir, (fetch her forth, Margee!)
And a fine woman, and has ſuitors. [*Ex. Marg.*
Hemp. How?
What ſuitors are they?
Vand. Bachelors; young burghers:
And one, a gallant; the young prince of merchants
We call him here in Bruges.
Hemp. How? a merchant?
I thought, Vandunke, you had underſtood me better,
And my niece too, ſo truſted to you by me,
Than to admit of ſuch in name of ſuitors.
Vand. Such? He is ſuch a ſuch, as, were ſhe mine,
I'd give him thirty thouſand crowns with her.
Hemp. But the ſame things, Sir, fit not you and me.
[*Exit.*
Vand. Why, give's ſome wine, then; this will fit us all.
Here's to you ſtill, my captain's friend, all out!

And ſtill, 'would Wolfort were an honeſt man!
Under the roſe I ſpeak it. But this merchant
Is a brave boy: He lives ſo, in the town here,
We know not what to think on him: At ſome times
We fear he will be bankrupt; he does ſtretch,
Tenter his credit ſo; embraces all;
And to't, the winds have been contrary long.
But then, if he ſhould have all his returns,
We think he would be a king, and are half ſure on't.
Your maſter is a traitor, for all this,
Under the roſe (here's to you!) and uſurps
The earldom from a better man.

Hub. Ay, marry, Sir,
Where is that man?

Vand. Nay, ſoft! An I could tell you,
'Tis ten to one I would not. Here's my hand!
I love not Wolfort: Sit you ſtill, with that.
Here comes my captain again, and his fine niece,
And there's my merchant; view him well. Fill wine here!

Enter Hempſkirke, Gertrude and Goſwin.

Hemp. You muſt not only know me for your uncle
Now, but obey me: You, go caſt yourſelf
Away, upon a dunghill here! a merchant!
A petty fellow! one that makes his trade
With oaths and perjuries!

Goſ. What is that you ſay, Sir?
If it be me you ſpeak of, as your eye
Seems to direct, I wiſh you'd ſpeak to me, Sir.

Hemp. Sir, I do ſay, ſhe is no merchandize;
Will that ſuffice you?

Goſ. Merchandize, good Sir?
Tho' you be kinſman to her, take no leave thence
To uſe me with contempt: I ever thought
Your niece above all price.

Hemp. And do ſo ſtill, Sir.
I aſſure you, her rate's at more than you are worth.

Goſ. You don't know what a gentleman's worth, Sir,

No:

Nor can you value him.

Hub. Well ſaid, merchant!

Vand. Nay,
Let him alone, and ply your matter.

Hemp. A gentleman?
What, of the wool-pack? or the ſugar-cheſt?
Or liſts of velvet? Which is't, pound, or yard,
You vent your gentry by?

Hub. Oh, Hempſkirke, fy!

Vand. Come, do not mind 'em; drink! He is no Wolfort [20],
Captain, I adviſe you.

Hemp. Alas, my pretty man,
I think't be angry, by it's look: Come hither,
Turn this way a little: If it were the blood
Of Charlemaine, as't may, for aught I know,
Be ſome good botcher's iſſue, here in Bruges——

Gof. How?

Hemp. Nay, I'm not certain of that; of this I am,
If it once buy and ſell, it's gentry's gone.

Gof. Ha, ha!

Hemp. You're angry, though you laugh.

Gof. No, now 'tis pity
Of your poor argument. Do not you, the lords
Of land, (if you be any) ſell the graſs,
The corn, the ſtraw, the milk, the cheeſe——

Vand. And butter:
Remember butter; do not leave out butter.

Gof. The beefs and muttons, that your grounds are ſtor'd with?
Swine, with the very maſt, beſide the woods?

[20] ——— *He is no Wolfort;*
Captain, I adviſe you.] *Vandunke* blames Hubert for interfering, and immediately does it himſelf, but I take it to be an accidental omiſſion of the ſpeaker. It is not probable that *Goſwin* ſhould make no return to the ſcoffs above, and a broken ſpeech ſeems quite proper to him. *Seward.*

We think this variation unneceſſary and improper. No perſon calls Hempſkirke *Captain* but Vandunke, and he calls him ſo all through the laſt ſcene. From Hempſkirke's next ſpeech it ſhould ſeem, that Goſwin's *looks* had chiefly teſtified his anger.

Hemp. No, for thoſe ſordid uſes we have tenants,
Or elſe our bailiffs.

Goſ. Have not we, Sir, chapmen,
And factors, then, to anſwer theſe? Your honour,
Fetch'd from the heralds' A B C, and ſaid over
With your court faces, once an hour, ſhall never
Make me miſtake myſelf. Do not your lawyers
Sell all their practice, as your prieſts their prayers?
What is not bought and ſold? The company
That you had laſt, what had you for't, i'faith?

Hemp. You now grow ſaucy.

Goſ. Sure[21], I have been bred
Still with my honeſt liberty, and muſt uſe it.

Hemp. Upon your equals then.

Goſ. Sir, he that will
Provoke me firſt, doth make himſelf my equal.

Hemp. Do you hear? No more!

Goſ. Yes, Sir, this little, I pray you,
And't ſhall be aſide; then, after, as you pleaſe!
You appear the uncle, Sir, to her I love
More than mine eyes; and I have heard your ſcorns
With ſo much ſcoffing, and with ſo much ſhame,
As each ſtrive which is greater: But, believe me,
I ſuck'd not in this patience with my milk.
Do not preſume, becauſe you ſee me young;
Or caſt deſpites on my profeſſion,
For the civility and tameneſs of it.
A good man bears a contumely worſe
Than he would do an injury. Proceed not
To my offence: Wrong is not ſtill ſucceſsful;
Indeed it is not. I would approach your kinſwoman
With all reſpect done to yourſelf and her.

Hemp. Away, companion! handling her? take that.
[*Strikes him.*

[21] Sure *I have been bred.*] This reading, if admitted, would make him doubt whether he had been bred with an honeſt liberty or no. But I believe it a mere typographical error. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, SIR, *I have been bred*, &c. *Sure* does not imply *doubt*, but *affirmation*. We have, therefore, followed the old copies.

Goſ.

Gof. Nay, I do love no blows, Sir: There's exchange!
[*He gets Hempſkirke's ſword, and cuts him on the head.*
Hub. Hold, Sir!
Marg. Oh, murder!
Gert. Help my Goſwin.
Marg. Man!
Vand. Let 'em alone. My life for one!
Gof. Nay, come,
If you have will.
Hub. None to offend you I, Sir.
Gof. He that had, thank himſelf! Not hand her? Yes, Sir,
And claſp her, and embrace her; and (would ſhe
Now go with me) bear her thro' all her race,
Her father, brethren, and her uncles, arm'd,
And all their nephews, tho' they ſtood a wood
Of pikes, and wall of cannon! Kiſs me, Gertrude!
Quake not, but kiſs me!
Vand. Kiſs him, girl; I bid you.
My merchant-royal! Fear no uncles! Hang 'em,
Hang up all uncles! Are we not in Bruges?
Under the roſe here?
Gof. In this circle, love,
Thou art as ſafe as in a tower of braſs.
Let ſuch as do wrong, fear.
Vand. Ay, that's good;
Let Wolfort look to that.
Gof. Sir, here ſhe ſtands,
Your niece, and my belov'd. One of theſe titles
She muſt apply to: If unto the laſt,
Not all the anger can be ſent unto her,
In frown, or voice, or other act[22], ſhall force her,
Had Hercules a hand in't! Come, my joy,
Say thou art mine aloud, love, and profeſs it.
Vand. Do; and I drink to it.
Gof. Prithee ſay ſo, love.

[22] *Other* art.] Mr. Theobald corrected this. I have known ſeveral inſtances of this miſtake between *art* and *act*, and tho' the former might be ſenſe here, the latter is much better. *Seward.*

Gert. 'Twould take away the honour from my bluſhes;
(Do not you play the tyrant, ſweet!) they ſpeak it.
Hemp. I thank you, niece.
Gof. Sir, thank her for your life;
And fetch your ſword within.
Hemp. You inſult too much
With your good fortune, Sir. [*Exeunt Gof. and Gert.*
Hub. A brave clear ſpirit!
Hempſkirke, you were to blame: A civil habit
Oft covers a good man; and you may meet,
In perſon of a merchant, with a ſoul
As reſolute and free, and all ways worthy,
As elſe in any file of mankind. Pray you,
What meant you ſo to ſlight him?
Hemp. 'Tis done now;
Aſk no more of it; I muſt ſuffer. [*Exit.*
Hub. This
Is ſtill the puniſhment of raſhneſs, ſorrow.
Well, I muſt to the woods, for nothing here
Will be got out. There I may chance to learn
Somewhat to help my enquiries further.
Vand. Ha!
A looking-glaſs[23]!
Hub. How now, brave Burgomaſter?
Vand. I love no Wolforts, and my name's Vandunke.
Hub. Van-drunk it's rather. Come, go ſleep within.
Vand. Earl Florez is right heir; and this ſame Wolfort,
Under the roſe I ſpeak it——
Hub. Very hardly.
Vand. Uſurps; and a rank traitor, as e'er breath'd,
And all that do uphold him. Let me go;
No man ſhall hold me up[24], that upholds him.

---

[23] *A looking-glaſs*] Does not Vandunke here, now grown quite fuddled, call for an utenſil at this day known among drinkers by the name of a *looking-glaſs?*

[24] *No man ſhall hold* he.] That *he* ſhould be *me* is certain, but the want of a ſyllable in the verſe, makes it probable that one was loſt, which

Do you uphold him?
Hub. No.
Vand. Then hold me up. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Goſwin and Hempſkirke.

Hemp. Sir, I preſume you have a ſword of your own,
That can ſo handle another's.
Goſ. Faith, you may, Sir.
Hemp. And you've made me have ſo much better thoughts of you,
As I am bound to call you forth.
Goſ. For what, Sir?
Hemp. To the repairing of mine honour, and hurt here.
Goſ. Expreſs your way.
Hemp. By fight, and ſpeedily.
Goſ. You have your will. Require you any more?
Hemp. That you be ſecret, and come ſingle.
Goſ. I will.
Hemp. As you're the gentleman you would be thought!
Goſ. Without the conjuration: And I'll bring
Only my ſword, which I will fit to yours.
I'll take its length within.
Hemp. Your place now, Sir?
Goſ. By the ſand-hills.
Hemp. Sir, nearer to the woods,
If you thought ſo, were fitter.
Goſ. There, then.
Hemp. Good.
Your time?

---

which I hope I have retrieved, for the particle added greatly improves honeſt Vandunke's drunken humour. Mr. Sympſon has ſince ſent me the ſame correction. *Seward.*

The firſt copy reads, *me*; we are not, therefore, indebted to Mr. Seward for that amendment. But the propriety of the inſerted ſyllable, *up*, is confirmed by what immediately follows:

Vand. *Do you* UP-HOLD *him?*
Hub. *No.*
Vand. *Then* HOLD *me* UP.

Goſ.

Gof. 'Twixt ſeven and eight.
Hemp. You'll give me, Sir,
Cauſe to report you worthy of my niece,
If you come, like your promiſe.
Gof. If I do not,
Let no man think to call me unworthy firſt!
I'll do't myſelf, and juſtly wiſh to want her. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter three or four Boors.

1 *Boor.* COME, Engliſh beer, hoſteſs, Engliſh beer by th' barrel [25]!
2 *Boor.* Stark beer, boy, ſtout and ſtrong beer!
So, ſit down, lads,
And drink me upſey-Dutch! Frolick, and fear not.
Enter

[25] *Engliſh beer by th'* belly.] As I can make no ſenſe of this, I ſuppoſe it a miſtake and read *barrel*. But what is *upſey-Dutch?* *Sympſon.*

This odd expreſſion occurs in the Alchemiſt of Ben Jonſon, act iv. ſcene vi. upon which paſſage Mr. Whalley gives us the following note:

'Mr. Sympſon aſks, 'What is *upſee-Dutch?*' to which Mr. Seward 'replies, 'I wiſh I could anſwer Mr. Sympſon's queſtion; but I can 'find no ſuch word in any dictionary or gloſſary of mine.' The 'preſſion, with a little difference, occurs again in the fourth ſcene 'of the fourth act of the ſame play; and is applied to a waſſel;

'Prig. ——— *I for the ſtructure,*
'*Which is the bowl.*
'Hig. *Which muſt be* upſey-Engliſh,
'*Strong, luſty London beer.*

'Indeed, no dictionary or gloſſary will help us to the phraſe; but I 'will endeavour to aſſign a meaning, which, as it gives a conſiſtent 'ſenſe to theſe different places, may probably be the true one. It is 'a proverbial expreſſion, and is uſed as proverbs frequently are, in 'ſome little latitude of ſenſe. In Jonſon, *'tis upſey-Dutch*, ſignifies 'it is like a drunken Dutchman's eye, *your eye is dull and hath a heavy* '*caſt*,

Enter Higgen, like a ſow-gelder, ſinging.

Hig. Have ye any work for the ſow-gelder, hoa?
My horn goes to high to low, to high to low!
Have ye any pigs, calves, or colts,
Have ye any lambs in your holts,
To cut for the ſtone?
Here comes a cunning one.
Have ye any braches to ſpade,
Or e'er a fair maid
That would be a nun?
Come, kiſs me, 'tis done.
Hark, how my merry horn doth blow,
To high to low, to high to low!

1 *Boor.* Oh, excellent! Two-pence a-piece, boys, two-pence a-piece!
Give the boy ſome drink there! Piper, whet your whiſtle!
Canſt tell me a way now, how to cut off my wife's concupiſcence?

Hig. I'll ſing you a ſong for't.

'caſt, like a Dutchman's in liquor, or, as we ſay proverbially, "Who is ſeas over.' That is the original of the phraſe: *Upſee* is a corruption from the Dutch *op-zee*, which is literally *over-ſea*; and 'tis probable we borrowed that proverb from Holland. In Fletcher, the phraſe to drink *upſee-Dutch*, means to drink as Dutchmen, or the ſame liquor which they do, 'till we are drunk like them: The other term muſt in like manner be explained by the epithet Engliſh; ſo that *upſey-Engliſh*, is drinking the liquor which Engliſhmen uſually get drunk with; and that is truly explained in the following line to be ſtrong beer.'

To this explanation of Mr. Whalley's we ſhall only add, that the word *upſee* appears to have been well underſtood in our Authors' time, as applicable to drunkenneſs. In a pamphlet by Thomas Dekker, entitled, The Seven Deadly Sinnes of London, 1606, 4to. we find the following paſſage, p. 3. 'The day was proclaymed holiday in all the wardes; every priſoner ſwore if he would ſtay amongſt them, they would take no order about their debts, becauſe they would lye by it too; and for that purpoſe ſwarmed about him like bees about comfit-makers, and were drunke according to all the learned rules of drunkennes, as *upſy-freeze*, crambo, parmizant, &c. the pimples of this ranck and full-humor'd joy riſing thus in their faces, &c. *R.*

SONG.

SONG.

Take her, and hug her,
And turn her, and tug her,
And turn her again, boy, again;
Then if ſhe mumble,
Or if her tail tumble,
Kiſs her amain, boy, amain!
Do thy endeavour
To take off her fever,
Then her diſeaſe no longer will reign,
If nothing will ſerve her,
Then thus to preſerve her,
Swinge her amain, boy, amain!
Give her cold jelly,
To take up her belly,
And once a day ſwinge her again.
If ſhe ſtand all theſe pains,
Then knock out her brains,
Her diſeaſe no longer will reign.

1 *Boor.* More excellent, more excellent, ſweet ſow-gelder!

2 *Boor.* Three-pence a-piece, three-pence a-piece!

Hig. Will you hear a ſong how the devil was gelded?

3 *Boor.* Ay, ay; let's hear the devil roar, ſow-gelder!

SONG.

He ran at me firſt in the ſhape of a ram,
And over and over the ſow-gelder came;
I roſe and I halter'd him faſt by the horn,
I pluck'd out his ſtones, as you'd pick out a corn,
Baa! quoth the devil, and forth he ſlunk,
And left us a carcaſs of mutton that ſtunk.

The next time, I rode a good mile and a half,
Where I heard he did live in diſguiſe of a calf;
I bound and I gelt him, ere he did any evil;
He was here at his beſt but a young ſucking devil.
Maa! yet he cry'd, and forth he did ſteal,
And this was ſold after for excellent veal.

Some

Some half a year after, in form of a pig,
I met with the rogue, and he look'd very big;
I catch'd at his leg, laid him down on a log,
Ere a man could fart twice, I had made him a hog.
Owgh! quoth the devil, and forth gave a jerk,
That a jew was converted, and eat of the perk.

1 *Boor.* Groats a-piece, groats a-piece, groats a-piece! There, ſweet ſow-gelder!

Enter Prigg and Ferret.

Prigg. Will ye ſee any feats of activity,
Some ſlight of hand, legerdemain? Hey, paſs,
Preſto, be gone there!

2 *Boor.* Sit down, juggler!

Prigg. Sirrah, play you your art well. Draw near, Piper!
Look you, my honeſt friends, you ſee my hands;
Plain-dealing is no devil. Lend me ſome money;
Twelve-pence a-piece will ſerve.

1, 2 *Boor.* There, there!

Prigg. I thank ye,
Thank ye heartily! When ſhall I pay ye?

All Boor. Ha, ha, ha! by th' maſs, this was a fine trick.

Prigg. A merry ſlight toy! But now I'll ſhew your worſhips
A trick indeed.

Hig. Mark him well now, my maſters:

Prigg. Here are three balls; theſe balls ſhall be three bullets,
One, two, and three: *Aſcentibus, malentibus.*
Preſto, be gone! They are vaniſh'd. Fair play, gentlemen!
Now, theſe three, like three bullets, from your three noſes
Will I pluck preſently. Fear not, no harm, boys!
Titere, tu paùlæ.

1 *Boor.* Oh, oh, oh!

Prigg.

Prigg. Recubans ſub jermine fagi.

2 *Boor.* You pull too hard; you pull too hard!

Prigg. Stand fair then.

Silver-tram trim-tram.

3 *Boor.* Hold, hold, hold!

Prigg. Come aloft, bullets three, with a whim-wham!
Have ye their monies? [*Apart to Higgen and Ferret.*

Hig. Yes, yes.

1 *Boor.* Oh, rare juggler!

2 *Boor.* Oh, admirable juggler!

Prigg. One trick more yet.
Hey, come aloft! *Sa, ſa, flim, flum, taradumbis!*
Eaſt, Weſt, North, South, now fly like Jack with a bumbis!
Now all your money's gone: Pray, ſearch your pockets.

1 *Boor.* Humh!

2 *Boor.* He!

3 *Boor.* The devil a penny's here!

Prigg. This was a rare trick.

1 *Boor.* But 'twould be a far rarer to reſtore it.

Prigg. I'll do ye that too. Look upon me earneſtly,
And move not any ways your eyes from this place,
This button here. Pow, whir, whiſs! Shake your pockets.

1 *Boor.* By th' maſs, 'tis here again, boys.

Prigg. Reſt ye merry!
My firſt trick has paid me.

All Boor. Ay, take it, take it,
And take ſome drink too.

Prigg. Not a drop now, I thank you
Away, we are diſcover'd elſe! [*Exeunt. Hig. Pr. Fer.*

Enter Clauſe, like a blind aquavitæ-man, and a boy, ſinging the ſong.

Bring out your cony-ſkins, fair maids, to me,
And hold 'em fair, that I may ſee;
Grey, black, and blue: For your ſmaller ſkins,
I'll give ye looking-glaſſes, pins:
And for your whole cony, here's ready, ready money.

Come,

Come, gentle Joan, do thou begin
With thy black, black, black cony-ſkin.
And Mary then, and Jane will follow,
With their ſilver-hair'd ſkins, and their yellow.
The white cony-ſkin I will not lay by,
For, though it be faint, 'tis fair to the eye;
The grey, it is warm, but yet for my money,
Give me the bonny, bonny black cony.
Come away, fair maids, your ſkins will decay:
Come, and take money, maids; put your ware away.
Cony-ſkins! cony-ſkins! Have ye any cony-ſkins?
I have fine bracelets, and fine ſilver pins.

Clauſe. Buy any brand wine, buy any brand wine[26]?

Boy. Have ye any cony-ſkins?

2 *Boor.* My fine canary bird, there's a cake for thy worſhip.

1 *Boor.* Come, fill, fill, fill, fill ſuddenly! Let's ſee, Sir, What's this?

Clauſe. A penny, Sir.

1 *Boor.* Fill till't be ſix-pence,
And there's my *pig*.

Boy. This is a counter, Sir.

1 *Boor.* A counter! Stay ye; what are theſe then? Oh, execrable juggler! Oh, damn'd juggler! Look in your hoſe, hoa! this comes of looking forward.

3 *Boor.* Devil a Dunkirk! What a rogue's this juggler! This hey paſs, repaſs! h' has repaſs'd us ſweetly.

2 *Boor.* Do ye call theſe tricks?

Enter Higgen.

Hig. Have ye any ends of gold or ſilver?

2 *Boor.* This fellow comes to mock us! Gold or ſilver? cry copper.

1 *Boor.* Yes, my good friend,

[26] *Brand wine.*] Quaſi *brandevin*, French.

Brandy, and, I believe, other ſpirits, are called *brand wine*, in the Low Countries, to this day. *R.*

We

We have e'en an end of all we have.

Hig. 'Tis well, Sir;

You have the leſs to care for. Gold and ſilver! [*Exit.*

Enter Prigg.

Prigg. Have ye any old cloaks to ſell, have ye any old cloaks to ſell? [*Exit.*

1 *Boor.* Cloaks! Look about ye, boys; mine's gone!

2 *Boor.* A Pox juggle 'em[27]!

Pox on their preſtoes! Mine's gone too!

3 *Boor.* Here's mine yet.

1 *Boor.* Come, come, let's drink then. More brand wine!

Boy. Here, Sir.

1 *Boor.* If e'er I catch your ſow-gelder, by this hand I'll ſtrip him.

Were ever fools ſo ferkt[28]? We have two cloaks yet,

And all our caps; the devil take the flincher.

All Boor. Yaw, yaw, yaw, yaw!

Enter Hempſkirke.

Hemp. Good den[29], my honeſt fellows!

You're merry here, I ſee.

3 *Boor.* 'Tis all we have left, Sir.

Hemp. What haſt thou? Aquavitæ?

Boy. Yes.

Hemp. Fill out then;

And give theſe honeſt fellows round.

All Boor. We thank ye.

Hemp. May I ſpeak a word in private to ye?

All Boor. Yes, Sir.

---

[27] *A —— juggle em.*

—— o' their preſtoes.] This *hiatus* very frequently occurs in our Authors' plays. We ſuppoſe they wrote, *A* pox, *&c.* and that a falſe delicacy in the Editors induced them to leave the *hiatus*. As we have ſhewn (p. 57, of this volume) that, in the days of our Authors, this word conveyed no groſs or vulgar meaning, we ſhall not ſcruple to inſert it wherever ſuch *hiatus* occurs.

[28] *Ferkt.*] *i. e.* Cheated, fobbed.

[29] *Good* do'n.] This reading prevailed till 1750, when Mr. Seward, without mention, ſubſtituted *Good* EV'N. The word now inſerted in the text, which is uſed, and explained to mean *day*, by Mercutio, in Shakeſpeare's Romeo and Juliet, is near that in our old copies.

Hemp.

Hemp. I have a buſineſs for you, honeſt friends,
If you dare lend your help, ſhall get you crowns.
Clauſe. Ha!
Lead me a little nearer, boy.
1 *Boor.* What is't, Sir?
If it be any thing to purchaſe money,
(Which is our want) command us.
All Boor. All, all, all, Sir.
Hemp. You know the young ſpruce merchant in Bruges?
2 *Boor.* Who? maſter Goſwin?
Hemp. That; he owes me money,
And here in town there is no ſtirring of him.
Clauſe. Say you ſo? [*Aſide.*
Hemp. This day, upon a ſure appointment,
He meets me a mile hence, by the chaſe-ſide,
Under the row of oaks; do you know it?
All Boor. Yes, Sir.
Hemp. Give 'em more drink! There, if you dare but venture,
When I ſhall give the word, to ſeize upon him,
Here's twenty pound.
3 *Boor.* Beware the juggler!
Hemp. If he reſiſt, down with him, have no mercy.
1 *Boor.* I warrant you, we'll hamper him.
Hemp. To diſcharge you,
I have a warrant here about me.
3 *Boor.* Here's our warrant;
This carries fire i'th' tail.
Hemp. Away with me then; the time draws on.—
I muſt remove ſo inſolent a ſuitor,
And, if he be ſo rich, make him pay ranſom
Ere he ſee Bruges tow'rs again. Thus wiſe men
Repair the hurts they take by a diſgrace,
And piece the lion's ſkin with th' fox's caſe.
Clauſe. I'm glad I've heard this ſport yet. [*Aſide.*
Hemp. There's for thy drink. Come, pay the houſe within, boys,
And loſe no time.
Clauſe. Away, with all our haſte too! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Goſwin.

Goſ. No wind blow fair yet? No return of monies,
Letters, nor any thing to hold my hopes up?
Why, then, 'tis deſtin'd, that I fall, fall miſerably,
My credit I was built on, ſinking with me!
Thou boiſt'rous North wind, blowing my misfortunes,
And froſting all my hopes to cakes of coldneſs,
Yet ſtay thy fury! Give the gentle South
Yet leave to court thoſe ſails that bring me ſafety!
And you, auſpicious fires, bright twins in Heav'n,
Dance on the ſhrouds! He blows ſtill ſtubbornly,
And on his boiſt'rous rack rides my ſad ruin.
There is no help, there can be now no comfort;
To-morrow, with the ſun-ſet, ſets my credit.
Oh, miſery! thou curſe of man, thou plague,
I'th' midſt of all our ſtrength, thou ſtrikeſt us!
My virtuous love is loſt too: All, what I have been,
No more hereafter to be ſeen than ſhadow!
To priſon now! Well, yet there's this hope left me;
I may ſink fairly under this day's venture,
And ſo to-morrow's croſs'd, and all thoſe curſes.
Yet manly I'll invite my fate: Baſe Fortune
Shall never ſay, ſhe 'as cut my throat in fear.
This is the place his challenge call'd me to,
And was a happy one at this time for me;
For let me fall before my foe i'th' field,
And not at bar, before my creditors!
H' has kept his word. Now, Sir, your ſword's tongue only,
Loud as you dare; all other language——

Enter Hempſkirke.

Hemp. Well, Sir,
You ſhall not be long troubled. Draw!
Goſ. 'Tis done, Sir;
And now, have at you!
Hemp. Now!

Enter

Enter Boors.

Gof. Betray'd to villains! Slaves, ye ſhall buy me bravely!
And thou, baſe coward——

Enter Clauſe and Beggars.

Clauſe. Now upon 'em bravely!
Conjure 'em ſoundly, boys!
Boors. Hold, hold!
Clauſe. Lay on, ſtill!
Down with that gentleman-rogue, ſwinge him to ſyrup!
Retire, Sir, and take breath. Follow, and take him;
Take all; 'tis lawful prize.
Boors. We yield.
Clauſe. Down with 'em
Into the wood, and rifle 'em, tew 'em, ſwinge 'em!
Knock me their brains into their breeches!
Boors. Hold, hold! [*Exeunt.*

Manet Goſwin.

Gof. What theſe men are I know not; nor for what cauſe
They ſhould thus thruſt themſelves into my danger,
Can I imagine. But, ſure, Heav'n's hand was in't!
Nor why this coward knave ſhould deal ſo baſely,
To eat me up with ſlaves. But, Heav'n, I thank thee!
I hope thou haſt reſerv'd me to an end
Fit for thy creature, and worthy of thine honour.
'Would all my other dangers here had ſuffer'd!
With what a joyful heart ſhould I go home then?
Where now, Heav'n knows, like him that waits his ſentence,
Or hears his paſſing-bell; but there's my hope ſtill[29].
Enter

[29] *Where now, Heav'n knows, like him that waits his ſentence; Or hears his paſſing bell; but* there's *my hope ſtill.*] This is obſcure; but we apprehend the meaning to be, that Goſwin ſtill hopes for aſſiſtance from Heaven. This ſenſe ſeems to be confirmed by the following words, in the enſuing ſcene:

Enter Clauſe.

Clauſe. Bleſſing upon you, maſter!

Goſ. Thank you. Leave me;
For, by my troth, I've nothing now to give thee.

Clauſe. Indeed, I don't aſk, Sir; only it grieves me
To ſee you look ſo ſad. Now, goodneſs keep you
From troubles in your mind!

Goſ. If I were troubled,
What could thy comfort do? Prithee, Clauſe, leave me.

Clauſe. Good maſter, be not angry; for what I ſay
Is out of true love to you.

Goſ. I know thou lov'ſt me.

Clauſe. Good maſter, blame that love then, if I prove ſo ſaucy
To aſk you why you're ſad.

Goſ. Moſt true, I am ſo;
And ſuch a ſadneſs I have got will ſink me.

Clauſe. Heav'n ſhield it, Sir!

Goſ. Faith, thou muſt loſe thy maſter.

Clauſe. I had rather loſe my neck, Sir. 'Would I knew——

Goſ. What would the knowledge do thee good (ſo miſerable,
Thou canſt not help thyſelf) when all my ways,
Nor all the friends I have——

Clauſe. You do not know, Sir,
What I can do: Cures, ſometimes, for mens' cares,
Flow where they leaſt expect 'em.

Goſ. I know thou wouldſt do;
But, farewell, Clauſe, and pray for thy poor maſter.

Clauſe. I will not leave you.

Goſ. How?

Clauſe. I dare not leave you, Sir, I muſt not leave you,
And, 'till you beat me dead, I will not leave you.

Clauſe. *I ſay, you ſhould not ſhrink; for he that gave you,*
Can give you more; his pow'r can bring you off, Sir;
When friends and all forſake you, yet he ſees you.
Goſ. THERE'S ALL MY HOPE.

By

By what you hold moſt precious, by Heav'n's goodneſs,
As your fair youth may proſper, good Sir, tell me!
My mind believes yet ſomething's in my pow'r
May eaſe you of this trouble.
Goſ. I will tell thee.
For a hundred thouſand crowns, upon my credit,
Ta'en up of merchants to ſupply my trafficks,
The winds and weather envying of my fortune,
And no return to help me off yet ſhewing,
To-morrow, Clauſe, to-morrow, which muſt come,
In priſon thou ſhalt find me, poor and broken.
Clauſe. I cannot blame your grief, Sir.
Goſ. Now, what ſayſt thou?
Clauſe. I ſay, you ſhould not ſhrink; for he that gave you,
Can give you more; his pow'r can bring you off, Sir;
When friends and all forſake you, yet he ſees you.
Goſ. There's all my hope.
Clauſe. Hope ſtill, Sir. Are you tied
Within the compaſs of a day, good maſter,
To pay this maſs of money?
Goſ. Ev'n to-morrow.
But why do I ſtand mocking of my miſery?
Is't not enough the floods and friends forget me?
Clauſe. Will no leſs ſerve?
Goſ. What if it would?
Clauſe. Your patience!
I do not aſk to mock you. 'Tis a great ſum,
A ſum for mighty men to ſtart and ſtick at;
But not for honeſt. Have you no friends left you,
None that have felt your bounty, worth this duty?
Goſ. Duty? Thou know'ſt it not.
Clauſe. It is a duty,
And as a duty, from thoſe men have felt you,
Should be return'd again. I have gain'd by you;
A daily alms theſe ſeven years you have ſhower'd on me:
Will half ſupply your want?
Goſ. Why doſt thou fool me?
Canſt thou work miracles?

Clauſe. To ſave my maſter,
I can work this.
Gof. Thou wilt make me angry with thee.
Clauſe. For doing good?
Gof. What pow'r haſt thou?
Clauſe. Enquire not,
So I can do it, to preſerve my maſter.
Nay, if it be three parts——
Gof. Oh, that I had it!
But, good Clauſe, talk no more; I feel thy charity,
As thou haſt felt mine: But, alas——
Clauſe. Diſtruſt not;
'Tis that that quenches you: Pull up your ſpirit,
Your good, your honeſt, and your noble ſpirit;
For if the fortunes of ten thouſand people
Can ſave you, reſt aſſur'd! You have forgot, Sir,
The good you did, which was the pow'r you gave me:
You ſhall now know the king of Beggars' treaſure;
And let the winds blow as they liſt, the ſeas roar,
Yet here to-morrow you ſhall find your harbour.
Here fail me not, for, if I live, I'll fit you.
Gof. How fain I would believe thee!
Clauſe. If I lie, maſter,
Believe no man hereafter.
Gof. I will try thee;
But, he knows, that knows all——
Clauſe. Know me to-morrow,
And, if I know not how to cure you, kill me.
So, paſs in peace, my beſt, my worthieſt maſter!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Hubert, like a huntſman.

Hub. Thus have I ſtol'n away diſguis'd from Hempſkirke,
To try theſe people; for my heart yet tells me
Some of theſe beggars are the men I look for.
Appearing like myſelf, they have no reaſon,

(Tho'

(Tho' my intent is fair, my main end honeſt)
But to avoid me narrowly. That face too,
That woman's face, how near it is! Oh, may it
But prove the ſame, and, Fortune, how I'll bleſs thee!
Thus, ſure, they cannot know me, or ſuſpect me,
If to my habit I but change my nature,
As I muſt do. This is the wood they live in;
A place fit for concealment; where, till fortune
Crown me with that I ſeek, I'll live amongſt 'em. [*Exit.*

Enter Higgen, Prigg, Ferret, Ginks, and the reſt, with the Boors.

Hig. Come, bring 'em out, for here we ſit in juſtice.
Give to each one a cudgel, a good cudgel:
And now attend your ſentence!—That ye are rogues,
And miſchievous baſe raſcals, (there's the point now)
I take it, is confeſs'd.

Prigg. Deny it if ye dare, knaves!

Boors. We are rogues, Sir.

Hig. To amplify the matter then; rogues ye are,
And *lamb'd* ye ſhall be ere we leave ye.

Boors. Yes, Sir.

Hig. And, to the open handling of our juſtice,
Why did ye this upon the proper perſon
Of our good maſter? Were ye drunk when ye did it?

Boors. Yes, indeed, were we.

Prigg. Ye ſhall be beaten ſober.

Hig. Was it for want ye undertook it?

Boors. Yes, Sir.

Hig. Ye ſhall be ſwing'd abundantly.

Prigg. And yet, for all that,
Ye ſhall be poor rogues ſtill.

Hig. Has not the gentleman,
(Pray mark this point, brother Prigg) that noble gentleman,
Reliev'd ye often, found ye means to live by,
By employing ſome at ſea, ſome here, ſome there,
According to your callings?

Boors. 'Tis moſt true, Sir.

Hig. Is not the man an honeſt man?

Boors. Yes, truly.

Hig. A liberal gentleman? And, as ye are true raſcals,
Tell me but this, have ye not been drunk, and often,
At his charge?

Boors. Often, often.

Hig. There's the point, then!
They've caſt themſelves, brother Prigg.

Prigg. A ſhrewd point, brother.

Hig. Brother, proceed you now; the cauſe is open;
I'm ſomewhat weary.

Prigg. Can ye do theſe things,
Ye moſt abominable ſtinking raſcals,
Ye turnip-eating rogues?

Boors. We're truly ſorry.

Prigg. Knock at your hard hearts, rogues, and preſently
Give us a ſign you feel compunction:
Every man up with's cudgel, and on his neighbour
Beſtow ſuch alms, 'till we ſhall ſay ſufficient,
(For there your ſentence lies) without partiality
Either of head, or hide, rogues, without ſparing,
Or we ſhall take the pains to beat you dead elſe.
You know your doom [30].

Hig. One, two, and three, about it!

[*Boors beat one another.*

Prigg. That fellow in the blue has true compunction;
He beats his fellow bravely. Oh, well ſtruck, boys!

Enter Clauſe.

Hig. Up with that blue breech! Now plays he the devil!
So, get ye home, drink ſmall beer, and be honeſt.
Call in the gentleman.

Clauſe. Do, bring him preſently;
His cauſe I'll hear myſelf.

[30] *You* ſhall *know your doom.*] The word *ſhall* injuring the ſenſe of this paſſage, we have expunged it; and ſuppoſe it to have been copied, by miſtake, from the preceding line.

Enter

Enter Hempſkirke.

Hig. Prigg. With all due reverence,
We do reſign, Sir.
Clauſe. Now, huffing Sir, what's your name?
Hemp. What's that to you, Sir?
Clauſe. It ſhall be, ere we part.
Hemp. My name is Hempſkirke.
I follow the earl, which you ſhall feel.
Clauſe. No threat'ning,
For we ſhall cool you, Sir. Why didſt thou baſely
Attempt the murder of the merchant Goſwin?
Hemp. What pow'r haſt thou to aſk me?
Clauſe. I will know it,
Or flay thee till thy pain diſcover it.
Hemp. He did me wrong, baſe wrong.
Clauſe. That cannot ſave you.
Who ſent you hither? and what further villanies
Have you in hand?
Hemp. Why wouldſt thou know? What profit,
If I had any private way, could riſe
Out of my knowledge, to do thee commodity?
Be ſorry for what thou'ſt done, and make amends, fool!
I'll talk no further to thee, nor theſe raſcals.
Clauſe. Tie him to that tree.
Hemp. I have told you whom I follow.
Clauſe. The devil you ſhould do, by your villanies.
Now he that has the beſt way, wring it from him.
Hig. I undertake it: Turn him to the ſun, boys;
Give me a fine ſharp ruſh. Will you confeſs yet?
Hemp. You have robb'd me already; now you'll murder me.
Hig. Murder your noſe a little. Does your head purge, Sir?
To it again; 'twill do you good.
Hemp. Oh,
I cannot tell you any thing.
Clauſe. Proceed then! [*To Higgen, &c.*
Hig. There's maggots in your noſe; I'll fetch 'em out, Sir.

Hemp.

Hemp. Oh, my head breaks!
Hig. The beſt thing for the rheum, Sir,
That falls into your worſhip's eyes.
Hemp. Hold, hold!
Clauſe. Speak then.
Hemp. I know not what.
Hig. It lies in's brain yet;
In lumps it lies: I'll fetch it out the fineſt!
What pretty faces the fool makes! Heigh!
Hemp. Hold,
Hold, and I'll tell ye all. Look in my doublet,
And there, within the lining, in a paper,
You ſhall find all.
Clauſe. Go, fetch that paper hither,
And let him looſe for this time.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Good ev'n, my honeſt friends!
Clauſe. Good ev'n, good fellow!
Hub. May a poor huntſman, with a merry heart,
A voice ſhall make the foreſt ring about him,
Get leave to live amongſt ye? True as ſteel, boys!
That knows all chaſes, and can watch all hours,
And with my quarter-ſtaff, tho' the devil bid ſtand,
Deal ſuch an alms, ſhall make him roar again;
Prick ye the fearful hare through croſs-ways, ſheep-walks,
And force the crafty Reynard climb the quickſets;
Rouſe ye the lofty ſtag, and with my bell-horn
Ring him a knell, that all the woods ſhall mourn him,
'Till, in his funeral tears, he fall before me?
The polecat, martern [31], and the rich-ſkin'd lucern [32],
I know to chaſe; the roe, the wind out-ſtripping;
Iſgrim himſelf, in all his bloody anger,

[31] *Martern.*] A large ſpecies of the weeſel; the fur of which is held in high eſtimation.

[32] *Lucern.*] This animal is nearly the ſize of a wolf. It is covered with an exceeding rich fur, the colour between red and brown, and ſomething mailed like a cat, intermixed with black ſpots.

I can

I can beat from the bay; and the wild Sounder
Single [33], and with my arm'd ſtaff turn the boar,
Spite of his foamy tuſhes, and thus ſtrike him,
'Till he fall down my feaſt.

Clauſe. A goodly fellow.

Hub. What mak'ſt thou here, ha? [*Aſide.*

Clauſe. We accept thy fellowſhip.

Hub. Hempſkirke, thou art not right, I fear; I fear thee. [*Aſide.*

Enter Ferret, with a letter.

Fer. Here is the paper; and as he ſaid we found it.

Clauſe. Give me it; I ſhall make a ſhift yet, old as I am,
To find your knavery. You are ſent here, ſirrah,
To diſcover certain gentlemen, a ſpy-knave,
And if ye find 'em, if not by perſuaſion
To bring 'em back, by poiſon to diſpatch 'em [34].

Hub.

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[33] ——— *And the wild* Sounder
Single, and with my arm'd ſtaff turn the boar.] *Sounder* is a name given to the *wild boar*, as Iſgrim to the wolf.

Mr. Seward objects to this paſſage, for being tautologous; and therefore reads,

——— *and the wild Sounder*
Single, and with my boar-ſtaff arm'd, THUS turn,
Spite of his foamy tuſhes, and THUS *ſtrike him.*

But if he thinks this language exceptionable, in what light muſt he look upon that of Shakeſpeare, ſpeaking of the ſame animal:

'To fly the *boar*, before the *boar* purſues,
'Were to incenſe the *boar* to follow us'?

As we cannot conceive this tautology is by any means ſo inelegant, or objectionable, as Mr. Seward's *thus* and *thus*, we have adhered to the old reading, believing it to be the genuine text.

[34] ——— *You are ſent here, ſirrah,*
To diſcover certain gentlemen, a ſpy-knave,
And if ye find 'em, if not by perſuaſion
To bring 'em back, by poiſon to diſpatch 'em.] This paſſage is incorrect, if not corrupt. The two firſt lines we would read thus:

———*You are ſent here, ſirrah,*
To diſcover certain gentlemen—a ſpy, knave!

The import of his inſtructions may indeed be gathered from the three laſt lines; but there is a confuſion as well as deficiency in the expreſſion,

Hub. By poiſon? ha?
Clauſe. Here is another, Hubert;
What is that Hubert, Sir?
Hemp. You may perceive there.
Clauſe. I may perceive a villany, and a rank one.
Was he join'd partner of thy knavery?
Hemp. No;
He had an honeſt end, (would I had had ſo!)
Which makes him 'ſcape ſuch cut-throats.
Clauſe. So it ſeems;
For here thou art commanded, when that Hubert
Has done his beſt and worthieſt ſervice this way,
To cut his throat; for here he's ſet down dangerous.
Hub. This is moſt impious.
Clauſe. I am glad we've found you.
Is not this true?
Hemp. Yes; what are you the better?
Clauſe. You ſhall perceive, Sir, ere you get your freedom.
Take him aſide; and, friend, we take thee to us,
Into our company. Thou dar'ſt be true unto us?
Hig. Ay, and obedient too?
Hub. As you had bred me.
Clauſe. Then, take our hand; thou'rt now a ſervant to us.
Welcome him all!
Hig. Stand off, ſtand off! I'll do it.
We bid you welcome three ways; firſt, for your perſon,
Which is a promiſing perſon; next, for your quality,
Which is a decent, and a gentle quality;
Laſt, for the frequent means you have to feed us:
You can ſteal, 'tis to be preſum'd?
Hub. Yes, veniſon,
Or, if I want——
Hig. 'Tis well; you underſtand right,

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preſſion, and perhaps ſome words tranſpoſed and others dropt at preſs, which, however, we will not venture to regulate or ſupply. The inaccuracy might proceed from haſte in the writers, who often diſmiſs a paſſage without fully expreſſing their ideas.

And

And ſhall practiſe daily. You can drink too?

Hub. Soundly.

Hig. And you dare know a woman from a weather-cock?

Hub. Yes, if I handle her.

Clauſe. Now ſwear him.

Hig. I crown thy *nab* with a *gage* of *bene-bowſe*,
And *ſtall* thee by the *ſalamon* into the *clowes*:
To *maund* on the *pad*, and *ſtrike all the cheats*;
To *mill* from the *ruffmans commiſſion* and *ſlates*;
Twang dells in the *ſtrommel*; and let the *queere-cuffin*,
And *harmanbecks trine*, and *trine* to the *ruffin!*

Clauſe. Now interpret this unto him.

Hig. I pour on thy pate a pot of good ale,
And by the rogues' oath [35] a rogue thee inſtal:
To beg on the way, to rob all thou meets;
To ſteal from the hedge both the ſhirt and the ſheets;
And lie with thy wench in the ſtraw till ſhe twang;
Let the conſtable, juſtice, and devil go hang!
You're welcome, brother!

All. Welcome [36], welcome, welcome!

Hub. Thank ye, friends!

Clauſe. But who ſhall have the keeping of this fellow?

Hub. I do beſeech ye, if ye dare but truſt me,
(For I have kept [37] wild dogs and beaſts for wonder,

[35] *O'th'*] Former editions. Mr. Theobald and I concurred in the emendation. *Seward.*

The old book ſays, *oth*, without apoſtrophes; the word intended therefore was obvious, even if the cant term *ſalamon* had not pointed it out.

[36] All. *Welcome, welcome, welcome. But who ſhall have the keeping Of this fellow?*
Hub. Thank ye, friends;
And I beſeech ye, *if*, &c.] Old folio.—Modern editions,
ALL. *Welcome, welcome, welcome;*
But who ſhall have the keeping
Of this fellow?
Hub. SIR, *if you dare*, &c.

We have here retrieved ſome words from the firſt copy; and have made a tranſpoſition which ſeems abſolutely neceſſary.

[37] *For if I have kept.*] The *if* hurts the ſenſe here, and ſeems evidently to have crept into this line from that above. *Seward.*

And

And made 'em tame too) give into my cuſtody
This roaring raſcal: I ſhall hamper him,
With all his knacks and knaveries, and, I fear me,
Diſcover yet a further villany in him.
Oh, he ſmells rank o' th' raſcal!

Clauſe. Take him to thee;
But, if he 'ſcape——

Hub. Let me be ev'n hang'd for him.
Come, Sir, I'll tie you to my leaſh.

Hemp. Away, raſcal!

Hub. Be not ſo ſtubborn: I ſhall ſwinge you ſoundly,
An you play tricks with me.

Clauſe. So, now come in;
But ever have an eye, Sir, to your priſoner.

Hub. He muſt blind both mine eyes, if he get from me.

Clauſe. Go, get ſome victuals, and ſome drink, ſome good drink;
For this day we'll keep holy to good fortune.
Come, and be frolick with us!

Hig. You are a ſtranger, brother, I pray lead;
You muſt, you muſt, brother, [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Goſwin and Gertrude.

Gert. Indeed you're welcome: I have heard your 'ſcape,
And therefore give her leave, that only loves you,
Truly and dearly loves you, give her joy leave
To bid you welcome. What is't makes you ſad, man?
Why do you look ſo wild? Is't I offend you?
Beſhrew my heart, not willingly.

Goſ. No, Gertrude.

Gert. Is't the delay of that you long have look'd for,
A happy marriage? Now I come to urge it;
Now when you pleaſe to finiſh it.

Goſ. No news yet?

Gert. D'you hear, Sir?

Goſ.

Gof. Yes.
Gert. D'you love me?
Gof. Have I liv'd
In all the happineſs fortune could ſeat me,
In all mens' fair opinions——
Gert. I have provided
A prieſt, that's ready for us.
Gof. And can the devil,
In one ten days, that devil Chance, devour me?
Gert. We'll fly to what place you pleaſe.
Gof. No ſtar proſperous?
All at a ſwoop?
Gert. You do not love me, Goſwin;
You will not look upon me!
Gof. Can mens' prayers,
Shot up to Heav'n with ſuch a zeal as mine are,
Fall back like lazy miſts, and never proſper?
Gyves [38] I muſt wear, and cold muſt be my comfort;
Darkneſs, and want of meat! Alas, ſhe weeps too,
Which is the top of all my ſorrows. Gertrude!
Gert. No, no, you will not know me; my poor beauty,
Which has been worth your eyes——
Gof. The time grows on ſtill;
And, like a tumbling wave, I ſee my ruin
Come rowling over me.
Gert. Yet will you know me?
Gof. For a hundred thouſand crowns!
Gert. Yet will you love me?
Tell me but how I have deſerv'd your ſlighting?
Gof. For a hundred thouſand crowns——
Gert. Farewell, diſſembler!
Gof. Of which I have ſcarce ten! Oh, how it ſtarts me!
Gert. And may the next you love, hearing my ruin——

[38] *Geyves.*] "This word is uſually wrote *gyves*, and means *chains*. It occurs very frequently in the writers of queen Elizabeth and James the Firſt's times. *R.*

Gof.

Gof. I had forgot myſelf. Oh, my beſt Gertrude,
Crown of my joys and comforts!
Gert. Sweet, what ails you?
I thought you had been vex'd with me.
Gof. My mind, wench,
My mind, o'erflow'd with ſorrow, ſunk my memory.
Gert. Am I not worthy of the knowledge of it?
And cannot I as well affect your ſorrows
As your delights? You love no other woman?
Gof. No, I proteſt.
Gert. You have no ſhips loſt lately?
Gof. None, that I know of.
Gert. I hope you have ſpilt no blood, whoſe innocence
May lay this on your conſcience.
Gof. Clear, by Heav'n.
Gert. Why ſhould you be thus, then?
Gof. Good Gertrude, aſk not;
Ev'n by the love you bear me!
Gert. I am obedient.
Gof. Go in, my fair; I will not be long from you—
Nor long, I fear me, with thee! At my return,
Diſpoſe me as you pleaſe.
Gert. The good Gods guide you! [*Exit.*
Gof. Now for myſelf, which is the leaſt I hope for,
And, when that fails, for man's worſt fortune[39], pity!
[*Exit.*

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39 *Now for myſelf, which is the leaſt I hope for,*
And when that fails, for man's worſt fortune, pity.] Goſwin here expreſſes himſelf very obſcurely. By the ſequel of the ſtory, it ſhould ſeem that he means to refer to his application for indulgence to the merchants, which being refuſed, he ſhall be reduced to the moſt miſerable ſituation, and become an object of pity.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Goſwin and four Merchants.

Goſ. WHY, gentlemen, 'tis but a week more; I entreat you
But ſeven ſhort days; I am not running from ye;
Nor, if you give me patience, is it poſſible
All my adventures fail. You have ſhips abroad,
Endure the beating both of wind and weather:
I'm ſure 'twould vex your hearts, to be proteſted;
Ye're all fair merchants.

1 *Mer.* Yes, and muſt have fair play;
There is no living here elſe: One hour's failing
Fails us of all our friends, of all our credits.
For my part, I would ſtay, but my wants tell me,
I muſt wrong others in't.

Goſ. No mercy in ye?

2 *Mer.* 'Tis fooliſh to depend on others' mercy!
Keep yourſelf right, and e'en cut your cloth, Sir,
According to your calling. You have liv'd here
In lord-like prodigality, high, and open,
And now you find what 'tis: The lib'ral ſpending
The ſummer of your youth, which you ſhould glean in,
And, like the labouring ant, make uſe and gain of,
Has brought this bitter, ſtormy winter on you,
And now you cry.

3 *Mer.* Alas, before your poverty,
We were no men, of no mark, no endeavour;
You ſtood alone, took up all trade, all buſineſs
Running through your hands, ſcarce a ſail at ſea
But loaden with your goods: We, poor weak pedlars,
When by your leave, and much entreaty to it,
We could have ſtowage for a little cloth,
Or a few wines, put off, and thank'd your worſhip.

Lord, how the world's chang'd with you! Now I hope, Sir,
We ſhall have ſea-room.
Goſ. Is my miſery
Become my ſcorn too? Have ye no humanity?
No part of men left? Are all the bounties in me
To you, and to the town, turn'd my reproaches?
4 *Mer.* Well, get your monies ready: 'Tis but two hours;
We ſhall proteſt you elſe, and ſuddenly.
Goſ. But two days!
1 *Mer.* Not an hour! You know the hazard. [*Exe.*
Goſ. How ſoon my light's put out! Hard-hearted Bruges!
Within thy walls may never honeſt merchant
Venture his fortunes more! Oh, my poor wench too!

Enter Clauſe.

Clauſe. Good fortune, maſter!
Goſ. Thou miſtak'ſt me, Clauſe;
I am not worth thy bleſſing.
Clauſe. Still a ſad man?

Enter Higgen and Prigg, like porters.

No belief, gentle maſter? Come, bring it in then;
And now, believe your beadſman.
Goſ. Is this certain?
Or doſt thou work upon my troubled ſenſe?
Clauſe. 'Tis gold, Sir;
Take it, and try it.
Goſ. Certainly, 'tis treaſure.
Can there be yet this bleſſing?
Clauſe. Ceaſe your wonder!
You ſhall not ſink for ne'er a ſous'd flap-dragon,
For ne'er a pickled pilcher[40] of 'em all, Sir.
'Tis

[40] *For ne'er a* ſous'd flap-dragon,
For ne'er a pickled pilcher, &c.] *Pilcher*, in old plays, commonly ſignifies *ſcabbard*; but in this place means *pilchard*, a fiſh like a herring.

'Tis there; your full ſum, a hundred thouſand crowns:
And, good ſweet maſter, now be merry. Pay 'em,
Pay the poor pelting knaves, that know no goodneſs;
And chear your heart up handſomely.

Goſ. Good Clauſe,
How cam'ſt thou by this mighty ſum? If naughtily,
I muſt not take it of thee; 'twill undo me.

Clauſe. Fear not; you have it by as honeſt means
As though your father gave it. Sir, you know not
To what a maſs the little we get daily,
Mounts in ſeven years. We beg it for Heav'n's charity,
And to the ſame good we are bound to render it.

Goſ. What great ſecurity?

Clauſe. Away with that, Sir!
Were not you more than all the men in Bruges,
And all the money in my thoughts——

Goſ. But, good Clauſe,
I may die preſently.

Clauſe. Then, this dies with you!
Pay when you can, good maſter; I'll no parchments:
Only this charity I ſhall entreat you,
Leave me this ring.

Goſ. Alas, it is too poor, Clauſe.

Clauſe. 'Tis all I aſk; and this withal, that when
I ſhall deliver this back, you ſhall grant me
Freely one poor petition.

Goſ. There; I confirm it; [*Gives the ring.*
And may my faith forſake me when I ſhun it!

Clauſe. Away; your time draws on. Take up the money,

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herring, often pickled and ſouſed. *Flap-dragon* is here uſed for any thing eaten at *flap-dragon*, a game at which they catch raiſins, &c. out of burning brandy. So in Shakeſpeare's Henry IV. 'Eats candles' ends for *flap-dragons*.' And again in his Winter's Tale, where, as in this paſſage of our Authors, it is applied to the ſwallowing a ſhip: 'To ſee how the ſea *flap-dragon'd* it!' The metaphors are, however, more correctly uſed by Shakeſpeare, and the various ſenſes of this cant term more clearly ſeparated, than by our Authors. The word occurs again in the laſt ſcene of this play; 'My fire-works, and *flap dragons*.'

And follow this young gentleman.

Gof. Farewell, Clauſe;

And may thy honeſt memory live ever!

Clauſe. Heav'n bleſs you, and ſtill keep you!
Farewell, maſter! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. I have lock'd my youth up cloſe enough for gadding,
In an old tree, and ſet watch over him.

Enter Jaculin.

Now for my love, for ſure this wench muſt be ſhe;
She follows me. Come hither, pretty Minche!

Jac. No, no, you'll kiſs.

Hub. So I will.

Jac. Y'deed law?

How will you kiſs me, pray you?

Hub. Thus—Soft as my love's lips!

Jac. Oh!

Hub. What's your father's name?

Jac. He's gone to Heav'n.

Hub. Is it not Gerrard, ſweet?

Jac. I'll ſtay no longer;

My mother's an old woman, and my brother
Was drown'd at ſea, with catching cockles.—Oh, love!
Oh, how my heart melts in me! How thou fir'ſt me!

Hub. 'Tis certain ſhe. Pray let me ſee your hand, ſweet.

Jac. No, no, you'll bite it.

Hub. Sure I ſhould know that gymmal[41]!

Jac. 'Tis certain he: I had forgot my ring too.

[41] *Sure I ſhould know that* gymmal.] *Gymmal* was a common word in our Authors' time, ſignifying, as it is afterwards explained, a *ring*. It is ſtill uſed on board ſhip, where the *rings*, that faſten the box which contains the compaſs, are at this day known among ſailors by the name of *gymmals*.

Oh,

Oh, Hubert, Hubert!
Hub. Ha! methought ſhe nam'd me.
Do you know me, chick?
Jac. No, indeed; I never ſaw you:
But, methinks, you kiſs finely.
Hub. Kiſs again then!
By Heav'n, 'tis ſhe.
Jac. Oh, what a joy he brings me!
Hub. You are not Minche.
Jac. Yes, pretty gentleman;
And I muſt be married to-morrow to a capper[42].
Hub. Muſt you, my ſweet? and does the capper love you?
Jac. Yes, yes; he'll give me pie, and look in mine eyes thus.——
'Tis he; 'tis my dear love! Oh, bleſt fortune!
Hub. How fain ſhe would conceal herſelf, yet ſhews it!
Will you love me, and leave that man? I'll ſerve you.
Jac. Oh, I ſhall loſe myſelf! [*Aſide.*
Hub. I'll wait upon you,
And make you dainty noſegays.
Jac. And where will you ſtick 'em?
Hub. Here in thy boſom, ſweet; and make a crown of lillies
For your fair head.
Jac. And will you love me, deed-law?
Hub. With all my heart.
Jac. Call me to-morrow then,
And we'll have brave cheer, and go to church together.
Give you good ev'n, Sir!
Hub. But one word, fair Minche!
Jac. I muſt be gone a-milking.
Hub. You ſhall preſently.
Did you ne'er hear of a young maid call'd Jaculin?
Jac. I am diſcover'd! Hark in your ear; I'll tell you.
You muſt not know me; kiſs, and be conſtant ever.

[42] *A capper.*] One who makes or ſells caps. *Johnſon.*

Hub. Heav'n curſe me elſe! 'Tis ſhe; and now I'm certain
They are all here. Now for my other project! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Goſwin, four Merchants, Higgen, and Prigg.

1 *Mer.* Nay, if 'twould do you courteſy.

Goſ. None at all, Sir:
Take it, 'tis yours; there's your ten thouſand for you;
Give in my bills. Your ſixteen.

3 *Mer.* Pray be pleas'd, Sir,
To make a further uſe.

Goſ. No.

3 *Mer.* What I have, Sir,
You may command. Pray let me be your ſervant.

Goſ. Put your hats on: I care not for your courteſies;
They're moſt untimely done, and no truth in 'em.

2 *Mer.* I have a freight of pepper——

Goſ. Rot your pepper!
Shall I truſt you again? There's your ſeven thouſand.

4 *Mer.* Or if you want fine ſugar, 'tis but ſending.

Goſ. No, I can ſend to Barbary; thoſe people,
That never yet knew faith, have nobler freedoms.
Theſe carry to Vanlock, and take my bills in;
To Peter Zuten theſe; bring back my jewels.
Why are theſe pieces [43]? [*Guns fir'd.*

Enter Sailor.

Sail. Health to the noble merchant!
The Suſan is return'd.

Goſ. Well?

Sail. Well, and rich, Sir,
And now put in.

Goſ. Heav'n, thou haſt heard my pray'rs!

[43] *Why are theſe pieces?*] The ſenſe which is now ſo clear, was obſcure to me till Mr. Sympſon added the marginal note. *Seward.*

Sail.

Sail. The brave Rebecca too, bound from the Straits,
With the next tide, is ready to put after.
Gof. What news o' th' fly-boat?
Sail. If this wind hold till midnight,
She will be here, and wealthy; ſhe 'ſcap'd fairly.
Gof. How, prithee, Sailor?
Sail. Thus, Sir: She had fight,
Seven hours together, with ſix Turkiſh gallies,
And ſhe fought bravely; but at length was boarded,
And overlaid with ſtrength; when preſently
Comes boring up the wind captain Vannoke,
That valiant gentleman you redeem'd from priſon:
He knew the boat, ſet in, and fought it bravely;
Beat all the gallies off, ſunk three, redeem'd her,
And as a ſervice to you ſent her home, Sir.
Gof. An honeſt noble captain, and a thankful!
There's for thy news: Go, drink the merchant's health, Sailor.
Sail. I thank your bounty, and I'll do it to a doit, Sir. [*Exit Sailor.*
1 *Mer.* What miracles are pour'd upon this fellow!
Gof. This year[44], I hope, my friends, I ſhall 'ſcape priſon,
For all your cares to catch me.
2 *Mer.* You may pleaſe, Sir,
To think of your poor ſervants in diſpleaſure,
Whoſe all they have, goods, monies, are at your ſervice.
Gof. I thank you;
When I have need of you I ſhall forget you!
You're paid, I hope?
All. We joy in your good fortunes.

[44] *This* here *I hope.*] Any one that attends to the ſenſe would at once ſee the corruption, and diſcover the true word. Mr. Theobald, Mr. Sympſon and I agreed in the correction, and 'tis confirmed by the old folio, which reads *Ye are.* 'Tis ſtrange, that the following editors ſhould ſee that this was wrong, and not ſee what was right. *Seward.*

Enter Vandunk.

Vand. Come, Sir, come, take your eaſe; you muſt
go home with me;
Yonder's one weeps and howls.
Gof. Alas, how does ſhe?
Vand. She will be better ſoon, I hope.
Gof. Why ſoon, Sir?
Vand. Why, when you have her in your arms: This
night, my boy,
She is thy wife.
Gof. With all my heart I take her.
Vand. We have prepar'd; all thy friends will be there,
And all my rooms ſhall ſmoak to ſee the revel.
Thou haſt been wrong'd, and no more ſhall my ſervice
Wait on the knave her uncle. I have heard all,
All his baits for my boy; but thou ſhalt have her.
Haſt thou diſpatch'd thy buſineſs?
Gof. Moſt.
Vand. By th' maſs, boy,
Thou tumbleſt now in wealth, and I joy in it;
Thou'rt the beſt boy that Bruges ever nouriſh'd.
Thou haſt been ſad; I'll cheer thee up with ſack,
And, when thou art luſty, I'll fling thee to thy miſtreſs.
She'll hug thee, ſirrah.
Gof. I long to ſee it.
I had forgot you: There's for you, my friends;
You had but heavy burthens. Commend my [45] love

[45] ——— *Commend my love*

To *my beſt love.*] However great a friend Clauſe had been, Goſwin would ſcarcely call him his love, a term appropriated to lovers of different ſexes. Beſides this, the meaſure is ſpoil'd; which, with the former proof, almoſt demonſtrates the paſſage to be corrupt. A repetition of the verb *commend* effectually cures it; and I have often found, that where the ſenſe and meaſure both require a repetition of a word, the printer omits it; taking it for granted, that all repetitions of the ſame words muſt be miſtakes, becauſe they generally are ſo.
Seward.

Mr. Seward reads,

——— *Commend my love,*
Commend *my beſt love, all the love,* &c.

As it is very common with tranſcribers and printers, when the ſame word occurs twice in a line, to paſs from the firſt to the ſecond, we apprehend,

To my beſt friend, my beſt love, all the love I have,
To honeſt Clauſe; ſhortly I'll thank him better. [*Exit.*
Hig. By th' maſs, a royal merchant! Gold by th' handful!
Here will be ſport ſoon, Prigg.
Prigg. It partly ſeems ſo;
And here will I be in a trice.
Hig. And I, boy.
Away apace; we are look'd for.
Prigg. Oh, theſe bak'd meats!
Methinks I ſmell them hither.
Hig. Thy mouth waters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Hubert and Hempſkirke.

Hub. I muſt not.
Hemp. Why? 'Tis in thy power to do it,
And in mine to reward thee to thy wiſhes.
Hub. I dare not, nor I will not.
Hemp. Gentle huntſman,
Tho' thou haſt kept me hard; tho' in thy duty,
Which is requir'd to do it, th' haſt us'd me ſtubbornly;
I can forgive thee freely.
Hub. You the earl's ſervant?
Hemp. I ſwear, I'm near as his own thoughts to him;
Able to do thee——
Hub. Come, come, leave your prating.
Hemp. If thou dar'ſt but try——
Hub. I thank you heartily; you will be
The firſt man that will hang me; a ſweet recompence;
I could do't (but I do not ſay I will)
To any honeſt fellow that would think on't,
And be a benefactor.
Hemp. If't be not recompens'd, and to thy own deſires;

apprehend, that, by ſuch an error, ſome words have been omitted. This chaſm we have ventured to ſupply; and, while our reading is nearer the old books, it is, perhaps, more natural and ſpirited, than the alteration of Mr. Seward.

If,

If, within theſe ten days, I do not make thee——
Hub. What? a falſe knave?
Hemp. Prithee, conceive me rightly; any thing
Of profit or of place that may advance thee——
Hub. Why, what a gooſecap wouldſt thou make me? Don't I know
That men in miſery will promiſe any thing,
More than their lives can reach at?
Hemp. Believe me, huntſman,
There ſhall not one ſhort ſyllable that comes from me paſs
Without its full performance.
Hub. Say you ſo, Sir?
Have you e'er a good place for my quality?
Hemp. A thouſand; chaſes, foreſts, parks; I'll make thee
Chief ranger over all the games.
Hub. When?
Hemp. Preſently.
Hub. This may provoke me: And yet, to prove a knave too——
Hemp. 'Tis to prove honeſt; 'tis to do good ſervice,
Service for him thou'rt ſworn to, for thy prince:
Then, for thyſelf that good——What fool would live here,
Poor, and in miſery, ſubject to all dangers
Law and lewd people can inflict, when bravely,
And to himſelf, he may be law and credit?
Hub. Shall I believe thee?
Hemp. As that thou hold'ſt moſt holy.
Hub. You may play tricks.
Hemp. Then let me never live more.
Hub. Then you ſhall ſee, Sir, I will do a ſervice
That ſhall deſerve indeed.
Hemp. 'Tis well ſaid, huntſman,
And thou ſhalt be well thought of.
Hub. I will do it:
'Tis not your letting free, for that's mere nothing,
But ſuch a ſervice, if the earl be noble,

He

He ſhall for ever love me.
Hemp. What is't, huntſman?
Hub. Do you know any of theſe people live here?
Hemp. No.
Hub. You're a fool then: Here be thoſe, to have 'em,
(I know the earl ſo well) would make him caper.
Hemp. Any of the old lords that rebell'd?
Hub. Peace; all:
I know 'em ev'ry one, and can betray 'em.
Hemp. But wilt thou do this ſervice?
Hub. If you'll keep
Your faith, and free word to me.
Hemp. Wilt thou ſwear me?
Hub. No, no, I will believe you. More than that too,
Here's the right heir.
Hemp. Oh, honeſt, honeſt huntſman!
Hub. Now, how to get theſe gallants, there's the matter.
You will be conſtant? 'tis no work for me elſe.
Hemp. Will the ſun ſhine again?
Hub. The way to get 'em!
Hemp. Propound it, and it ſhall be done.
Hub. No ſleight,
(For they are deviliſh crafty, it concerns 'em)
Nor reconcilement[46], (for they dare not truſt neither)
Muſt do this trick.
Hemp. By force?
Hub. Ay, that muſt do it;
And with the perſon of the earl himſelf:
Authority, and mighty, muſt come on 'em,
Or elſe in vain: And thus I'd have you do it.
To-morrow night be here; a hundred men will bear 'em,
(So he be there, for he's both wiſe and valiant,
And with his terror will ſtrike dead their forces)
The hour be twelve o'clock. Now for a guide,
To draw ye without danger on thoſe perſons,

[46] Reconcilement.] *i. e. Pretended* reconcilement.

The

The woods being thick, and hard to hit, myſelf,
With ſome few with me, made unto our purpoſe,
Beyond the wood, upon the plain, will wait ye
By the great oak.

Hemp. I know it. Keep thy faith, huntſman,
And ſuch a ſhower of wealth——

Hub. I warrant ye:
Miſs nothing that I tell you,

Hemp. No.

Hub. Farewell.
You have your liberty; now uſe it wiſely,
And keep your hour. Go cloſe about the wood there,
For fear they ſpy you.

Hemp. Well.

Hub. And bring no noiſe with you.

Hemp. All ſhall be done to th' purpoſe. Farewell, huntſman. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clauſe, Higgen, Prigg, Ginks, Snap, and Ferret.

Clauſe. Now, what's the news in town?

Ginks. No news, but joy, Sir;
Every man wooing of the noble merchant,
Who has [47] his hearty commendations to you.

Fer. Yes, this is news; this night he's to be married.

Ginks. By th' maſs, that's true; he marries Vandunke's daughter,
The dainty black-ey'd belle [48].

Hig. I would my clapper
Hung in his baldrick [49]! ah, what a peal could I ring?

---

47 *Who* has *his hearty*, &c.] As an imperfect ſentence ſeems unneceſſary here, I ſuppoſe *has* to be wrong, and that either *does* or *ſends* was the original. *Seward.*

In a familiar phraſe, perhaps, *has* is not unwarrantable.

48 *Black-ey'd* bell.] This is ſenſe, but as *dell* is the cant term made uſe of before in the play for a young laſs, Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympſon both think the ſame word was here uſed. *Seward.*

Had either of the confirmed beggars been the ſpeaker, perhaps this alteration would have been allowable; but *Ginks* was not of that claſs; the old copies may therefore be adhered to.

49 Baldrick.] *Baldrick*, or *bawderick*, i. e. *belt*, from the old French word *baudrier*, a *piece of dreſſed leather, girdle*, or *belt*, made of ſuch

Clauſe. Married?

Ginks. 'Tis very true, Sir. Oh, the pies,
The piping-hot mince-pies!

Prigg. Oh, the plum-pottage!

Hig. For one leg of a gooſe now would I venture a limb, boys:
I love a fat gooſe, as I love allegiance;
And, pox upon the boors, too well they know it,
And therefore ſtarve their poultry.

Clauſe. To be married
To Vandunke's daughter?

Hig. Oh, this precious merchant!
What ſport he'll have! But, hark you, brother Prigg,
Shall we do nothing in the aforeſaid wedding?
There's money to be got, and meat, I take it;
What think you of a morris?

Prigg. No, by no means,
That goes no further than the ſtreet, there leaves us:
Now we muſt think of ſomething that may draw us
Into the bowels of it, into th' buttery,
Into the kitchen, into the cellar; ſomething
That that old drunken burgomaſter loves:
What think you of a waſſel[50]?

ſuch leather; and that comes from the word *baudroyer*, to *dreſs leather*, *curry*, or *make belts*. Monſieur Menage ſays, this comes from the Italian *baldringhs*, and that from the Latin *balteus*, from whence the *Baltick* Sea has its name, becauſe it goes round as a *belt*. This word *baudrier*, among the French, ſometimes ſignified *a girdle*, in which people uſed to put their money. See Rablais, iii. 37. Menag. Orig. Franc. Somn. Dict. Sax. Nicot. Dict. Forteſcue Aland's Notes on Forteſcue, on the Difference between an Abſolute and Limited Monarchy, 1724, p. 52. *R.*

Perhaps the word *baudry* (now *baudy*) which relates to matters *below the girdle*, was originally derived from this expreſſion.

[50] Waſſel.] *Waſſil*, or *waſſail*, is a word ſtill in uſe in the midland counties, and it ſignifies what is ſometimes called *lamb's wool*; *i. e.* roaſted apples in ſtrong beer, with ſugar and ſpice. It is ſometimes alſo uſed for *general riot*, *intemperance*, or *feſtivity*. Ben Jonſon perſonifies *waſſel* thus: 'Enter *Waſſel*, like a neat ſempſter and ſong-'ſter, her page bearing a brown bowl, dreſſed with ribbands and 'roſemary, before her.' *Steevens.*

Such an interlude is plainly propoſed in this place.

Hig.

Hig. I think worthily.

Prigg. And very fit it ſhould be: thou, and Ferret,
And Ginks, to ſing the ſong; I for the ſtructure,
Which is the bowl.

Hig. Which muſt be upſey-Engliſh,
Strong luſty London beer. Let's think more of it.

Clauſe. He muſt not marry.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. By your leave in private,
One word, Sir, with you. Gerrard! Do not ſtart me [51]:
I know you, and he knows you, that beſt loves you:
Hubert ſpeaks to you, and you muſt be Gerrard;
The time invites you to it.

Ger. Make no ſhow then.
I am glad to ſee you, Sir; and I am Gerrard.
How ſtand affairs?

Hub. Fair, if you dare now follow.
Hempſkirke I have let go, and theſe my cauſes
I'll tell you privately, and how I've wrought him:
And then, to prove me honeſt to my friends,
Look upon theſe directions; you have ſeen his.

Hig. Then will I ſpeak a ſpeech, and a brave ſpeech,
In praiſe of merchants. Where's the ape?

Prigg. Pox take him,
A gouty bear-ward ſtole him t'other day!

Hig. May his bears worry him! That ape had paid it.
What dainty tricks, (Pox o' that whorſon bear-ward!)
In his French doublet, with his bliſter'd bullions [52],
In a long ſtock ty'd up! Oh, how daintily
Would I have made him wait, and change a trencher,
Carry a cup of wine! Ten thouſand ſtinks

[51] Do not *ſtart me.*] Mr. Seward, concurring with Mr. Theobald in opinion, reads, *Do not ſtart,* MAN. The old lection ſeems to us perfect ſenſe; meaning, 'do not be *alarmed* AT me;' as we familiarly ſay, 'do not *fly me,*' for 'do not *fly* FROM *me.*' Goſwin ſays above, ſpeaking of his diſtreſsful ſituation, *Oh, how it* ſtarts me.

[52] *Bliſter'd bullions.*] Perhaps a cant word for *large buttons,* to the ape's French doublet.

Wait

Wait on thy mangy hide, thou louſy bear-ward!
Ger. 'Tis paſſing well; I both believe and joy in't,
And will be ready. Keep you here the mean while,
And keep this in; I muſt a while forſake you.——
Upon mine anger, no man ſtir this two hours.
Hig. Not to the wedding, Sir?
Ger. Not any whither.
Hig. The wedding muſt be ſeen, Sir: we want meat too;
We're horrible out of meat.
Prigg. Shall it be ſpoken,
Fat capons ſhak'd their tails at's in defiance?
And turkey tombs [53], ſuch honourable monuments,
Shall pigs, Sir, that the parſon's ſelf would envy,
And dainty ducks——
Ger. Not a word more; obey me! [*Exit Ger.*
Hig. Why then, come, doleful death! This is flat tyranny;
And, by this hand——
Hub. What?
Hig. I'll go ſleep upon't. [*Exit Hig.*
Prigg. Nay, an there be a wedding, and we wanting,
Farewell, our happy days!—We do obey, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter two young Merchants.

1 *Mer.* Well met, Sir; you are for this luſty wedding?
2 *Mer.* I am ſo; ſo are you, I take it.
1 *Mer.* Yes;
And it much glads me, that to do him ſervice,
Who is the honour of our trade, and luſtre,
We meet thus happily.
2 *Mer.* He's a noble fellow,
And well becomes a bride of ſuch a beauty.
1 *Mer.* She's paſſing fair indeed. Long may their loves

[53] *Turkey tombs.*] *i. e.* Turkey pies. *Seward.*

Continue

Continue like their youths, in ſpring of ſweetneſs!
All the young merchants will be here, no doubt on't;
For he that comes not to attend this wedding,
The curſe of a moſt blind one fall upon him,
A loud wife, and a lazy! Here's Vanlock.

Enter Vanlock and Frances.

Vanl. Well overtaken, gentlemen: Save you!

1 *Mer.* The ſame to you, Sir. Save you, fair miſtreſs Frances!
I would this happy night might make you bluſh too.

Vanl. She dreams apace.

Fran. That's but a drowſy fortune.

2 *Mer.* Nay, take us with ye too; we come to that end:
I'm ſure ye are for the wedding.

Vanl. Hand and heart, man;
And what their feet can do; I could have tript it
Before this whorſon gout.

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. Bleſs ye, maſters!

Vanl. Clauſe! how now, Clauſe? thou art come to ſee thy maſter
(And a good maſter he is to all poor people)
In all his joy; 'tis honeſtly done of thee.

Ger. Long may he live, Sir! but my buſineſs now is
If you would pleaſe to do it, and to him too.

Enter Goſwin.

Vanl. He's here himſelf.

Goſ. Stand at the door, my friends?
I pray walk in. Welcome, fair miſtreſs Frances!
See what the houſe affords; there's a young lady
Will bid you welcome.

Vanl. We joy your happineſs! [*Exeunt.*

Manent Gerrard and Goſwin.

Goſ. I hope it will be ſo. Clauſe, nobly welcome!
My honeſt, my beſt friend, I have been careful
To ſee thy monies——

Ger.

Ger. Sir, that brought not me;
Do you know this ring again?
Gof. Thou hadſt it of me.
Ger. And do you well remember yet the boon you gave me,
Upon return of this?
Gof. Yes, and I grant it,
Be't what it will: Aſk what thou canſt, I'll do it,
Within my pow'r.
Ger. You are not married yet?
Gof. No.
Ger. Faith, I ſhall aſk you that that will diſturb you;
But I muſt put you to your promiſe.
Gof. Do.
And if I faint and flinch in't——
Ger. Well ſaid, maſter!
And yet it grieves me too: And yet it muſt be.
Gof. Prithee, diſtruſt me not.
Ger. You muſt not marry!
That's part o' th' pow'r you gave me; which, to make up,
You muſt preſently depart, and follow me.
Gof. Not marry, Clauſe?
Ger. Not, if you keep your promiſe,
And give me pow'r to aſk.
Gof. Prithee, think better:
I will obey, by Heav'n.
Ger. I've thought the beſt, Sir.
Gof. Give me thy reaſon; doſt thou fear her honeſty?
Ger. Chaſte as the ice, for any thing I know, Sir.
Gof. Why ſhouldſt thou light on that then? to what purpoſe?
Ger. I muſt not now diſcover.
Gof. Muſt not marry?
Shall I break now, when my poor heart is pawn'd?
When all the preparation——
Ger. Now, or never.
Gof. Come, 'tis not that thou wouldſt; thou doſt but fright me.

Ger. Upon my ſoul it is, Sir; and I bind you.
Goſ. Clauſe, canſt thou be ſo cruel?
Ger. You may break, Sir;
But never more in my thoughts appear honeſt.
Goſ. Didſt ever ſee her?
Ger. No.
Goſ. She's ſuch a thing;
Oh, Clauſe, ſhe's ſuch a wonder! ſuch a mirror,
For beauty, and fair virtue, Europe has not!
Why haſt thou made me happy to undo me?
But look upon her; then if thy heart relent not,
I'll quit her preſently. Who waits there?
Ser. [*within*] Sir!
Goſ. Bid my fair love come hither, and the company.
Prithee, be good unto me; take a man's heart,
And look upon her truly; take a friend's heart,
And feel what miſery muſt follow this!
Ger. Take you a noble heart, and keep your promiſe:
I forſook all I had, to make you happy.

Enter Gertrude, Vandunke, and the Merchants.

Can that thing, call'd a woman, ſtop your goodneſs?
Goſ. Look, there ſhe is; deal with me as thou wilt now;
Didſt ever ſee a fairer?
Ger. She's moſt goodly.
Goſ. Pray you ſtand ſtill.
Gert. What ails my love?
Goſ. Didſt thou ever,
By the fair light of Heav'n, behold a ſweeter?
Oh, that thou knew'ſt but love, or ever felt him!
Look well, look narrowly upon her beauties.
1 *Mer.* Sure h' has ſome ſtrange deſign in hand, he ſtarts ſo.
2 *Mer.* This beggar has a ſtrong pow'r o'er his pleaſure.
Goſ. View all her body.
Ger. 'Tis exact and excellent.
Goſ. Is ſhe a thing then to be loſt thus lightly?

Her

Her mind is ten times ſweeter, ten times nobler;
And but to hear her ſpeak a Paradiſe;
And ſuch a love ſhe bears to me, a chaſte love,
A virtuous, fair, and fruitful love! 'Tis now too
I'm ready to enjoy it; the prieſt ready, Clauſe,
To ſay the holy words ſhall make us happy.
This is a cruelty beyond man's ſtudy!
All theſe are ready, all our joys are ready,
And all the expectation of our friends:
'Twill be her death to do it.

Ger. Let her die then!

Goſ. Thou canſt not; 'tis impoſſible!

Ger. It muſt be.

Goſ. 'Twill kill me too, 'twill murder me! By Heav'n, Clauſe,
I'll give thee half I have! Come, thou ſhalt ſave me!

Ger. Then you muſt go with me (I can ſtay no longer)
If you be true and noble. [*Exit.*

Goſ. Hard heart, I'll follow!
Pray ye all go in again, and pray be merry:
I have a weighty buſineſs (give my cloak there!)

Enter Servant, with a cloak.

Concerns my life and ſtate (make no enquiry)
This preſent hour befall'n me: With the ſooneſt
I ſhall be here again. Nay, pray go in, Sir,
And take them with you; 'tis but a night loſt, gentlemen.

Vand. Come, come in; we'll not loſe our meat yet,
Nor our good mirth; he cannot ſtay long from her,
I'm ſure of that. [*Exit with Merchants, &c.*

Goſ. I will not ſtay, believe, Sir.
Gertrude, a word with you.

Gert. Why is this ſtop, Sir?

Goſ. I have no more time left me, but to kiſs thee,
And tell thee this, I'm ever thine! Farewell, wench!
[*Exit.*

Gert. And is that all your ceremony? Is this a wedding?

Are all my hopes and prayers turn'd to nothing?
Well, I will ſay no more, nor ſigh, nor ſorrow;
'Till to thy face I prove thee falſe. Ah me! [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Gertrude, and a Boor.

Gert. LEAD, if thou think'ſt we're right. Why doſt thou make
Theſe often ſtands? Thou ſaidſt thou knew'ſt the way.
Boor. Fear nothing; I do know it. 'Would 'twere homeward!
Gert. Wrought from me by a beggar? at the time
That moſt ſhould tie him? 'Tis ſome other love,
That hath a more command on his affections,
And he that fetch'd him a diſguiſed agent,
Not what he perſonated; for his faſhion
Was more familiar with him, and more pow'rful,
Than one that aſk'd an alms: I muſt find out
One, if not both. Kind darkneſs, be my ſhroud,
And cover love's too-curious ſearch in me;
For yet, Suſpicion, I would not name thee!
Boor. Miſtreſs, it grows ſomewhat pretty and dark.
Gert. What then?
Boor. Nay, nothing. Do not think I am afraid,
Although perhaps you are.
Gert. I am not. Forward!
Boor. Sure, but you are. Give me your hand; fear nothing.
There's one leg in the wood; do not pull backward!
What a ſweat one on's are in; you or I!
Pray God it do not prove the plague; yet ſure
It has infected me; for I ſweat too;
It runs out at my knees: Feel, feel, I pray you.
Gert. What ails the fellow?

Boor.

Boor. Hark, hark, I beſeech you:
Do you hear nothing?
Gert. No.
Boor. Liſt! a wild hog;
He grunts! now 'tis a bear; this wood is full of 'em!
And now a wolf, miſtreſs; a wolf, a wolf!
It is the howling of a wolf.
Gert. The braying of an aſs, is it not?
Boor. Oh, now one has me!
Oh, my left ham! Farewell!
Gert. Look to your ſhanks,
Your breech is ſafe enough; the wolf's a fern-brake.
Boor. But ſee, ſee, ſee! there is a ſerpent in it!
'T has eyes as broad as platters; it ſpits fire!
Now it creeps tow'rds us; help me to ſay my prayers!
'T hath ſwallow'd me almoſt; my breath is ſtopt;
I cannot ſpeak! Do I ſpeak, miſtreſs? tell me.
Gert. Why, thou ſtrange timorous ſot, canſt thou perceive
Any thing i' th' buſh but a poor glow-worm?
Boor. It may be 'tis but a glow-worm now; but 'twill
Grow to a fire-drake preſently.
Gert. Come thou from it!
I have a precious guide of you, and a courteous,
That gives me leave to lead myſelf the way thus. [*Holla.*
Boor. It thunders; you hear that now?
Gert. I hear one holla.
Boor. 'Tis thunder, thunder! See, a flaſh of lightning!
Are you not blaſted, miſtreſs? Pull your maſk off;
'T has play'd the barber with me here: I have loſt
My beard, my beard! Pray God you be not ſhaven;
'Twill ſpoil your marriage, miſtreſs.
Gert. What ſtrange wonders
Fear fancies in a coward!
Boor. Now the earth opens!
Gert. Prithee hold thy peace.
Boor. Will you on then?

Gert. Both love and jealouſy have made me bold:
Where my fate leads me, I muſt go. [*Exit.*
Boor. God be with you then!

Enter Wolfort, Hempſkirke, and attendants.

Hemp. It was the fellow ſure, he that ſhould guide me,
The huntſman, that did holla us.
Wol. Beſt make a ſtand,
And liſten to his next. Ha!
Hemp. Who goes there?
Boor. Miſtreſs, I am taken.
Hemp. Miſtreſs? Look forth, ſoldiers!
Wol. What are you, ſirrah?
Boor. Truly, all is left
Of a poor boor, by day-light; by night, nobody,
You might have ſpar'd your drum, and guns, and pikes too,
For I am none that will ſtand out, Sir, I.
You may take me in with a walking-ſtick,
Ev'n when you pleaſe, and hold me with a packthread,
Hemp. What woman was't you call'd to?
Boor. Woman! None, Sir.
Wool. None! Did you not name miſtreſs?
Boor. Yes, but ſhe's
No woman yet: She ſhould have been this night,
But that a beggar ſtole away her bridegroom,
Whom we were going to make hue and cry after.
I tell you true, Sir; ſhe ſhould ha' been married to-day,
And was the bride and all; but in came Clauſe,
The old lame beggar, and whips up Mr. Goſwin
Under his arm, away with him; as a kite,
Or an old fox, would ſwoop away a goſling.
Hemp. 'Tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe! Niece!

Re-enter Gertrude.

Gert. Ha!
Hemp. She, Sir:
This was a noble entrance to your fortune,
That, being on the point thus to be married,
Upon her venture here, you ſhould ſurpriſe her.

Wol.

Wol. I begin, Hempſkirke, to believe my fate
Works to my ends.
Hemp. Yes, Sir; and this adds truſt
Unto the fellow our guide, who aſſur'd me Florez
Liv'd in ſome merchant's ſhape, as Gerrard did
In the old beggar's, and that he would uſe
Him for the train to call the other forth;
All which we find is done. [*Holla again.*] That's he again.
Wol. Good we ſent out to meet him.
Hemp. Here's the oak.
Gert. Oh, I am miſerably loſt, thus fall'n
Into my uncle's hands from all my hopes!
Can I not think away myſelf and die? [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hubert, Higgen, Prigg, Ferret, Snap, and Ginks, like boors.

Hub. I like your habits well; they're ſafe; ſtand cloſe.
Hig. But what's the action we are for now, ha?
Robbing a ripier [54] of his fiſh?
Prigg. Or taking
A poulterer priſoner, without ranſom, bullies?
Hig. Or cutting off a convoy of butter?
Fer. Or ſurpriſing a boor's *ken*, for *grunting-cheats* [55]?
Prigg. Or *cackling-cheats?*
Hig. Or *Margery-praters*, *rogers*,
And *tibs o' th' buttery?*
Prigg. Oh, I could drive a regiment
Of geeſe afore me, ſuch a night as this,
Ten leagues, with my hat and ſtaff, and not a hiſs
Heard, nor a wing of my troops diſorder'd.
Hig. Tell us,
If it be *milling* of a *lag of duds*,
The fetching-off a buck of cloaths, or ſo?

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[54] *Robbing a* ripper *of his fiſh.*] *Ripper*, properly *ripier*, from the Latin *ripa*, is a word ſtill uſed in the northern counties, and ſignifies a kind of travelling fiſhmonger, who carries fiſh from the coaſt, to ſell in the inland parts.

[55] *Granting-cheats.*] Former editions. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. *Seward.*

We are horribly out of linen[55].

Hub. No ſuch matter.

Hig. Let me alone for any farmer's dog,
If you have a mind to the cheeſe-loft; 'tis but thus—
And he's a ſilenc'd maſtiff, during pleaſure.

Hub. 'Would it would pleaſe you to be ſilent.

Hig. Mum.

Enter Wolfort, Hempſkirke, Gertrude, Boor, &c.

Wol. Who's there?

Hub. A friend; the huntſman.

Hemp. Oh, 'tis he.

Hub. I have kept touch, Sir. Which is th' earl of theſe?
Will he know a man now?

Hemp. This, my lord, 's the friend
Hath undertook the ſervice,

Hub. If't be worth
His lordſhip's thanks, anon, when 'tis done,
Lording, I'll look for't. A rude woodman!
I know how to pitch my toils, drive in my game;
And I have don't; both Florez and his father
Old Gerrard, with lord Arnold of Benthuiſen,
Coſtin, and Jaculin, young Florez' ſiſter:
I have 'em all.

Wol. Thou ſpeak'ſt too much, too happy,
To carry faith with it.

Hub. I can bring you
Where you ſhall ſee, and find 'em.

Wol. We will double
Whatever Hempſkirke then hath promis'd thee.

Hub. And I'll deſerve it treble. What horſe ha' you?

Wol. A hundred.

Hub. That's well: Ready to take
Upon ſurprize of 'em?

Hemp. Yes.

Hub. Divide then
Your force into five ſquadrons; for there are
So many out-lets, ways through the wood,

[55] Buck *of cloaths*, &c.] A parcel of cloaths waſhed or to be waſhed. See Shakeſpeare's Merry Wives of Windſor.

That

That iſſue from the place where they are lodg'd:
Five ſeveral ways; of all which paſſages
We muſt poſſeſs ourſelves, to round 'em in;
For by one ſtarting-hole they'll all eſcape elſe.
I, and four boors here to me, will be guides;
The ſquadron where you are myſelf will lead;
And that they may be more ſecure, I'll uſe
My wonted whoops and hollas, as I were
A-hunting for 'em; which will make them reſt
Careleſs of any noiſe, and be a direction
To'th' other guides how we approach 'em ſtill.

Wol. 'Tis order'd well, and reliſheth the ſoldier.
Make the diviſion, Hempſkirke. You are my charge,
Fair one; I'll look to you.

Boor. Shall nobody need
To look to me. I'll look unto myſelf.

Hub. 'Tis but this, remember.

Hig. Say, 'tis done, boy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Gerrard and Florez.

Ger. By this time, Sir, I hope you want no reaſons
Why I broke off your marriage; for though I
Should as a ſubject ſtudy you my prince
In things indifferent, it will not therefore
Diſcredit you to acknowledge me your father,
By heark'ning to my neceſſary counſels.

Flo. Acknowledge you my father? Sir, I do;
And may impiety, conſpiring with
My other ſins, ſink me, and ſuddenly,
When I forget to pay you a ſon's duty
In my obedience, and that[56] help'd forth

[56] *And that* help'd forth.] To *help forth* obedience with cheerfulneſs, ſeems a ſtiff expreſſion; I have ſubſtituted the natural word, and added a monoſyllable that is neceſſary to the meaſure, and believe that in both I have reſtored the original. *Seward.*

The old reading is ſenſe, and the meaſure not unuſually defective; reading *obedi ence*, at length, not at all ſo. *Help'd forth* is more poetical than *held forth*.

With

With all the cheerfulneſs——
Ger. I pray you riſe;
And may thoſe pow'rs that ſee and love this in you,
Reward you for it! Taught by your example,
Having receiv'd the rights due to a father,
I tender you th' allegiance of a ſubject;
Which as my prince accept of.
Flo. Kneel to me[57]?
May mountains firſt fall down beneath their vallies,
And fire no more mount upwards, when I ſuffer
An act in nature ſo prepoſterous!
I muſt o'ercome in this, in all things elſe
The victory be yours. Could you here read me,
You ſhould perceive how all my faculties
Triumph in my bleſt fate, to be found yours:
I am your ſon, your ſon, Sir! And am prouder
To be ſo, to the father to ſuch goodneſs,
(Which Heav'n be pleas'd I may inherit from you!)
Than I ſhall ever of thoſe ſpecious titles
That plead for my ſucceſſion in the earldom
(Did I poſſeſs it now) left by my mother.
Ger. I do believe it: But——
Flo. Oh, my lov'd father,
Before I knew you were ſo, by inſtinct,
Nature had taught me to look on your wants,
Not as a ſtranger's: And, I know not how,
What you call'd charity, I thought the payment
Of ſome religious debt Nature ſtood bound for;
And laſt of all, when your magnificent bounty,
In my low ebb of fortune, had brought in
A flood of bleſſings, tho' my threat'ning wants,
And fear of their effects, ſtill kept me ſtupid,
I ſoon found out it was no common pity
That led you to it.
Ger. Think of this hereafter,
When we with joy may call it to remembrance;
There will be a time, more opportune than now,

57 *Kneel to me, &c.*] In King and No King is a paſſage ſimilar to this. The reader will find it paralleled to one in Shakeſpeare's Coriolanus, vol. I. p. 232, of this work.

To

To end your ſtory, with all circumſtances.
I add this only: When we fled from Wolfort,
I ſent you into England, and there plac'd you
With a brave Flanders merchant, call'd rich Goſwin,
A man ſupplied by me unto that purpoſe,
As bound by oath never to diſcover you;
Who dying, left his name and wealth unto you,
As his reputed ſon, and yet receiv'd ſo.
But now, as Florez, and a prince, remember,
The country's, and the ſubject's general good,
Muſt challenge the firſt part in your affection;
The fair maid, whom you choſe to be your wife,
Being ſo far beneath you, that your love
Muſt grant ſhe's not your equal.

Flo. In deſcent,
Or borrow'd glories from dead anceſtors:
But for her beauty, chaſtity, and all virtues
Ever remember'd in the beſt of women,
A monarch might receive from her, not give,
Tho' ſhe were his crown's purchaſe: In this only
Be an indulgent father; in all elſe
Uſe your authority.

Enter Hubert, Hempſkirke, Wolfort, Gertrude, and Soldiers.

Hub. Sir, here be two of 'em,
The father and the ſon; the reſt you ſhall have
As faſt as I can rouze them.

Ger. Who's this? Wolfort?

Wol. Ay, cripple; your feign'd crutches will not help you,
Nor patch'd diſguiſe, that hath ſo long conceal'd you;
It's now no halting: I muſt here find Gerrard,
And in this merchant's habit one call'd Florez,
Who would be an earl.

Ger. And is, wert thou a ſubject.

Flo. Is this that traitor Wolfort?

Wol. Yes; but you

Are

Are they that are betray'd. Hempſkirke!
Gert. My Goſwin
Turn'd prince? Oh, I am poorer by this greatneſs,
Than all my former jealouſies or misfortunes.
Flo. Gertrudé!
Wol. Stay, Sir; you were to-day too near her:
You muſt no more aim at thoſe eaſy acceſſes,
'Leſs you can do't in air, without a head;
Which ſhall be ſuddenly try'd.
Gert. Oh, take my heart firſt;
And, ſince I cannot hope now to enjoy him,
Let me but fall a part of his glad ranſom.
Wol. You know not your own value that entreat—
Ger. So proud a fiend as Wolfort!
Wol. For ſo loſt
A thing as Florez.
Flo. And that would be ſo,
Rather than ſhe ſhould ſtoop again to thee!
There is no death, but's ſweeter than all life,
When Wolfort is to give it. Oh, my Gertrude,
It is not that, nor princedom, that I go from;
It is from thee! that loſs includeth all.
Wol. Ay, if my young prince knew his loſs, he'd ſay ſo;
Which, that he yet may chew on, I will tell him.
This is no Gertrude, nor no Hempſkirke's niece,
Nor Vandunke's daughter: This is Bertha, Bertha!
The heir of Brabant, ſhe that caus'd the war,
Whom I did ſteal, during my treaty there,
In your minority, to raiſe myſelf:
I then foreſeeing 'twould beget a quarrel;—
That, a neceſſity of my employment;—
The ſame employment, make me maſter of ſtrength;—
That ſtrength, the lord of Flanders; ſo of Brabant,
By marrying her: Which had not been to do, Sir,
She come of years, but that the expectation,
Firſt, of her father's death, retarded it;
And ſince, the ſtanding-out of Bruges; where
Hempſkirke had hid her, till ſhe was near loſt.

But,

But, Sir, we have recover'd her: Your merchantſhip
May break; for this was one of your beſt bottoms,
I think.

Ger. Inſolent devil!

Enter Hubert, with Jaculin, Ginks, and Coſtin.

Wol. Who are theſe, Hempſkirke?

Hemp. More, more, Sir.

Flo. How they triumph in their treachery!

Hemp. Lord Arnold of Benthuiſen, this lord Coſtin,
This Jaculin, the ſiſter unto Florez.

Wol. All found? Why, here's brave game; this was ſport-royal,
And puts me in thought of a new kind of death for 'em.
Huntſman, your horn! Firſt, wind me Florez' fall;
Next, Gerrard's; then, his daughter Jaculin's.
Thoſe raſcals, they ſhall die without their rites [58]:
Hang 'em, Hempſkirke, on theſe trees. I'll take
Th' aſſay [59] of theſe myſelf.

Hub. Not here, my lord;
Let 'em be broken up upon a ſcaffold;
'Twill ſhew the better when their arbour's made.

Ger. Wretch, art thou not content thou haſt betray'd us,
But mock'ſt us too?

Ginks. Falſe Hubert, this is monſtrous!

Wol. Hubert?

Hemp. Who? this?

Ger. Yes, this is Hubert, Wolfort;
I hope h' has help'd himſelf to a tree.

Wol. The firſt,

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[58] *Their* rights.] The falſe ſpelling of this word would not have deſerved a note, had not it given a ſenſe totally different from the true one; viz. That the two lords were to die without being firſt put in poſſeſſion of their *rights* or lordſhips. It only means here, that they ſhould be hanged without the honour of any *rite* or ceremony. *Seward.*

[59] *Th'* aſſay.] Dr. Johnſon, in his Dictionary, among other explanations of this word, gives *attack, trouble*; in the latter of which ſenſes it ſeems to be uſed here.

The

The firſt of any, and moſt glad I have you, Sir!
I let you go before, but for a train.
Is't you have done this ſervice?
Hub. As your huntſman[60];
But now as Hubert (ſave yourſelves) I will——
The Wolf's afoot! Let ſlip! kill, kill, kill, kill!

Enter, with a drum, Vandunke, Merchants, Higgen, Prigg, Ferret, and Snap.

Wol. Betray'd?
Hub. No, but well catch'd; and I the huntſman.
Vand. How do you, Wolfort? Raſcal! good knave Wolfort!
I ſpeak it now without the roſe! and Hempſkirke,
Rogue Hempſkirke! you that have no niece: this lady
Was ſtol'n by you, and ta'en by you, and now
Reſign'd by me to the right owner here.
Take her, my prince!
Flo. Can this be poſſible?
Welcome, my love, my ſweet, my worthy love!
Vand. I ha' giv'n you her twice; now keep her better: And thank
Lord Hubert, that came to me in Gerrard's name,
And got me out, with my brave boys, to march
Like Cæſar, when he bred his Commentaries;
So I, to breed my chronicle, came forth
Cæſar Vandunke, *& veni, vidi, vici!*
Give me my bottle, and ſet down the drum.
You had your tricks, Sir, had you? we ha' tricks too!
You ſtole the lady!
Hig. And we led your ſquadrons,
Where they ha' ſcratch'd their legs a little, with brambles,
If not their faces.

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[60] *As your huntſman?*
But now as Hubert; ſave yourſelves, I will,
The Wolf's afoot, let ſlip; kill, kill, kill, kill. This pointing, which is Mr. Seward's, makes theſe lines inexplicable; which now appear perfect ſenſe.

Prigg.

Prigg. Yes, and run their heads
Againſt trees.
Hig. 'Tis captain Prigg, Sir!
Prigg. And colonel Higgen!
Hig. We have fill'd a pit with your people, ſome with legs,
Some with arms broken, and a neck or two
I think be looſe.
Prigg. The reſt too, that eſcap'd,
Are not yet out o' th' briars.
Hig. And your horſes, Sir,
Are well ſet up in Bruges all by this time.
You look as you were not well, Sir, and would be
Shortly let blood: Do you want a ſcarf?
Vand. A halter!
Ger. 'Twas like yourſelf, honeſt, and noble Hubert!
Canſt thou behold theſe mirrors all together,
Of thy long, falſe, and bloody uſurpation,
Thy tyrannous proſcription, and freſh treaſon;
And not ſo ſee thyſelf, as to fall down,
And ſinking force a grave, with thine own guilt,
As deep as hell, to cover thee and it?
Wol. No, I can ſtand, and praiſe the toils that took me;
And laughing in them die: They were brave ſnares!
Flo. 'Twere truer valour, if thou durſt repent
The wrongs th' haſt done, and live.
Wol. Who? I repent,
And ſay I'm ſorry? Yes, 'tis the fool's language,
And not for Wolfort.
Vand. Wolfort, thou'rt a devil,
And ſpeak'ſt his language. Oh, that I had my longing!
Under this row of trees now would I hang him.
Flo. No, let him live until he can repent;
But baniſh'd from our ſtate; that is thy doom.
Vand. Then hang his worthy captain here, this Hempſkirke,
For profit of th' example.
Flo. No; let him

Enjoy

Enjoy his ſhame too, with his conſcious life;
To ſhew how much our innocence contemns
All practice, from the guiltieſt, to moleſt us.
Vand. A noble prince!
Ger. Sir, you muſt help to join
A pair of hands, as they have done of hearts here,
And to their loves wiſh joy [61].
Flo. As to mine own.
My gracious ſiſter! worthieſt brother!
Vand. I'll go afore, and have the bonfire made,
My fireworks, and flap-dragons, and good backrack [62];
With a peck of little fiſhes, to drink down
In healths to this day! [*Exit.*
Hig. 'Slight, here be changes;
The bells ha' not ſo many, nor a dance, Prigg.
Prigg. Our company's grown horrible thin by it.
What think you, Ferret?
Fer. Marry, I do think,
That we might all be lords now, if we could ſtand for't.
Hig. Not I, if they ſhould offer it: I'll diſlodge firſt,
Remove the Buſh into another climate.
Ger. Sir, you muſt thank this worthy burgomaſter.
Here be friends aſk to be look'd on too,
And thank'd; who, tho' their trade and courſe of life
Be not ſo perfect but it may be better'd,
Have yet us'd me with courteſy, and been true
Subjects unto me, while I was their king;
A place I know not well how to reſign,
Nor unto whom. But this I will entreat
Your grace; command them follow me to Bruges;
Where I will take the care on me to find
Some manly, and more profitable courſe,
To fit them as a part of the republick.
Flo. Do you hear, Sirs? Do ſo.
Hig. Thanks to your good grace!
Prigg. To your good lordſhip!

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61 With *joy.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

62 *Backrack.*] ~~Salt-fiſh.~~ See Treaty of Peace. *Fer.*

Fer. May you both live long!

Ger. Attend me at Vandunke's, the burgomaſter's.
[*Exe. all but beggars.*

Hig. Yes, to beat hemp, and be whipp'd twice a-week,
Or turn the wheel for Crab the rope-maker;
Or learn to go along with him his courſe
(That's a fine courſe now) i'th' commonwealth: Prigg,
What ſay you to it?

Prigg. It is the backward'ſt courſe
I know i' th' world.

Hig. Then Higgen will ſcarce thrive by it,
You do conclude?

Prigg. 'Faith hardly, very hardly.

Hig. Troth, I am partly of your mind, prince Prigg.
And therefore, farewell, Flanders! Higgen will ſeek
Some ſafer ſhelter, in ſome other climate,
With this his tatter'd colony. Let me ſee;
Snap, Ferret, Prigg, and Higgen, all are left
Of the true blood: What, ſhall we into England?

Prigg. Agreed.

Hig. Then bear up bravely with your Brute[63], my lads!
Higgen hath *prigg'd the prancers* in his days,
And ſold good penny-worths: We will have a courſe;
The ſpirit of Bottom is grown bottomleſs.

Prigg. I'll *maund* no more, nor cant.

Hig. Yes, your ſixpenny-worth
In private, brother: Sixpence is a ſum
I'll ſteal you any man's dog for.

Prigg. For ſixpence more
You'll tell the owner where he is.

Hig. 'Tis right:
Higgen muſt practiſe, ſo muſt Prigg to eat;
And write the letter, and gi' the word—But now

[63] *Brute.*] Alluding to *Brute*, or *Brutus*, a Trojan, and deſcendant of Æneas, ſaid to have landed, ſettled, and reigned in England. See Milton's Hiſtory of England.

No more, as either of theſe[64]——
Prigg. But as true beggars
As e'er we were——
Hig. We ſtand here for an Epilogue.
Ladies, your bounties firſt! the reſt will follow;
For womens' favours are a leading alms:
If you be pleas'd, look cheerly, throw your eyes
Out at your maſks.
Prigg. And let your beauties ſparkle!
Hig. So may you ne'er want dreſſings, jewels, gowns,
Still in the faſhion!
Prigg. Nor the men you love,
Wealth nor diſcourſe to pleaſe you!
Hig. May you, gentlemen,
Never want good freſh ſuits, nor liberty!
Prigg. May every merchant here ſee ſafe his ventures!
Hig. And every honeſt citizen his debts in!
Prigg. The lawyers gain good clients!
Hig. And the clients
Good counſel!
Prigg. All the gameſters here good fortune!
Hig. The drunkards, too, good wine!
Prigg. The eaters meat
Fit for their taſtes and palates!
Hig. The good wives
Kind huſbands!
Prigg. The young maids choice of ſuitors!
Hig. The midwives merry hearts!
Prigg. And all good cheer!
Hig. As you are kind unto us and our Buſh!
We are the Beggars, and your daily beadſmen,
And have your money; but the alms we aſk,
And live by, is your grace: Give that, and then
We'll boldly ſay our word is, *come again!*

64 *No more, as either of theſe.*] *i. e.* No more as Higgen or Prigg, but as *Actors*; for from hence they become ſpeakers of epilogue.

TO the ſecond Volume of Bailey's Dictionary is annexed, 'A 'Collection of the Canting Words and Terms, both ancient and mo-'dern, uſed by Beggars, Gypſies, Cheats, Houſe breakers, Shop-'lifters, Foot-pads, Highway-men, &c.' by an examination whereof the *Cant* appears to be not only an *eſtabliſhed*, but a *ſyſtematical language*. We thought it neceſſary to recur to it, not only to ſee whether there was an agreement between that collection and Theobald's explanations, but alſo to derive (as there appeared frequent opportunity) a clearer and ſtronger explication than that critick has given us. It ſhould have been premiſed, that the explanation of the *cant terms* given in the edition of 1750, were collected by Mr. Seward from the marginal remarks of Mr. Theobald.

With reſpect to the propriety, or authority, with which either Theobald or Bailey explain the *cant terms*, or whence they derived their knowledge of them, we can give no information; but as none of thoſe terms, printed by Mr. Seward, ſeem warranted by any derivation, and as ſimilar terms, according to Bailey, have an apparent advantage in this reſpect, we have been induced to vary the ſpelling from the other editions, agreeable to that exhibited by Bailey. The *Canters'* oath has hitherto been printed in the following manner:

I crown thy nab with a gag *of* benbouſe,
And ſtall thee by the ſalmon *into the clows,*
To mand on the pad, and ſtrike all the cheats;
To mill from the ruffmans, and *commiſion and ſlates;*
Twang dell's, *i' the* ſtiromel, *and let the quire-cuffin,*
And herman-becktrine, *and trine to the ruffin.*

In the firſt line, *gag* ſeems devoid of meaning, while *gage* (which Bailey tells us ſignifies a *pot*) conveys an idea of a *veſſel* or *meaſure*; and *benê* (which ſeems derived from the Latin *bene* or the French *bien*) is more likely to have been uſed for *good* than *ben*. In the ſecond, *ſalamon* (which Bailey renders, *the beggars' ſacrament, or oath*) leaves the verſe much ſmoother than *ſalmon*. In the fourth, the conjunction *and* (which is a modern interpolation) murders the poetry, and with it the ſenſe; as *ruffmans*, and *commiſion*, and *ſlates*, ſeem to be three different claſſes of people, or three different articles of ſome kind, which were to be pillaged; inſtead of *ruffmans* meaning the *hedges* or *buſhes*, from which the *commiſſion* and *ſlates* (i. e. *ſhirt* and *ſheets*) were to be purloined. In the fifth, *dell's* appearing as a genitive caſe, and having a comma after it, the paſſage is totally inexplicable; and *ſtiromel* is not near ſo agreeable to the verſe as *ſtrommel*, which, ſays Bailey, means *ſtraw*. In the ſixth line, edit. 1750, we read, *Herman-Becktrine*, which is totally unintelligible; prior to that edition, *Herman Beck ſtrine*: We have no doubt but our Authors wrote, *harmanbecks* (conſtables, *or* beadles) *trine* (hang). The printer had miſtakenly made *s* the initial letter of *trine*, inſtead of the final of *harmanbeck*.

Having thus mentioned ſuch variations as we have made (in which we conceived ourſelves warranted by derivation, or metre, and ſometimes by both) we ſhall proceed to the explanation of the *Cant Terms* made uſe of in this excellent Comedy, Beggars' Buſh; not aſſuming to ourſelves any very great merit from the depth of our reſearches in the *gully-hole of literature*, and our proficiency in this *moſt vulgar part* of the *vulgar tongue*.

ABRAM-MAN, a beggar pretending to be mad. *T.*
BACK or BELLY-CHEATS, raiment, or food ſtolen. *T.*
BEEN-WHIDS, good words. *T.*
BOUZE, drink. *T.*
BOUZING-KEN, ale houſe. *T.*
CACKLING-CHEATS, chickens. *T.*
CLAPPERDUDGEON, a beggar born and bred. *T.*
CLOWES, rogues. *T.*
COMMISSION, a ſhirt. *B.*
COVE, a man, one not of the gang. *T.*
CRANKE, a genteel impoſtor, appearing in divers ſhapes. *T.*
DELLS, young wenches undebauched. *T.*—DELLS, young ripe wenches, who have not loſt their virginity, which the Upright-Man (*i. e.* the vileſt ſtouteſt rogue in the pack) has a right to the enjoyment of; after which they are uſed in common by the whole fraternity. *B.*
DOMMERER, pretending to have his tongue cut out. *T.*—DOMERARS, or DROMMERARS, rogues, pretending to have had their tongues cut out, or to be born dumb and deaf, who artificially turn the tips of their tongues into their throats, and with a ſtick make them bleed. *B.*
DOXIES, ſtrumpets. *T.*
FAMBLES, hands. *T.*
FILCHED, ſtole. *T.*
FILCHES, ſtaves. *T.*—A FILCH, a ſtaff, with a hole thro' and a ſpike at the bottom, to pluck cloaths from a hedge, or any thing out of a caſement. *B.*
FRATER, ſuch as beg with ſham patents, or briefs, for ſpitals, priſons, fires, inundations, &c. *B.*
FUMBUMBIS, to your guard and poſtures. *T.*—Although Mr. Theobald has explained this word with thoſe uſed by Prigg in the next line, we rather think *fumbumbis* a *fancied watch-word*, than a *cant term*.
GAGE OF BENE-BOWSE, a pot of ſtrong liquor. *B.*
GRUNTING-CHEATS, pigs. *T.*
HARMANBECKS, beadles. *B.*
HUM, ſtrong liquor. *T.*
JARKMAN, one who makes counterfeit licences, or paſſes. *T.*
KEN, a houſe. *B.*
LAG OF DUDDS, a buck of cloaths; as, 'We'll cloy that *lag of dudds*:' 'Come, let us ſteal that buck of cloaths.' *B.*
LAMB'D, ſoundly beaten. *T.*

LOUR,

LOUR, money. *T.*
MARGERY-PRATERS, hens. *T.*
MAUND, beg. *T.*
MAUNDERS, beggars. *T.*
MILL, rob. *T.*
MORTS, women or wenches. *T.*
NAB, head. *T.*
NAB-CHEATS, hats. *T.*
NIGGLED, lain with, debauched. *T.*
PAD, the road or way. *T.*
PATRICO, ſtrolling prieſts that marry under a hedge. *T.*——PATRICOVES, or PATER-COVES, ſtrolling prieſts, that marry under a hedge, without Goſpel or Common-Prayer-Book: The couple ſtanding on each ſide a dead beaſt, are bid to live together till death them does part; ſo ſhaking hands, the wedding is ended. *B.*
PIG, ſixpence. *T.*
PRIGG'D THE PRANCERS, ſtole horſes. *T.*——PRIGGERS OF PRANCERS, horſe-ſtealers, who carry a bridle in their pockets, and a ſmall pad-ſaddle in their breeches. *B.*
PROP, either to his own ſupport, or elſe by abbreviation to his own property. *T.*
QUEERE-CUFFIN, juſtice of peace. *B.*
ROGERS, geeſe. *T.*
RUFFMANS, hedges. *T.*
RUFFIN, devil. *T.*
SALMON, oath. *T.*—SALAMON, the beggars' ſacrament or oath. *B.*
SLATES, ſheets. *T.*
STALL, inſtal. *T.*——STALLING, making or ordaining. *B.*
STRIKE ALL THE CHEATS, rob all you meet. *T.*
STROMMEL, hay. *B.*
TIBS OF THE BUTTERY, goſlings. *T.*——Geeſe. *B.*——It has been ſuggeſted by one gentleman, that EGGS are meant by this term; and by another, that it means RABBITS.
TRINE, hang. *T.*
TWANG DELLS, lie with maids. *T.*

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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Government of Maharashtra
on 15 June, 2016